



ANCIENT GODLY MONARCH

BOOK 03

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EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Ancient Godly Monarch

(太古神王)

by

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(净无痕)

Synopsis

Within the Province of the Nine Skies, far above the heavens, there exists nine galaxies of astral rivers. Each of these astral rivers is made up of the combination of countless constellations interwoven together. These nine galaxies can also be collectively known as the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Legend has it that the strongest cultivators in the Province of the Nine Skies were beings that could open an astral gate every time they advanced into a new realm. Their talent in cultivation was such that they could even establish innate links with constellations that existed on a higher layer than the Nine Layers of Heaven, eventually transforming into the heaven-defying and earth-shattering powers known as the War Gods within the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Qin Wentian is the MC of this story. How can a guy, who has a broken set of meridians, successfully cultivate? There are countless Stellar Martial Cultivators, the same as there are countless constellations within the vast starry skies. Yet, what he wants to be, is the brightest constellation of all, the one which shines the most dazzlingly within the vast and starry skies.

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First Edition: October 2016

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AGM 201 - Little Rascal's Evolution

The name, 'Qin Wentian', once again resounded throughout the Royal Capital. The champion of the Jun Lin Banquet, after stepping into Yuanfu, had slaughtered Ye Wuque, Wu Chong and Wang Teng within a single battle.

The death of these three dazzling geniuses, further paved the way in adding on to the radiance of the 'legendary' youth, Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's status in Chu became an extremely sensitive topic. This character that was venerated by countless commoners as a heaven-defying genius, was on the contrary, hated immensely by the Royal Clan and Ye Clan. But because of the presence of Diyi, no one dared to make a move against Qin Wentian. Even when those from the Ye Clan saw how Ye Wuque died in front of their eyes, they didn't dare to do anything at all. After all, Qin Wentian and Ye Wuque had a prior agreement – the Life-and-Death Contract, and so their battle was supposed to be one that put their lives on the line.

If Qin Wentian died in the battle, Diyi would not take revenge. If that's the case, how could the Ye Clan dare to act against Qin Wentian?

Within the Royal Capital, many risk-takers and adventurers hung out in the district of the small town near the boundaries of the Dark Forest. Being in towns or other areas of civilization were the only places where they could relax. Because the moment they entered the Dark Forest, in the face of extreme danger, even their

closest friends might betray them.

“Did you guys watch the battle yesterday? That brat Qin Wentian was really too f***ing powerful. He’s too f***ing awesome! He wasted Wang Teng with only a single move!” A powerfully-built man exclaimed enthusiastically to a woman beside him.

“He’s only 17 this year right, is he really that powerful?” The girl remarked in disbelief. A few other cultivators crowded around the man as they spoke, “Brother Bull, are you exaggerating?”

“Exaggerating?” Brother Bull glared at them, “You guys didn’t witness the battle with your own eyes and thus have no idea that little brat dominated the entire show. In any case just a breath he spat out has the power to annihilate all of us. You all know who Ye Wuque is right? After Ye Wuque defeated Qiu Mo, he became the 4th ranked among the ten prodigies of Chu. But do you know what the end result was? He died in that battle where they fought three against one. What dogshit talent does he have?”

“Brother Bull, tell us more in detail, what happened in the battle? Not only that, what does Qin Wentian look like? Does he have a big head, and strong, muscular limbs?” The beautiful lashes of the lady fluttered, curiosity in her heart.

“Hmm, his biceps are bigger than my thighs, while his thighs are as thick as tree trunks. He’s very strong.” Brother Bull grinned.

“Cough, cough.” The sound of coughing drifted over, and as Brother Bull and the rest turned their heads over, they saw a youth

about 17 years of age with a bitter smile on his face. He held within his arms an extremely adorable snowy puppy.

Qin Wentian felt somewhat depressed in his heart, the rumors spreading about him were getting more and more outrageous. Not only did this Brother Bull knows how to boast, he had totally destroyed Qin Wentian's image.

“What? Hey little fellow, you don't believe me? Look at your slender and fragile frame. I believe just a strong gust of wind would already be sufficient to leave you sprawling to the ground. I don't think you could even withstand an attack from his little finger,” Brother Bull continued boasting.

“I believe, I strongly believe.” Qin Wentian nodded his head continuously, as he hastened his steps, quickly entering the Dark Forest. When he entered the the forest, he couldn't help but look at the puppy in his arms as he asked, “Little Rascal, am I really that ugly?”

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice drifted over to the ears of Brother Bull and the rest of the cultivators, their expressions froze, as they stood there, stunned. By the time they turned their gaze towards the entrance of the Dark Forest, Qin Wentian's silhouette had already disappeared.

The cultivators around Brother Bull all drew in a deep breath, as they shifted their gazes onto Brother Bull.

“What a liar. What sort of character is Qin Wentian, how can he

look so delicate like a pretty boy. Am I right?” Brother Bull laughed loudly, but even he himself could feel the lack of self-confidence in his own words. Shaking his head, he continued, “Yup he’s definitely a liar, he was posing as Qin Wentian.”

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Now that Qin Wentian was already at the Yuanfu Realm, it naturally lessened the degree of danger met within the Dark Forest. Although there were still some minor troubles along the way, he still arrived at his destination unharmed.

There was a huge slab of mountain rock in the middle of a vast expanse of land. Qin Wentian laid there as he quietly contemplated his surroundings.

Everything was the same as he remembered, with the exception of the nine illusory towering mountain peaks.

Here in this place back, he met the dream-will of the green-robed middle aged man, and gained enlightenment. He enlarging the scale and scope of his dreams, indulging himself in fantasy while also receiving the Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers. That Diagram felt increasingly profound, the longer Qin Wentian looked at it. Even the current him when looking at the Diagram, would still perceive different concepts each time, which further increased his insights regarding the Martial Path.

Occasionally, he would also venture a guess. What level of cultivation had the monstrous genius – the green-robed man,

reached exactly? His power level shouldn't be lower when compared to that of the Azure Emperor.

And now, the reason as to why Qin Wentian revisited this place, was naturally because of the promise he had made.

Back then when he was on the verge of death, the Blackwind Condor brought him here to give him a chance of survival. He promised the condor that before he left Chu, when he was able to control the power of his bloodline limit, he would gift the condor three drops of his blood. Now, he was back here to fulfil that promise.

The place where they agreed to meet, was here.

In the distance, the silhouettes of numerous demonic beasts could be seen, while various cries could be heard, as though they were summoning their king.

Indeed, just a short while later, an immense shadow blotted out the sun, rapidly flying towards him as the huge wings created strong gusts of wind.

The Blackwind Condor descended, landing before Qin Wentian, as hints of astonishment could be seen in the cruel eyes of it.

Back then, although it had made an agreement with Qin Wentian, it didn't place much faith into it. Humankind places too high an attachment on profit and benefits, and although it was said

that demonic beasts are savage and excessively cruel, they would never be able to compare to humankind when it came to craftiness, and of lies and deceit. As a highly intelligent demonic beast, the Blackwind Condor naturally understood many truths about the ugliness of humanity.

Thus, it was completely taken by surprise when he saw that Qin Wentian was here to keep his promise.

“Senior.” Qin Wentian nodded to the Blackwind Condor, upon which he sliced open the skin of his right index finger. As he sliced, he activated the power of his bloodline limit, causing countless blood seals to be channelled to his index finger and almost instantly, that drop of blood was filled with the power of his bloodline limit.

The Blackwind Condor opened its beak, Qin Wentian flicked his index finger as three droplets of blood flew into its mouth. As the Blackwind Condor swallowed the three droplets of blood, a powerful surge of energy started to seeth crazily in its body. Even Qin Wentian who was standing by the side, could faintly sense the undulations.

This caused Qin Wentian to be bewildered, was the power of his bloodline limit really so beneficial?

“Arf arf.” On the ground, Little Rascal inclined its head, staring at Qin Wentian with puppy eyes, appearing extremely pitiful yet still just as adorable.

“Huh, you want it as well?” Qin Wentian asked in wonderment. Upon hearing his words, Little Rascal hurriedly bobbed its little head, causing Qin Wentian to roll his eyes at its comical actions. Was his blood really that attractive to demonic beasts?

“Fine fine, open your mouth then,” Qin Wentian stated helplessly. Little Rascal’s puppy eyes brightened as it complied with Qin Wentian’s instructions.

Qin Wentian once again channeled the blood seals towards the wound on his finger. Squatting down, he let that droplet of blood fall into Little Rascal’s mouth. Little Rascal’s eyes closed, and soon after, under the attentive watch of Qin Wentian, its body gradually grew bigger. Within its body, a crimson light shone, as though Little Rascal’s blood was seething and surging in a similar fashion.

“Bloodline Limit?” Qin Wentian’s countenance froze. Could it be that his blood had awakened the demonic bloodline of Little Rascal?

Golden colored outlines of the pathways of its blood circulated, shining resplendently, and under the dumbfounded stare of Qin Wentian, he witnessed the body of Little Rascal enlarging again. Currently, its size resembled an adult demonic wolf, and even more astonishing was that its previously white fur was now coated with streaks of gold. The golden fur on its forehead was exceptionally obvious, forming a curved line, as its sharp claws became coated with a layer of golden armor. That was a scale armor, a golden colored scale armor.

“This fellow, what type of demonic beast is he?” Qin Wentian

was stunned into speechlessness. This Little Rascal had an extremely high level of intelligence and from the moment it followed him, it was already capable of understanding human speech.

Abruptly, the Blackwind Condor shrieked shrilly, the volume of its screech was so loud that it echoed throughout the Dark Forest, causing the various demonic beasts to enter into a frenzy. Their king was howling.

Only now did Qin Wentian turn his attention onto the Blackwind Condor. He saw that at this moment, a crimson glow emanated forth from the body of the Blackwind Condor, enveloping it within. The aura the condor was currently exuding, felt increasingly terrifying to Qin Wentian.

However, the gaze of the Blackwind Condor was fixated seriously on Little Rascal, as if it were witnessing something amazing.

Only to see Little Rascal's eyes open abruptly, as a terrifying glow of golden light glimmered in its depths.

“Woof!” Little Rascal opened its mouth, and as it spat out golden beams of light, the outline of a Divine Imprint was formed. When the eyes of the Blackwind Condor fell onto the picture of the Divine Imprint, its body trembled as though it were seeing something inconceivable.

Little Rascal's eyes locked onto Qin Wentian's index finger, as an expression of excitement flashed within.

“You want me to drip a drop of my blood onto this Divine Imprint?” Qin Wentian gazed at Little Rascal as he asked.

Little Rascal nodded with incessantness. Qin Wentian laughed, as he flicked out his finger, causing another droplet of blood to land on that shimmering Divine Imprint. The fresh blood flowed according to the outlines of the Divine Imprint, and very quickly, as the blood was absorbed, the Divine Imprint transformed into a beam of golden light as it shot back into the body of Little Rascal.

“Yiyiyaya!” A voice abruptly sounded out in Qin Wentian’s head, causing him to be stunned. He looked back at that snowy puppy. After the transformation earlier, Little Rascal had returned to his adorable form.

Qin Wentian blinked in confusion as he tentatively asked, “Little Rascal, is that your voice?”

“Yiyiyayiya!” That sound rang out once again. However, Qin Wentian was somewhat gloomy as he stared at the adorable appearance of Little Rascal. Carrying it up into his arms, he patted its little head as he smiled, “Seems like you are still a baby, you can only understand my words but can’t converse yet. And what nonsense is yiyiyayiya, its totally incomprehensible.”

Although his exterior appearance appeared calm, Qin Wentian’s heart felt as though it was struck by a thunderbolt. That Divine Imprint earlier actually allowed Little Rascal’s voice to be directly transmitted into his mind? How miraculous was that?

The Blackwind Condor stared in shock as Qin Wentian patted the head of Little Rascal, appearing to be playing with his pet. Its eyes flashed with confusion, and it was unknown what it was thinking about.

After which, the Blackwind Condor turned, and laid flat on the ground before Qin Wentian.

“Mhm?” A light of surprise shone in Qin Wentian’s eyes. After which, he walked forwards and climbed onto the back of the Blackwind Condor. An instant later, squalls erupted, the Blackwind Condor soared into the skies, and continued flying towards the depths of the Dark Forest.

On the ground below, tens of thousands of demonic beasts appeared, and as they followed the trajectory of the Blackwind Condor, their combined weight caused the earth to rumble.

As they approached the depths of the Dark Forest, Qin Wentian discovered that there were a few extremely powerful auras flying in a certain direction, each not one whit inferior to the Blackwind Condor. The total number of demonic beasts present was so staggering that it reminded Qin Wentian about stories of the past that he had heard in Chu - the attack of great beast tides.

However, these demonic beasts weren’t moving in the direction of Chu, but rather, they were heading further into the depths, heading towards the heart of the Dark Forest!

AGM 202 - Unsettled Waves

Now that Qin Wentian had truly entered the depths of the Dark Forest, only now did he comprehend that the Dark Forest was much more mysterious and terrifying than what was previously imagined.

The Dark Forest that enveloped Chu, has an even longer history compared to the country itself. No one knows exactly how long the Dark Forest has existed. No one in Chu had ever uncovered all its secrets.

Perhaps before this, not many had ever stepped foot into the forest's deepest depths, and even if they had, such a character would definitely not have remained in Chu. Thus, there has been no recorded history of any information regarding the innermost areas of the Dark Forest.

Qin Wentian stood on the back of the Blackwind Condor and witnessed a countless myriad of demonic beasts galloping at high speeds, following them from behind. Together, they passed through many mysterious places, ancient tunnels and pathways, trees and foliage in the Dark Forest. Eventually the scene before Qin Wentian filled his heart with shock. There were numerous razor-sharp mountain peaks that were mysteriously connected together, forming a massive barrier that blotted out the entire sky.

The multitudinous demonic beasts dashed ahead, entering the space beneath the barrier. Unable to penetrate fully through the barrier of mountain peaks, the sun's rays were weaker in intensity. The space ahead was no longer a location within the Dark Forest

but rather, a vast expanse of plains.

Finally, the Blackwind Condor reduced its speed, as it lowered its altitude. The speed of the other demonic beasts slowed down as well, as they advanced forwards. Not only that, there were several demonic beasts that had their heads bowed as they advanced. The attitude of these beasts shocked Qin Wentian immensely.

Their actions caused a notion to be born in his head – were these beasts on a pilgrimage?

Hundreds of thousands of incomparably savage demonic beasts arrived at this region, yet their attitudes appeared exceedingly pious and devout, like they were about to worship the Sovereign of all demonic beasts.

And at this moment, Qin Wentian's eyes glowed with a brilliant light. In front of him, there were two incomprehensibly large statues. One of them was in the form of a terrifying giant that reached over hundreds of meters in height, while the other statue was of a fearsome demonic beast, crouching by his side.

“This en masse movement of demonic beasts, are they really on a pilgrimage?” Qin Wentian felt truly astounded by the scene before him. As they flew nearer and nearer to the two statues, even the Blackwind Condor had landed onto the ground and adopted a similar attitude as the others. It, too, prostrated itself on the ground before the two statues, as though they were all worshipping their king.

All demonic beasts had a certain level of intelligence; although they were many times more cruel and tyrannical compared to humans, their personality traits were more loyal and as a whole they were more honest about their emotions.

All of a sudden, Qin Wentian felt his body turn cold, and an instant later, he discovered the ice cold eyes of a few extremely powerful demonic beasts turning their gazes in the direction of Little Rascal, who he currently held in his arms.

Qin Wentian froze, it seemed that these powerful demonic beasts were unhappy to see both of them failing to prostrate themselves and worship the statues. Columns and columns of fearsome demonic Qi gushed forth, gushing towards Qin Wentian, as low growls sounded out from their throats. It appeared that they were communicating with the Blackwind Condor.

It seemed as though Little Rascal could sense their malicious intentions. Leaping out of Qin Wentian's arms, it transformed into its battleform. The golden fur on its forehead shone with resplendent light, as the demonic scale armor formed, enveloping its sharp claws. Little Rascal stood there, coldly surveying the powerful demonic beasts while an air of grandeur and nobility emanated from it.

“ROAR!” A low rumbling sound echoed. Little Rascal was growling at them all. Abruptly, it transformed into a stream of light as it explosively dashed ahead.

Little Rascal's speed was exceptionally fast, it took only an instant before it reached the head of the nearby beast statue.

Within moments, all the demonic beasts erupted in a frenzy, forming a cacophony of howls and shrieks. They wanted nothing more than to devour Little Rascal, but they didn't dare to approach the statues.

“Woooooof!” Little Rascal howled, a hint of respect could be heard within, his howl resounding throughout the dark forest. Turning its head skywards, its demeanor was filled with pride.

The few powerful demonic beasts couldn't bear the provocation of Little Rascal any longer. Anger clouded their features as they dashed forwards, yet as they neared the statue, they couldn't advance further, as though there was an energy barrier blocking them from advancing. Rumbling sounds rang out, as their bodies were bounced back by a counter force. However, they didn't give up but continued rushing towards Little Rascal repeatedly, which eventually caused them to spit out blood, evidently injured by the impact from the counter force.

Such a scene caused Qin Wentian to be thunderstruck; these demonic beasts were truly determined. But what was even more surprising was that these powerful beasts were unmistakably blocked by a mysterious energy, and yet why was it that Little Rascal could break through that same barrier and even stand on top of the head of that beast statue?

Low-volume growls of provocation issued relentlessly from Little Rascal, causing Qin Wentian to feel extremely tickled. To think that this puppy of his actually had such an arrogant side as well.

“Yiyiyaya.” Little Rascal's attempt at speech rang out in his

mind. An expression of bewilderment flashed in his eyes as he saw Little Rascal staring at him, before pointing its paws to the giant statue beside it, while gesturing for him to come forward.

Qin Wentian moved, only to see a group of demonic beasts blocking his path. Only when the Blackwind Condor beside him loomed threateningly over them, issuing a series of sharp shrieks, did they open up a path for Qin Wentian. However in spite of this, their eyes were filled with venom as they glared at Qin Wentian. If looks could kill, Qin Wentian would already be dead.

As he neared the statues, Qin Wentian gradually sensed an overwhelming pressure bearing down on him.

Rumble~ That pressure blasted against Qin Wentian's body, forcing him backwards. The impact causing his internal organs to tremble, and he wiped a trace of blood away from the corners of his lips. Qin Wentian's eyes widened in shock; at the instant when that pressure blasted upon him, it was as though he could sense the statues were alive, and the overbearing pressure must have been formed from their power of will.

“Are these the statues of supreme powerhouses that died?” A ludicrous notion surfaced in Qin Wentian's mind. This time round, the blood in his body seethed, as a monstrous demonic Qi emanated forth from him. With a protective layer of Astral Light shrouding his body, he walked forwards step by step, towards the statues.

This time round, the power of will felt even more obvious, as the pressure it created intensified, causing Qin Wentian's blood vessels

to constrict and his heart to pound. This pressure was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian arduously made his way forward. However, as a thunderous sound echoed, the pressure akin to a thousand jin hammer blows pounded on his chest. Once again, his body was hurled backwards by the impact, as he spat out fresh blood.

As the blood spat out by Qin Wentian sprinkled in the air, abruptly, a mysterious surge of energy caused the blood to coagulate in the shape of a thread, before it drifted over and entered the statue of the giant.

All of a sudden, tremors rocked the earth as an overwhelming aura emanated from the statue, resembling an ancient heavenly god, so powerful that the demonic beasts weren't even able to draw breath.

Bzz! Clouds of dust were shed from the statue as a divine glow shone in its eyes. As the earth rumbled, the surrounding mountain peaks trembled unceasingly as well. Boundless amounts of starlight cascaded downwards from the now-present gaps in the mountain peak barrier, landing onto the statue before radiating outwards, permeating the vast expanse of the plains.

An instant later, a projection that encompassed everything was formed from the starlight.

“Heavenly Constellation Manifestation.” Qin Wentian's heart shook, back then in one of the memory fragments he unlocked,

outside the Heavenly Qin Divine Sect, that old fogey - his father, was duelling a bunch of monstrously powerful freaks that could manifest the heavenly constellations.

At the instant the mysterious projection manifested, Qin Wentian and the rest of the demonic beasts felt as though the pressure of a huge mountain was on their backs.

At the same time, he also sensed mysterious waves of energy enter his body, aiding him to resist that overbearing pressure.

Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, advancing to the side of that ancient statue, as he tried to contemplate the mysteries within.

“Woof!” Little Rascal wagged its tail, as it barked happily, excitement flashing in its eyes.

The demonic beasts were all thunderstruck when they saw this. At this moment they were wondering, that young human as well as the little puppy, what kind of existences were they exactly.

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In a place far away from Chu, within the Grand Xia Empire, on a stargazing platform in the Venerate Heavens Sect of the Ginkou Continent, a white-haired old man had his hands clasped behind his back as he stared up to the heavens. His eyes glimmered with Astral Light and appeared as though he was capable of seeing

through the past and present.

With a wave of his hands, a map instantly appeared before him, floating in the air. That map was incomparably huge, with numerous territories carefully outlined on it. This could be considered a perfect map of the Grand Xia Empire where all landmarks and the transcendent powers of the various continents were defined.

Flicking his finger, a mote of star light zoomed in towards an extremely small dot on the map. An instant later, the words ‘Chu Country’, gleamed.

The old man furrowed his brows. Chu Country, how was it possible for such a phenomenon to appear in such a small country? If this was really true, the location of that should be within those ancient historical sites of Chu.

“The Demonic Star descended in Chu, quickly send men to investigate this.” The voice of the old man abruptly resounded throughout the Venerate Heavens Sect, causing the countless experts within to be shocked as they stared in the direction of Chu.

“Chu Country.” For the first time, the name of this country caused huge ripples of commotion within the Venerate Heavens Sect.

Not only that, a short while later, the voice of the old man rang out within the Ginkou Continent, and eventually to the various continents in the Grand Xia Empire.

However, no one in Chu knew of what had just transpired.

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At this moment, the ‘controller’ of Chu, 3rd Prince Chu Tianjiao, felt extreme unease in his heart. This was the first time he ever felt waves of such magnitude that his normally resolute disposition wavered. Before him stood a figure with his head bowed. The reason for the waves in his heart was none other than the news brought by this messenger.

“Are you certain?” Chu Tianjiao asked for the third time, as he stared at the bowed messenger.

“Your subordinate is extremely sure. It’s definitely Xiao Lan, he died in the outskirts of the Royal Capital.” Under the heavy atmosphere, the messenger replied in a low voice.

“What about his corpse?” Chu Tianjiao asked again.

“We are temporarily holding it in our possession,” the messenger replied.

“Deal with it cleanly, you should understand what to do,” Chu Tianjiao coldly commanded, as an icy light flashed in his eyes. That messenger nodded and retreated. He naturally understood what he should do, those that knew of this matter had all been killed, with him as the only one remaining. He definitely had to

plan for contingencies in case Chu Tianjiao decided to remove him as well.

After the messenger departed, Chu Tianjiao shuddered as he drew in a deep breath. Naturally, he wasn't the one that orchestrated Xiao Lan's death.

Xiao Lan was the representative of the Xiao Faction in the Nine Mystical Palace. So long as he died because of matters of the Chu Country, their Royal Clan would definitely be implicated.

The deed would also surely not be orchestrated by those from Diyi's side. Since Diyi spared Xiao Lan, there was no way he would assassinate him and risk truly infuriating the Nine Mystical Palace.

In that case, who exactly was it?

And furthermore, what gave chills to Chu Tianjiao's heart was that news of this matter was quickly spread to the entirety of Chu. Panicking, he quickly thought of countermeasures and decisively sent people to inform the Nine Mystical Palace of this incident!

AGM 203 - Revenge Of The Nine Mystical Palace

After the news of Xiao Lan's death leaked out, Diyi, who was prepared to depart Chu, decided to stay instead. At the same time, he commanded those students that had yet to leave, to flee far away from the Royal Capital of Chu. As long as they fully dispersed, the Nine Mystical Palace couldn't easily hunt them down one by one.

Today, Chu Tianjiao led a group of people to stand ceremoniously at the entrance of the Royal Capital, but it was unknown as to who they were welcoming.

From afar, roars and shrieks of demonic beasts could be heard, as a few powerful demonic flying-type beasts of immense stature soared through the skies. Upon flying over, they gradually descended. The gusts of wind generated from the flapping of their wings buffeted Chu Tianjiao on his face, yet he didn't dare to show any hints of displeasure, and remained respectfully positioned there, waiting to greet the visitors.

As they slowly floated downwards, a few silhouettes stepped out from the back of the demonic beasts, shooting cold glances at the group of people gathered around Chu Tianjiao. Ultimately, the gaze of one of them landed onto Xiao Lù.

“Are you the Crown Prince of Snowcloud?” inquired the man in a low voice, his tone extremely icy. Xiao Lù bowed, replying, “Xiao Lù of the junior generations pays his respect to the clan elder.”

“Enough,” replied the man with indifference, “Tell me everything. I want the truth, and if I sense dishonesty in your words, you will bear the consequences yourself.”

Xiao Lǔ respectfully bowed again, as he recounted the history of past events, mentioning how Xiao Lan clashed against the Emperor Star Academy, how the expert Yuanfu cultivators of the Nine Mystical Palace were slaughtered by Diyi, how Diyi spared Xiao Lan in the end, but ultimately, Xiao Lan was killed outside the entrance of the Royal Capital.

Upon hearing Xiao Lǔ’s words, that man shifted his gaze onto Chu Tianjiao as he asked, “There should be one Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in your Chu Clan. Why did he not participate in the battle, thus allowing disciples of my Nine Mystical Palace to be freely slaughtered?”

As the sound of his voice faded, an overwhelming pressure enveloped Chu Tianjiao, causing him to tremble in fear.

“Junior wasn’t aware that there was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in the Emperor Star Academy. When we realized what had happened, it was already too late. Junior understands that I should be responsible for Xiao Lan’s death, and I am willing to accept any punishment,” Chu Tianjiao humbly replied, appearing extremely courteous, but in his words he clearly expressed that he wasn’t responsible for Xiao Lan’s death.

“Since you weren’t aware in the past, we can forget it. But now

that you have learnt of his existence, I command the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign of Chu to kill Diyi,” added the man, tyrannically. Chu Tianjiao’s heart turned cold, yet he dared not show any hint of disobedience. He could only respectfully reply, “This Junior shall inform my ancestor.”

That person didn’t bother to reply. After Chu Tianjiao departed, the group of people he brought were trembling with fear and trepidation and didn’t dare to say anything else.

After some time, a terrifying aura emanated forth from the Royal Palace in Chu, shocking everyone within. After which, the silhouette of an old man walked out from the palace, as an oppressive aura of blood-might gushed savagely towards the direction of the Emperor Star Academy. Wherever it passed by, those within its proximity could feel their bodies corroding, as they let out bloodcurdling screams, before transforming into pools of blood.

“Mandate of Blood. It seems like the second level of the Mandate of Blood he comprehended, was the insight of corrosion.” Those from the Nine Mystical Palace mumbled in a low voice, as they felt that oppressive sense of blood-might.

That overflowing, oppressive aura of blood-might pressured the entire land, causing the entire Royal Capital to tremble in fear. However, a few moments later, as if in answer, a similarly terrifying aura emanated from the direction of the Emperor Star Academy. In the next instant, those within the areas surrounding the Emperor Star Academy, all felt as though the movements of their bodies were restricted, exceedingly uncomfortable, to the

point where it felt there was someone choking their throats.

The two hegemonic auras clashed in midair as countless people fled the region. This time around, the situation was different from before, when Diyi slaughtered the Yuanfu experts of the Nine Mystical Palace. This time around, just the aftershocks from the clashing auras, were sufficient to deal out deaths.

From afar, Chu Tianjiao stared at the battlefield, as he sighed in his heart. His old ancestor was supposed to be their Chu Clan's reserve, the final trump card, and only to appear as a last resort if their Chu Clan was on the verge of annihilation. However, because of the death of Xiao Lan, he was forced into action to deal with the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign Diyi. This caused Chu Tianjiao to silently vow in his heart, when he was powerful enough, one day he would definitely make the Nine Mystical Palace dance in his palms.

“Mandate of Blood clashing against the Mandate of Force, with both at the second level, but it seems that Diyi has the advantage.” A powerhouse from the Nine Mystical Palace stated in a low voice, “Diyi should be from the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction of the Azure Emperor Palace.”

As the sound of his voice faded, those from the Nine Mystical Palace flew towards the region where the clash of mandates took place.

The confrontation between Diyi and the Ancestor of Chu rose to terrifying heights. Diyi's Astral Mandate was stronger, but he only had two Astral Novas while his opponent had three.

While Diyi and the Ancestor of Chu both had four Astral Souls, the reason why they had not nurtured all four into Astral Novas was because in order to successfully nurture even one, one would require astronomical amounts of Astral Energy before they could do so. The amount of Astral Energy needed was beyond the realm of terrifying, even with the resources of an entire country supporting him, the ancestor of Chu was still unable to nurture his 4th Astral Nova.

The Chu Country, to a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, was really too small. After one reached a certain level, they would be restricted by the lack of cultivation resources available.

Diyi's robes were fluttering in the wind, and as he saw the approach of those from the Nine Mystical Palace, a sharp glint of light flashed in his eyes.

“Although I may die, I have no regrets. But before that happens, I must eliminate the source of this threat to Chu.” Diyi's eyes were calm, he was already prepared to lose his life. If he took the ancestor of Chu down with him, then as long as those from the Nine Mystical Palace didn't act against Qin Wentian, there would be no need to worry about his safety.

As he thought of this, he slowly stepped out. The overflowing oppressive aura of blood-might gushed towards him, but both his hands were already positioned in a stance, grabbing outwards. Momentarily, tens of thousands of fist shadows filled the skies, defending against the blood-might, as he grabbed hold of his opponent's body.

The Ancestor of Chu froze, was Diyi looking for death?

“KILL!” The haggard frame of the ancestor stepped out, as a shocking blood-colored glow shone on Diyi, instantly corroding his body. However despite this, Diyi still closed the distance between them.

BOOM! Both heaven and earth trembled, the ancestor of Chu felt his body sinking. An inconceivable amount of force was pressing against his body, while at the same time, countless formless fist shadows were locking his body in place. Diyi increased his speed, transforming into a stream of light, blasting explosively towards him.

The light sparkled as the wind howled, in his heart, he was ready to face death. He had no other regrets.

BOOM! An earth-shattering force ruthlessly slammed into the body of the ancestor of Chu. Diyi’s entire being was corroding, but he still had strength left to fight. Grabbing his way forward, he abruptly released a gigantic palm-type Astral Nova so large that it seemed to have no boundaries, securely locking the body of the ancestor within.

“HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?!” the ancestor of Chu roared in fear. Diyi’s countenance was a mask of ruthlessness, as he abruptly clenched his fist, causing a nightmarish sound to ring out from within. Before dying, his opponent transformed into a stream of blood-colored light, zooming towards Diyi, causing the entirety of

Diyi's body to be dyed in blood. As of now, the corrosion had already eaten half of his body.

Bzzz~ At this moment, from the direction of the Nine Mystical Palace, a silver light erupted as chains penetrated through Diyi's shoulder, binding him securely as his blood splattered out in great amounts, dyeing the surface of the ground red. After which, Diyi was mercilessly dragged skywards.

"I have nothing to do with Xiao Lan's death." At this moment, Diyi was still unperturbed, since he already knew that the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn't spare him, he might as well make his attitude clear to all and hope that the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn't take out their anger onto the students of the Emperor Star Academy.

Those from the Nine Mystical Palace didn't say anything, as they pulled the chained Diyi about, parading him in the air. Everyone in Chu was dumbstruck, was this the strength of the Nine Mystical Palace? In front of them, Chu was really too weak.

Chu Tianjiao felt extremely pissed off in his heart. Although they captured Diyi, but the ancestor of Chu had died, using his life for this. The Nine Mystical Palace was too callous, if they acted earlier, the ancestor of Chu wouldn't have died. But they didn't, they wanted to make Chu pay a price for the death of Xiao Lan.

"Exterminate all from the Emperor Star Academy, leave none alive. Also, investigate who the killer was." The power experts from the Nine Mystical Palace mounted their demonic beasts as they flew away. Diyi's chained body was pitifully dragged in the

air, a spectacle too horrible to behold.

Very quickly, those from the Nine Mystical Palace disappeared into the horizon.

However, a glint of ice-cold light could be seen flickering in Chu Tianjiao's eyes. He knew that if he still chose to go to the Nine Mystical Palace for cultivation now, he would surely end up in a sorry state.

“Pass my command down, capture all the students from Emperor Star Academy,” Chu Tianjiao coldly ordered, his voice resounded throughout the Royal Palace.

It seemed as though the Chu Country would again be drenched in a storm of blood once more.

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On the outskirts of the Dark Forest, a white crane was soaring through the skies. On top of the white crane sat a graceful silhouette, as they both flew into the Dark Forest.

Mo Qingcheng's beautiful eyes were filled with anxiety and concern, knowing that Qin Wentian had entered the Dark Forest. And now that Diyi had been captured, and the Emperor Star Academy had dissolved, if Qin Wentian were to meet the people from the Royal Clan, he would undoubtedly die as well. She needed to inform Qin Wentian not to return.

However, the Dark Forest was truly vast, making it extremely difficult to locate someone in there. Mo Qingcheng searched through the Dark Forest for about half a month but still had not found any traces of Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng's clothings were stained with dirt, with her countenance appearing extremely haggard. Humans always feel the most fatigue when worrying about someone else, and now, she was truly afraid that Qin Wentian would return to Chu.

“Demonic Beasts.” At this moment, Mo Qingcheng's countenance froze, as she discovered a few powerful demonic beasts staring in her direction, emanating an exceedingly brutal aura.

“Go.”

The white crane soared up into the skies, fleeing with great speed. However, those powerful beasts chased after the white crane, their roars and howls causing a commotion that attracted even more demonic beasts to join in the chase.

Qin Wentian himself had no idea what was currently happening; he was still in the heart of the Dark Forest, sitting in a cross-legged posture beside the two statues.

The beautiful manifestations of the heavenly constellations enveloped the entire space, and from the two statues, Qin Wentian could clearly sense the power of their wills. This feeling was

reminiscent of when Xiao Lan's will directly entered his mind back in Chu. That, was also a type of will.

Naturally, Xiao Lan's strength obviously couldn't be compared with the might that the constellation manifestation was emitting. The two statues beside him, caused him to gradually have a faint feeling that the doorway of a higher realm in cultivation had been pushed open.

Astral Novas, why were they so powerful? And as for Constellation Manifestations, how were they manifested?

The power that Astral Souls bestowed to cultivators, was it really so simple as granting amplifications in strength, as well as causing the cultivator to have special attributes relative to the Astral Souls they condensed?

Qin Wentian released his Astral Souls, as he silently regarded them. The countless numbers of demonic beasts were still behind him, as Little Rascal behaved extremely aggressively by growling threateningly at them and baring its fangs and claws. If Mo Qingcheng were to see this, she would definitely find it amusing. That usually docile and meek little puppy looked as though it was actually taming these ferocious and brutal demonic beasts!

AGM 204 - Mandates Of The Cultivation Path

Cultivation disregards the sense that time has passed. This was especially true when one was in a state of gaining insights.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was in an extremely wondrous state. He felt both partially awake, as well as submerged within a dream. He had absolutely no inkling of what was happening outside of this current state.

Within the wondrous state, he felt the presence of monstrously powerful heavenly constellations enveloping the Heavens and Earth, encompassing everything. Their radiance was especially beautiful, and an incredible surge of energy permeated the air. This sensation only got stronger and stronger as time passed by.

“Will. Intent. Mandate.” Qin Wentian mused, a stream of will gushed forth from his dazzling Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul, as a force field materialized in the space he was in.

“Stellar Martial Cultivators, upon reaching Yuanfu, their Astral Soul would correspond with the cultivator’s Yuanfu. Astral Souls are the source of strength for a Stellar Martial Cultivator, the will and intent of an Astral Soul, could naturally be said to be the will and intent of the cultivator.” A Heavenly Hammer materialized in Qin Wentian’s hands. Holding onto it tightly, he could feel a mysterious energy emanating forth from the Heavenly Hammer, strengthening him. This source of energy felt extremely enigmatic, yet Qin Wentian could sense it was not an illusion.

This was no longer the simple amplifications Astral Souls bestowed, but rather, an energy borne from an intent and will. He believed that as he advanced further onto the path of cultivation, this stream of energy would become stronger and stronger, to the point where it would be able to manifest these Heavenly Constellations.

All of a sudden, Qin Wentian's eyes snapped open as he stared fixedly at the statue of the giant. It was as though he could only now sense the potency of this mysterious energy stream

Qin Wentian didn't know that currently, he had already begun to grasp the insights of a higher cultivation truth. What he comprehended earlier, was the first level of the Mandate of Force – Strength.

There were many different kinds of Martial Mandates in the world, and as each Mandate's power leveled up, it would generate different abilities. However, the initial boundary for these Mandate's abilities wouldn't be different from the Martial Mandate. Thus, the initial boundary for the Mandate of Force, was Strength.

And as for the method of levelling up the Mandates, one had to depend on destiny, their comprehension, their experiences, as well as a little luck to gain insight into the second level. Once the cultivator comprehended the second level of their respective Mandates, only then would they truly step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, and once they gained insights into the third level, they would be able to manifest the Heavenly Constellations. After

Yuanfu, the distance between each cultivation realm to the next was like being in a watershed. Countless people were stuck within, unable to break through to the next realm. It wasn't just the requirement of an astronomical amount of cultivation resources, one also needed powerful comprehension of their Mandate before they would be able to continue forwards on their cultivation pathway.

For example, someone like Xiao Lan, a genius of the Nine Mystical Palace, had only comprehended insights into the first level of his Mandate when he was at the 3rd level of Yuanfu. On the other hand, Qin Wentian, whose comprehension abilities were originally already at an inconceivable level, and in addition to some twists of fate that allowed him the chance to contemplate the statues; the combination of these factors were what allowed him to comprehend insight into the first level of Mandate, when only at the 1st level of Yuanfu.

“If I truly spend time in understanding my Great Dream Astral Soul, as well Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, maybe I could even gain more insights about other Mandates,” Qin Wentian murmured, closing his eyes, as he quietly focused on his cultivation.

Qin Wentian didn't know of the Royal Capital's current state of chaos and danger. Not only that, at this moment, several terrifying characters had just entered the Dark Forest.

Presently, Mo Qingcheng, cut a sorry figure. After she entered the Dark Forest, she had no way to tell what direction from which and was pursued by demonic beasts from all four sides. Even the

white crane was killed by one of the demonic beasts, so clearly could she remember the powerful claw swipe that ended its life.

Her eyes were red from crying, her robes all tattered, her beautiful face filled with weariness. She had no chance to even take a break during the past few days.

“Wentian, where are you exactly.” Her graceful figure leaned against a tree, as her eyes were filled with worry. Mo Qingcheng didn’t know what the current situation in the Royal Capital was now, she could only hope that Qin Wentian had still not left the Dark Forest.

“I will find you for sure.” The eyes of the young lady flickered with determination as she prepared to move out. Suddenly, a sharp sound echoed in the air. Inclining her head, Mo Qingcheng saw a row of silhouettes flying past with astonishing speed. Upon noticing her, they halted, as they surveyed her. The pressure emitted from their bodies told her in no uncertain terms that they were exceptionally powerful.

A few breaths of time later, one of them broke the silence, “The demonic Qi inside the mountain range ahead feels extremely heavy. Let’s investigate.” After which, their movements were like the wind, as the row of figures continued flying forwards.

Mo Qingcheng’s eyes gleamed, as she too picked up her pace, running after those ahead.

“What an oppressive demonic Qi. Seems like we’re at the right

location.”

“Hmm, I feel that the news disseminated by the Venerate Heavens Sect was a little too exaggerated. Saying that the Demonic Star descended, really? Does that old man really think his eyes can penetrate through the Heavenly Layers?”

“Don’t underestimate the Venerate Heavens Sect. Throughout all these years, all the various rankings issued by them were all ascertained and authorised, passing through the consensus of all major powers of the Grand Xia Empire. That old man is definitely more than capable,” another replied.

Soon after, as they flew in deeper and deeper, their eyes narrowed as they noticed the demonic beasts that were on their pilgrimage. After which, one of them coldly laughed, “Why are there so many cute little demons.”

“Look, there’s a human youth there, as well.”

In the eyes of these people, the incomparably savage and ferocious demonic beasts of the Dark Forest, were actually termed as ‘cute little demons’.

Qin Wentian was roused from his wondrous state. Opening his eyes, he saw that group of powerhouses descending. The demonic beasts hollered and howled in rage, as though they wanted to prevent the humans from getting any nearer.

“What a bunch of ignorant little demons.” A figure among them laughed. After which, he waved his hands, as a column of blood-colored light shone down from above. The shining light landed on the bodies of the demonic beasts, causing them to howl in agony before their bodies exploded.

“Mandate.” Qin Wentian’s countenance sank. This was what he was gaining insight into, but the strength of this person was several times greater than his.

“Senior,” Qin Wentian called out, as that person halted his attacks, turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian.

“These demonic beasts are only here to pay their respects to these two statues. Junior coincidentally arrived here by chance, and discovered these two extraordinary statues. Junior humbly implores and hopes that Senior would spare these demonic beasts, on account that they were merely paying their respects and had not damaged this sacred land in the slightest. Junior will lead them away immediately,” Qin Wentian spoke out.

“Fine. It’s rare to see someone with such a caring heart. But you are right, on account that they did no damage to this sacred land, and if you can convince them to leave, I shall spare them.” That man laughed. Qin Wentian glanced at Little Rascal who had leapt into his arms earlier. Little Rascal then issued a few low-sounding growls, in addition to the sharp shrieks by the Blackwind Condor, before the tumultuous clamor of the demonic beasts finally quieted down, all preparing to leave the area.

However, within the eyes of these demonic beasts, all gleamed

with rage and brutality.

Qin Wentian mounted the Blackwind Condor, as they led the way for the demonic beasts. Those powerhouses standing in the air didn't block them. In their eyes, these demonic beasts as well as Qin Wentian, weren't worthy of mention.

“Seems like that little fellow possessed the ability to tame the beasts.” One of the experts standing in the air laughed, but his countenance soon turned serious as his gaze shifted to the two statues.

After travelling a certain distance, Qin Wentian noticed that there were even more powerful experts arriving. He didn't expect that the sacred land would attract the attention of so many terrifying characters.

“Let's go,” Qin Wentian intoned in a low voice. The Blackwind Condor's speed increased, moving so fast that it transformed into a blurry shadow. A few moments later, the angry roars of the demonic beasts rang out again. Unintentionally, either by luck or by destiny, Qin Wentian caught sight of something that caused his pupils to narrow.

“Qingcheng!” Qin Wentian immediately jumped off the condor, landing beside Mo Qingcheng who was encircled by the demonic beasts. He coldly spat out, “Scram.”

Little Rascal also transformed into its battle form, roaring so loudly that the void trembled, shocking the demonic beasts,

“ARFF!” A golden streak of lightning flashed by, and in the next moment, a demonic beast lunging mid motion towards Mo Qingcheng, died with its throat crushed in Little Rascal’s maw. Little Rascal coldly surveyed the remaining demonic beasts, as a bone chilling aura emanated forth from it.

“Qingcheng.” Qin Wentian ran over to Mo Qingcheng, as he took in her appearance. Traces of blood could be seen on her tattered robes, her beautiful countenance looked so haggard that even her aura felt somewhat unstable. Instantly, Mo Qingcheng’s eyes were filled with tears, and it was only after a long moment before a smile managed to blossom on her face, as she collapsed into Qin Wentian’s arms.

“Dumbo, I was so afraid I couldn’t find you.” Mo Qingcheng’s graceful frame was shivering in Qin Wentian’s embrace. Qin Wentian felt his heart shuddering with guilt, as he patted lightly on Mo Qingcheng’s back. His left hand was stroking her head as he whispered gently into her ears, “It’s all fine now, it’s all okay.”

“I was really so afraid, afraid that you had already returned to the Royal Capital.” Mo Qingcheng sobbed, hugging Qin Wentian even tighter.

“What happened?” Qin Wentian felt puzzled.

“After Xiao Lan died, several experts of the Nine Mystical Palace came to Chu. They ordered the Ancestor of Chu to fight against Headmaster Diyi. The fight resulted in the death of the Ancestor of

Chu, while Diyi was seriously injured before he was dragged away in chains by those from the Nine Mystical Palace. Currently, the Royal Clan are going all out to capture students of our Emperor Star Academy, killing them with no mercy. Especially you, as you are at the top of their kill list.”

Qingcheng’s words caused Qin Wentian to feel a chill in his heart, as his aura burst forth with unprecedented fury.

Mo Qingcheng gazed at Qin Wentian, “Wentian, can we not return to Chu? I shall accompany you, so let’s go roam the Nine Continents.”

Qin Wentian gazed at the haggard countenance of Mo Qingcheng, feeling stabs of pain in his heart. Her beautiful eyes were as clear as before. She had ignored the dangers within, disregarding her life and entering the Dark Forest just to warn him not to return to Chu.

“Silly girl...” Qin Wentian planted a kiss on Mo Qingcheng’s forehead, as he hugged her even closer. “Qingcheng, I, Qin Wentian, am beyond blessed to have you by my side. However, I cannot abandon Chu.”

Mo Qingcheng’s body shook, her eyes tearing up again, but this time around, a radiant smile of incomparable brilliance lighted up her face. She understood what he was trying to say.

Everything was worth it, Mo Qingcheng already knew what Qin Wentian’s answer would be. Receiving the answer she sought,

from this moment onwards she was willing to accompany him no matter where he went. Be it lording over the heavens or barging into the gates of hell. She would not hesitate, so long as Qin Wentian was by her side.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring into the horizons, in the direction of Chu.

He, Qin Wentian, made a vow. Regardless of the cost, he would turn the Royal Clan of Chu into history.

AGM 205 - Wind And Rain In The Royal Capital

In the Capital of Chu, within a luxuriously decorated villa in the Royal Palace, a group of armoured soldiers stood guard outside, projecting a highly well-trained air.

In a room inside the villa, the Emperor of Chu lay on his bed, on the cusp of his last breath. He looked so drained of vitality, hanging between the fine line of life and death, appearing as though he would pass on to the next world at any moment.

“Wuwei.” The Emperor shifted his gaze onto a young man, his voice faint and feeble.

“Father,” Chu Wuwei replied, watching his dying father, as he silently lamented in his heart. Regardless of whether one was an Emperor or a commoner, in front of death, everyone is equal. No wonder countless people in the world were pursuing cultivation. Cultivation not only allowed one to gain strength and power, the life force of an individual would also be lengthened after breaking through to certain realms in cultivation. Not only that, there were also verified records of certain individuals who had already obtained eternal life.

“After my death, help out your younger brother. We must remain as the Royal Clan of Chu.” The lifeless eyes of the Emperor of Chu begged, as he gazed intently at his eldest son.

“Hmm, why is eldest brother not the successor?”

After hearing the words of the Emperor of Chu, a person standing beside Chu Wuwei felt dissatisfaction in his heart. Even if he was condemned to death by his father, he still wanted to speak out for his eldest brother.

In his eyes, his eldest brother Chu Wuwei was the perfect candidate to be the successor of Chu. In regards to Chu Tianjiao, he didn't really have good impressions of his third brother.

The Emperor of Chu glanced at the second prince, Chu Mang, as he sighed in his heart. All three of his sons were extraordinary in their own aspects.

The eldest, Prince Chu Wuwei, was indifferent to worldly rewards and did not fight for control of power, possibly because he was unable to cultivate innately. However, his intelligence was at an extremely high level and out of the three princes, he was the one that had obtained the love and heart of Chu's citizens, even more so compared to Chu Tianjiao. Other than the fact that he was unable to cultivate, he could be described as perfect.

The Emperor of Chu knew that if Chu Wuwei were to seriously contend for the throne, Chu Tianjiao would definitely not be a match for his eldest brother.

The second Prince, Chu Mang, was impetuous and clumsy, but he had the highest talent in cultivation as well as the highest combat prowess out of the three brothers. In Chu, there were only a few that could approach his radiance. If only his talent for cultivation

was given to Chu Wuwei instead, that would truly be perfect. Sadly, everyone in this world had their defects.

Third Prince, Chu Tianjiao was undoubtedly the son that he doted on the most. His talent for cultivation, intelligence, were all at an extremely high level and his character was well suited to be the Emperor. His only flaw was that he was overly ambitious.

“Silence,” Chu Wuwei berated. Chu Mang looked away, refusing to meet the eyes of his father. The Emperor of Chu sighed endlessly in his heart. All three of them were his sons, how could he not love them.

“Father, as long as I’m not dead, I will ensure the survival of our bloodline,” Chu Wuwei calmly stated, his answer causing the Emperor to stare at him, as though he was waiting for Chu Wuwei to say something more. However, Chu Wuwei still made no promises that he would help his youngest brother, Chu Tianjiao. He had only promised to ensure the survival of their bloodline.

Chu Tianjiao naturally understood the meaning behind his words.

The Emperor of Chu shifted his gaze away as he closed his eyes, his breathing became fainter and fainter...

Very swiftly, the news of the Emperor’s death spread throughout the Royal Palace. Outside the palace, countless nobles awaited. That Emperor who had once commanded wind and rain, finally closed his eyes in eternal sleep. From now onwards, matters of the

Chu Country, would be decided by the younger generation of the Royal Clan.

Arrangements for the last rites and funerals were naturally already planned for.

Chu Wuwei and Chu Tianjiao stood on the highest vantage point within the villa, surveying the entire Royal Capital.

Behind them, stood a man. That man was a cultivator at the peak of Yuanfu, and was none other than the trusted protector of Chu Tianjiao. Although the name of the protector wasn't that famous within the country, Chu Tianjiao knew that in the whole of Chu, not many people could be compared to him in terms of power.

“Eldest brother, I'm going to succeed the throne.” After a long moment, Chu Tianjiao finally broke the silence.

Chu Wuwei lightly nodded his head, only to hear Chu Tianjiao speaking again, “Father always wanted me to consult you for your advice in all matters. Eldest brother, what actions should I take after I succeed the throne?”

“As of today, our Chu Country is already at the precipice of danger. If you are not careful, Chu might cease to exist.” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “Smooth out conflicts and halt all suppression against the Qin Clan. In addition, issue an imperial decree allowing Qin Wu to succeed the position of his father. From now on, he will be known as the Wu King. Also bestow on him land, and grant him several cities to be under his administration.

As for the extermination of the Emperor Star Academy, just put up a good show for the Nine Mystical Palace. That group of people may be the future pillars of Chu. Do not harm them.”

“Eldest brother, aren’t you looking down a little too much on the prestige of our Royal Clan? The Qin Clan led troops in rebellion, yet you want us to apologise? What would the other citizens think? This is akin to smacking our own faces! Since ages past, we and the Emperor Star Academy have been like fire and water, how can we coexist with them? The best move we can make in these circumstances is to totally annihilate them before they can rise again. This way, there wouldn’t be anyone suppressing our Royal Clan and the Royal Academy ever again.”

Chu Tianjiao stared at the vast skies, the calmness in his voice couldn’t mask the ambition in his heart.

“Oh, is that so? First let’s not mention others, just this. What if Qin Wentian of the Emperor Star Academy breaks through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm before you? With Chu’s present strength, how would you even protect your throne?” Chu Wuwei serenely asked.

“That is why, he has to die.” An intense note of determination could be clearly heard within Chu Tianjiao’s voice.

“And if he chooses to temporarily leave Chu, how would you kill him then?” Chu Wuwei asked again.

“That day when Qiu Mo was captured, he decided to yield to us.

He revealed that as long as we capture Mustang, based on Qin Wentian's personality, how could he not show up?" Chu Tianjiao directed his gaze onto Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei also glanced at Chu Tianjiao, shaking his head as he stated, "If you are adamant with your decisions, then should your actions bring danger to our Chu bloodline, I shall replace you as the Emperor."

"HOW DARE YOU!" Chu Tianjiao's protector roared in rage, as an overwhelming aura gushed towards Chu Wuwei, enveloping him within.

"IMPUDENT." Chu Tianjiao turned his head, glaring at his protector. "Release him, he is my eldest brother."

"Yes." His protector meekly nodded his head, as his aura dissipated. After which, Chu Wuwei had nothing more to add, choosing to depart the area. After he left, Chu Tianjiao's eyes flickered with a terrifying light as he mused, "Although Father never expressed it, I knew that he always felt that in terms of overall ability, I am inferior to you. I shall prove him wrong."

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Within a certain courtyard owned by the Mo Clan in the Royal Capital, stood Mustang, Fan Le and Luo Huan.

They hadn't left Chu when Diyi was captured. After that, they no

longer had the means to leave. Mo Qingcheng informed Old Gu, and plans were made to temporarily relocate them to this safe house.

“Somebody is coming.” Mustang who was meditating at the side suddenly opened his eyes. Could it be that the hunters dispatched by the Royal Clan had found them?

“Luo Huan, Fan Le. Both of you go to the lake,” Mustang suddenly commanded.

“They will be even more suspicious if I’m not here. Fatty, hurry up and go, there’s still time now.” Luo Huan knew that her Teacher’s sensory abilities could be considered exceptionally strong. The hunters should still have no idea that Mustang had already discovered their presence.

Fan Le’s eyes flashed, his countenance turned incomparably unsightly before he finally nodded his head, heavily. “Teacher, Senior Sister. Take care, I will think of a way to save the both of you.”

After speaking, Fan Le left for the nearby lake, submerging himself completely within the depths. Only with this, would his presence be fully hidden.

Indeed, not long after, the entire courtyard was surrounded. Upon seeing a familiar figure entering the courtyard, an incomparably cold light flickered in the eyes of Mustang and Luo Huan.

“Qiu Mo, you spineless traitor,” Mustang coldly spat out.

“A truly wise man would submit to the circumstances, but you two really made me look long and hard for your whereabouts. Where is Qin Wentian? Was he hidden away by Mo Qingcheng?” A look of jealousy flashed in Qiu Mo’s eyes.

Mo Qingcheng, a woman of unsurpassed beauty was actually willing to take such risks for Qin Wentian. Even the ten prodigies of Chu weren’t able to move her heart.

“Qiu Mo. Have you forgotten Ye Wuque’s ending?” Luo Huan glared icily at Qiu Mo.

“Hehe.” Qiu Mo’s countenance turned cold, as the flames of jealousy in his eyes intensified. He knew that the current Qin Wentian was already many times stronger than him.

“Luo Huan, although your beauty is a shade inferior to Mo Qingcheng, you could still be considered supremely comely. Look at how alluring your figure is, I’m already getting a hard on.” Lust shone in Qiu Mo’s eyes, his gaze slowly roamed Luo Huan’s figure as he licked his lips. Luo Huan could only shudder in impotent anger.

“I shall ask the 3rd Prince, his Highness, to bestow you to me.” At this moment, Qiu Mo no longer bothered to conceal his baser instincts. Even if he couldn’t obtain Mo Qingcheng, being able to enjoy Luo Huan’s body sounded appealing as well.

“I really want to see how long Chu Tianjiao can last before he is overthrown,” Mustang icily interjected. The more powerful cultivators of the Emperor Star Academy had already entered into a joint alliance with those from the Qin Clan.

The news regarding the capture of Mustang and Luo Huan was quickly circulated throughout the Royal Capital. Undoubtedly, this was done at the behest of Chu Tianjiao. He wanted to lure Qin Wentian out.

Chu Tianjiao had already determined that in the future, Qin Wentian would surely be the greatest threat to him. Geniuses like Qin Wentian would definitely step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, it was just a matter of time. Therefore, he had to die before he matured.

Around the same time when Mustang and Luo Huan were captured, news regarding the Qin rebels were also sent back to the Royal Capital. Currently, the Qin Rebels had re-organised their armies and formed a few regiments of elite soldiers that consisted of powerful cultivators from the Emperor Star Academy. Among their ranks, they even had extremely powerful vice-headmaster level cultivators like Ren Qianxing, that were easily able to take the heads of enemy generals. The armies of the Royal Clan had no way to defend.

Not only that, other than the influx of Yuanfu cultivators from the Emperor Star Academy, the might of the armies under the control of Qin Clan was extremely shocking. There were suddenly several cultivators at the Yuanfu level appearing in their armies,

especially within the newly formed elite regiments. This caused many to speculate in their hearts, had the Qin Clan been hiding their powers throughout the years? The power they showed on the surface was only a tiny part of their strength.

Or maybe, the followers of the Wu King from back then, had been silently hiding in the shadows, secretly training their descendants, all for the rebellion today.

Undoubtedly, all of this was an indication that the storm engulfing Chu had already reached its boiling point. The Qin rebels were finally, truly, showing their strength.

And as this storm continued to brew, a young couple emerged from the Dark Forest, making their way back to the Royal Capital, a snowy puppy trailing behind them.

AGM 206 - Besiege

An oppressive air permeated the atmosphere in the Royal Capital of Chu. The hearts of the people were wavering, as though they too could sense the dark clouds of war pressing down its terrifying aura on them.

The Qin rebels broke the defenses of many cities, and were pressing towards the Royal Capital. Their movements were exceedingly unpredictable. Every time upon receiving info from scouts, as Chu planned and prepared their defenses, the Qin rebels would abruptly change their plans, targeting the other cities instead. Considering the fact that the attacking forces consisted of the elite regiments of Qin rebels, as well as their speed of assault, Chu's pathetic attempts at defending were easily crushed.

Such ferocity caused people to truly feel how deeply the Qin Clan had hidden their strength, hiding in the shadows after they were forced to be relocated. Perhaps the Royal Clan back then had predicted and feared this exact scenario today, which led to them ostracising the Qin Clan, and schemed to remove their military authority. Despite this, it seemed that their preparations back then were still not thorough enough.

And in the end, the Royal Clan decided to forego all the other cities, withdrawing the troops used in defense in order to further fortify the Royal Capital. This move was undoubtedly an announcement indicating that the final decisive battle to determine the fate of Chu would be conducted at the Royal Capital.

The Chu Dragon Guards, as well as other elite allied forces of

Chu, were all rushing back to the Royal Capital in a frenzy.

The current circumstances of the Royal Capital drew the attention of everyone in Chu. This war for power, who would remain as the final victor? The level of confidence the citizens of Chu had in the Royal Clan was currently not as strong as before. There were even some that speculated that the Chu Royal Clan, who had ruled Chu for over three thousand years, might fall in this coming war.

Even before Qin Wentian entered the city, he had already heard the news regarding how chaotic the current Royal Capital was. Moving in the shadows, he snuck into the city and entered the Divine Weapon Pavilion. An Liuyan had always been well-disposed towards Qin Wentian, and had long disliked the Royal Clan. Not only that, Qin Wentian himself already possessed extraordinary authority within the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Naturally, his visit to the Divine Weapon Pavilion was an absolute secret, so nobody except a chosen few knew of this. Qin Wentian spent a total of seven days in seclusion, using their massive resources, and enlisting the help of the grandmasters of the Divine Weapon Pavilion to forge all varieties of divine weapons. The grandmasters felt awe and even fear in their hearts, as they had never seen anyone as skilled as Qin Wentian. He frenziedly inscribed Divine Imprints on the weapons with such speed and accuracy, to the point that the forging operation centred around him alone.

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't let the Divine Weapon Pavilion suffer a loss. To thank them for their support, he left behind many

various blueprints of divine imprints for the grandmasters to study. He even included extremely valuable 3rd level divine imprints. At the same time, paying a stupendous amount of money, An Liuyan engaged the services of the Sky Transport Network, one of the three great companies in Chu, to deliver the divine weapons to the rebels outside of the Royal Capital.

Everything proceeded in absolute secrecy. Needless to say, times of chaos were naturally extremely profitable.

When the Royal Clan finally suspected something was amiss, it was already too late. The Sky Transport Network had already delivered the goods, and Qin Wentian had already departed the Divine Weapon Pavilion. And considering the fact that Chu was already at the precipice of danger, how could they dare to antagonise two major powers such as the Divine Weapon Pavilion and the Sky Transport Network?

After receiving the divine weapons delivered to them by the Sky Transport Network, the Qin rebels were akin to tigers that had been given wings, pressing on with their conquest at crazy speeds. Finally, they stationed their troops outside the Royal Capital and proceeded to besiege it.

On top of the Royal Capital's city gate, a row of powerful experts stood shoulder to shoulder, along with the current Emperor of Chu, Chu Tianjiao. As far as their eyes could see, the black-armored soldiers of the rebel forces were so numerous, it was as though their numbers were inexhaustible. Not only that, a fiery light could be seen in the eyes of the rebels. That light, was the fanatical light of zealotry, a feeling of madness towards power, as

well as revenge.

As long as they overcame this final obstacle, the empire of Chu would no longer be named Chu.

“Has Qin Wentian been found?” Chu Tianjiao calmly asked, no hints of rage could be seen upon his face.

“We have yet to locate him.” A subordinate bowed in reply, “We have already sent men to monitor the movements of the Sky Transport Network, as well as the Divine Weapon Pavilion. If Qin Wentian were to appear there again, he would definitely be captured immediately.”

“Release this as news: Three days from now, at the Chu Emperor District, the execution of Mustang will commence, and Luo Huan shall be bestowed to Qiu Mo,” Chu Tianjiao commanded, unperturbed.

The subordinate replied, “I shall see to it immediately.” After accepting the order, the subordinate retreated. It seemed like this decision was made because the Emperor was compelled by forces outside his control. Who would have imagined that Qin Wentian, who was wanted by the whole of Chu, actually managed to send such a huge present to the Qin rebels right under the noses of the Royal Clan. Undoubtedly, this was tremendously disadvantageous for the Royal Clan.

Swiftly after, the news was spread throughout the entire Royal Capital. Three days later, Mustang shall be executed on the

platforms of the Chu Emperor District, and Luo Huan would be given to Qiu Mo to do as he pleased.

Qiu Mo's face blackened upon hearing the news, this was highly unfavorable to him. Basically, the entire Royal Capital now knew what a beast he was, his reputation had been totally destroyed. He thus decided that after enjoying Luo Huan, he would immediately depart from Chu.

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Near the Bamboo Lodge, the river waters gurgled, as a sense of peace and harmony could be felt in the air.

Qin Wentian sat by the river, while Mo Qingcheng quietly sat beside him. Naturally, she had also received the news, and was fuming within. Chu Tianjiao actually used Mustang and Luo Huan as bait for Qin Wentian. From this, one could see that Chu Tianjiao had already fallen to the level of being completely unscrupulous. This didn't bode well for the future of Chu - the person at the top had a character like this; the fall of the Empire would come sooner or later.

Qin Wentian stood up and walked towards the nearby straw hut. Inside the straw hut, a veiled maiden was quietly sitting there, as though she had always been here.

Upon seeing the approach of Qin Wentian, she inclined her head, focusing her clear gaze on Qin Wentian, yet also gave off a feeling of aloof indifference.

Qin Wentian had long known of the existence of this maiden that had been following him, ever since he left the Celestial Lake Palace. Even when he was in the Dark Forest, gaining insights from the statues, and eventually meeting the group of supreme experts, this veiled lady had always been trailing him from behind. It was as though nothing in this world would be able to faze her. This caused Qin Wentian to silently speculate...how exactly strong was this ephemeral beauty?

“You are here on the behest of Fairy Qingmei?” Qin Wentian gazed at her, as he asked in a low voice. The maiden silently stared at him in reply.

Qin Wentian felt helpless upon seeing this, he then asked again, “Weren’t you always protecting me from the shadows? Why are you so near to me now?”

That pair of aloof eyes still continued staring at him in silence, not giving him a reply with words.

“Sorry for the interruption.” Qin Wentian turned and departed.

“Many people have their eyes on this place, I have to protect your safety.” A clear and melodious voice rang out. Qin Wentian turned his head, his eyes flickering with a smile as he regarded her unmatched countenance.

“Then will you help me deal with my enemies?” Qin Wentian asked again.

The maiden lightly shook her head, still emitting that aura of icy-cool indifference.

“Fine.” Qin Wentian laughed, “My name is Qin Wentian, what about yours?”

The eyelashes of the maiden’s beautiful eyes fluttered, appearing as though she was considering. After which, she replied, “Qing`er.”

“A beautiful name.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he turned and walked away.

Upon noticing Qin Wentian’s return, Mo Qingcheng teased, “So... am I more beautiful or is she more beautiful than me?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes gleamed, back when he and Mo Qingcheng were in the Celestial Lake Palace, they had already witnessed the unveiled countenance of Qing`er. She was so beautiful that she left people breathless. However, her beauty was different compared to Mo Qingcheng; Mo Qingcheng’s beauty was more of elegance and gentleness, filled with the vigor of youth, capable of toppling kingdoms and empires, while Qing`er’s beauty transcended mortality, an icy coldness, resembling a celestial maiden that descended from the Heavens.

“Wait, are you jealous?” Qin Wentian grinned.

“Hmph.” Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, but she felt happier as well upon seeing Qin Wentian’s mood getting somewhat better.

At this moment, a figure slowly approached, walking to the side of Qin Wentian.

“How is it?” Qin Wentian calmly inquired.

“There were many that wished to participate. The pavilion lord wanted me to ask you, how many do you wish to hire?” asked the figure.

“What are the strength levels of those that wish to participate?”

“With the lure of the divine weapons you created, we managed to find about twenty people at the 3rd level of Yuanfu that were willing to join your cause.”

“Twenty... so be it. As for the other Yuanfu cultivators below the 3rd level, hire thirty for me. Bestow upon them a low-tier, 3rd-grade divine weapon of their own choosing. The Divine Weapon Pavilion will bear the brunt of the cost for me. There shouldn’t be any problems right?” Qin Wentian replied in a low voice.

“The arrangements shall be made.” That figure nodded with confidence as he added, “Do you have any other instructions?”

“I need information. Regardless of the price, help me monitor the actions of all the important people in the Royal Clan. I want

detailed information, even to the extent of what they're eating for every meal, their locations and their habits," Qin Wentian replied.

"Understood, there will be scouts coming here to deliver their reports intermittently. In any case, regarding the situation here, everything is under control. If your enemies move against you, we will immediately send a man to report, and will prepare a new safe location for you."

Qin Wentian nodded, he knew this place was already discovered by his enemies. Just like what Qing'er said earlier, there were many eyes already on this location.

"I'll take my leave then." That figure bowed, as he departed. Although his countenance was calm, his heart was shaking in wonderment. The youngest Grandmaster in Chu's history, based on his talent in divine inscription, he had managed to secure the support of the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

No one knew which direction the wind would blow. The war was filled with countless variables, and nobody had a clear conclusion.

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In the blink of an eye, three days passed.

Today, in the Chu Emperor District, countless powerful guards and soldiers were stationed there for protection. Mustang was left tied up on the platform below the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat. His

clothing was all torn and tattered, dyed red by blood and his hair was unkempt and scraggly, giving testament to the suffering he had been subjected to during this period of time.

Luo Huan's countenance looked exceptionally haggard, but in spite of this, a bewitching, devilish smile filled with charm was still etched on her face. Occasionally, she would turn her gaze towards Qiu Mo, causing Qiu Mo's body to turn cold.

"Hmph, what can she do to me in that state?" Qiu Mo snorted. "Very soon, you shall be mine." Qiu Mo's gaze roamed about Luo Huan's fabulous twin peaks, with undisguised lust in his eyes. Since his reputation was already gone, there was no need to hide under the mask of a gentleman any longer.

Luo Huan's only reply was a cold laugh.

"Qiu Mo, you will surely die a terrible death. Do you believe me?" Luo Huan sneered. Qiu Mo froze, "What a 'powerful' mouth. Tonight, I shall experience it for myself how 'powerful' your mouth is."

Gazing at that alluring figure, and imagining what he would do to her, Qiu Mo's lust soared even higher.

"Why hasn't his highness arrived yet?" Qiu Mo turned his gaze onto the Jadeite Seat. Today, was of paramount importance. Why hadn't Chu Tianjiao appeared?

At this moment, Qiu Mo discovered several powerful experts appearing one after another. They were all experts under the command of Chu Tianjiao. Today, if Qin Wentian dared to appear, it would be impossible for him to escape, even if he was given wings.

“The Qin rebels are currently attacking the city gates,” someone whispered to Qiu Mo. This caused Qiu Mo to be stunned, why was the timing of the Qin rebels’ attack so accurate?

Outside the Royal Capital, the loud sounds of killing echoed as an overbearing and stifling atmosphere suffused the air. There were even some Yuanfu cultivators directly flying into the Royal Capital to kill the defenders.

The troops under the command of the Qin rebels, had begun to launch their attack on the Royal Capital!

AGM 207 - How Do You Want Him To Die?

A sinister crimson glow coloured the skies outside the gates of the Royal Capital. A palpable feeling of tension and violence was in the air .

Chu Tianjiao calmly stood atop the city gates, a few experts acting as protectors standing behind him.

“Qin Wu.” His gaze pierced through the space, landing onto an armored figure far away. The figure’s eyes were like torches, as they penetrated through the rain of blood, staring grimly back at Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao understood deeply the terrifying astuteness and great foresight from Qin Wu. Hiding in seclusion for so many years, building up his forces under the eyes and nose of the Royal Clan. Indeed, such a character was to be greatly feared.

While Qin Wu himself sensed an extraordinary aura from Chu Tianjiao, filled with wild ambition and tempered with a refined intelligence. Chu Tianjiao wanted to stabilise his empire, and to do so, he wouldn’t hesitate regardless of how high a price it would cost to achieve his goals.

However, Chu Tianjiao didn’t know that within the city, by a tall pavilion near the city gate, a figure clad in white was staring in his direction, his countenance heavily tinged with disappointment.

This person, was none other than the First Prince, Chu Wuwei.

However, he currently had no status, since he was no longer the First Prince after Chu Tianjiao ascended the throne. Not only that, Chu Tianjiao didn't confer upon him any other titles.

Near Chu Wuwei, two others stood to the left and right side of him. One of them was his younger brother, Chu Mang. The other person was Immortal Drunken Wine, who was ranked third out of the ten prodigies of Chu. Immortal Drunken Wine always had a good relationship with Chu Wuwei, ever since a long time ago.

“What are your thoughts?” Immortal Drunken Wine asked in a low voice, directing the question towards Chu Wuwei.

“My third brother is too eager for success,” Chu Wuwei serenely replied, “This is definitely not a good thing. His style of doing things has always been overly radical, moving like the thunder and the wind. If he's victorious, everything will fall in place, but should a single part of his plans fail to pull through, he will be in a disastrous situation.”

“Why don't you take his place?” Immortal Drunken Wine calmly questioned, as though speaking of an extremely ordinary thing. He knew exactly how outstanding this friend of his was. As long as he wished for it, Chu Wuwei would definitely be victorious in a struggle for the throne. Immortal Drunken Wine had no doubts regarding this.

“I will consider that only if the situation truly becomes uncontrollable,” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “I promised my father that I would protect our Chu bloodline.”

“Let’s go and take a look at the situation over at the Chu Emperor District. Since the rebels are attacking the city gates with their full strength, I gather that there should be something happening soon over there.” Chu Wuwei turned as he left, with Chu Mang and Immortal Drunken Wine following behind him. Since he could deduce such a possibility, how could Chu Tianjiao himself overlook it?

How about Qin Wentian? Would he not think of it as well?

Qin Wentian was no longer the simple and guileless youth of the past.

It was exceptionally quiet in the Royal Palace. Occasionally, there would be scouts coming through the many-layered defences, to report on news of the waging war outside the city gates. They attracted everyone’s attention, since any news regarding this war was undoubtedly of paramount importance to the people living in the Royal Palace.

There were many troops stationed outside the gates of the Royal Palace, creating an impenetrable defence. However, at this moment, a loud shout suddenly broke the stillness of the air.

“Enemy sneak attack!”

The quietness of the Royal Palace was instantly shattered. As the gazes of the troops shifted over, they saw only a group of masked men clad in black advancing forward with terrifying speed.

Although they didn't release their Astral Souls, the group of black-robed men flew through the air. The troops guarding the Royal Palace all had ashen expressions on their faces. They knew that they had no chance at survival, as the entire group of attackers were evidently at the Yuanfu Realm.

Piercing sounds rang out and very quickly, showers of blood splattered upon the ground where the guards stood, dying it completely red. Trails of black smoke were released as a signal, the slaughter of the palace guards were long witnessed by the others within the palace. In an instant, the whole of the Royal Palace turned chaotic as the experts that had allied with the Royal Clan quickly flew towards the location of the smoke signal.

How many years had the Royal Palace's defences remained unbreakable? Yet today, its defences were breached.

Not only that, the timing of this sneak attack was extremely accurate, complementing perfectly with the attack of the Qin rebels outside the city gate, which had lured over the majority of the Royal Clan troops.

"Who dares to be so impudent?" a voice erupted in anger. Even though the Royal Clan had sent the majority of their experts outside to defend the city gates, there were still some extremely powerful trump cards hidden within the Royal Palace to act as protectors. The Royal Clan was naturally not lacking in peak-level Yuanfu experts.

However at the same time, a figure also appeared in the air, emanating an overbearing aura. Similarly, this man was also at the peak of Yuanfu. This caused many to speculate that the Qin rebels had surely carried out this sneak attack after much meticulous planning. Apparently, they had already investigated the protectors in the Royal Palace and the full scope of their power levels.

Watermoon Pavilion was the residence of the little Princess of Chu. Because of the recent chaotic state of the Royal Capital, she had opted to stay within her residence instead.

However, when the little Princess of Chu noticed the group of black-robed men approaching with terrifying speed from afar, she realised how far off her predictions were. The magnitude of this storm, was much larger than what she had previously imagined.

These group of invaders, had long investigated the location of her residence and also clearly knew that out of all the other princesses of Chu, her abode was the closest to the Royal Palace's exit.

"Little Princess, quickly leave." A female servant ran up to her, trying to break her out of her stupor.

"It's useless." The little Princess shook her head. "Third brother used Mustang to threaten Qin Wentian, and now his enemies are going to use the same tactic to deal with him. With the current circumstances, I don't think those at the Chu Emperor District or the city gates would know of this incident."

Although she was young, she was extremely intelligent for her

age. Today, the Royal Clan had ‘used up’ too many of their experts, either relocating them for the defence of the city, or as protectors stationed at the Chu Emperor District. About fifty Qin rebels attacked the residence, all of them had a cultivation in the Yuanfu Realm, with even peak-level Yuanfu experts numbering among them.

When a group of such powerful experts gathered together and forcefully attacked a single target, how could the Royal Palace’s already weakened defences be able to hold them back?

By the time the Royal Palace could muster or call back their forces, these group of attacks would have already left them in their dust.

The little Princess was quickly abducted by the group of black robed men, and no other protectors dared to step forth to stop them. This caused those in the Royal Palace to feel extreme fear in their hearts. In three thousand years of history, this was the first time the Royal Palace had suffered such a defeat.

They were also speculating who exactly was it that had the power to have such a big group of experts under their control?

If this amount of power were to reinforce the battle outside the city gates of the Royal Capital, their aid would certainly be equivalent to a checkmate.

The Royal Palace immediately sent out men on flying demonic beasts to quickly head past the city gates and into Chu Emperor

District to deliver this news.

And just a short while later, the news of the little Princess's abduction was soon spread to all.

In the Chu Emperor District, many of the Ye Clan's experts that were present wore grim expressions on their faces. They had set up an inescapable net solely for the sake of Qin Wentian. Yet now, the little Princess was actually abducted, so how were they going to handle Mustang? Should they kill him or not?

And at this moment, at a place not far from the Chu Emperor District, a silhouette leisurely walked over. The gazes of countless people all froze as they realised who the silhouette was.

Qin Wentian had finally showed himself.

Nobody dared to stop him and those behind him. He directly proceeded to a space near the platform where Luo Huan and Mustang were held captive, and a hint of apology was seen flickering in his eyes.

"Teacher, Sister Luo Huan, I'm sorry. I've brought this all upon you two," Qin Wentian apologised.

"I knew you would surely come," Luo Huan smiled. For reasons unknown, even though Qin Wentian's level of cultivation couldn't be considered high, she had absolute confidence in this Junior Brother of hers.

Luo Huan then cast a glance at Qiu Mo, who was standing by the side, as she sarcastically added, “Qiu Mo, didn’t you say that you wanted to kill Junior Brother Qin? He is right in front of you. Why don’t you try it now?”

Qiu Mo’s countenance froze, as a sinister look could be seen in his eyes. It seemed that he greatly hated Qin Wentian, to an extreme degree.

“His Majesty has decreed, that if Qin Wentian were to appear, we are to kill him with no mercy,” Qiu Mo coldly spoke, glancing at the people Chu Tianjiao had arranged for the task, before turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian again.

However, no one acted. The other experts merely shortened the distance between them and Luo Huan and Mustang, coldly staring at Qin Wentian in response.

“Is the little Princess in your hands?” An old man standing beside Qiu Mo abruptly spoke, his voice cutting the air like a sword.

“What do you think?” Qin Wentian stared at him, his reply calm.

“What do you want?” The old man glared at Qin Wentian.

“Hostage exchange,” Qin Wentian simply replied, yet his answer caused the old man to fall silent.

Chu Tianjiao was the current Emperor of Chu and his command was simple – to slaughter Qin Wentian mercilessly. If they missed this perfect opportunity, it wouldn't be so easy to lure Qin Wentian out again. And today, the reason why the old man chose to personally attend this, was all for the sake of dealing with the experts Qin Wentian brought along with him.

“I can't agree to your terms,” the old man faintly spoke, he needed to wait for Chu Tianjiao's order.

“I don't have the time to wait, nor do I have time to play around with you. After burning one incense's worth of time, if you still refuse my request, you will bear the responsibility yourself,” Qin Wentian tyrannically replied. He initially didn't wish to use this method, yet this was something Chu Tianjiao had taught him. Abducting Mustang and Luo Huan to threaten him? Since Chu Tianjiao was willing to stoop to such a degree, from now onwards, for the sake of exterminating Chu, Qin Wentian would make sure to achieve his aim regardless of anything.

The old man fell silent, glaring at Qin Wentian before he replied, “If anything happens to the little Princess, you too, shall accompany her in death.”

“You are truly overestimating yourself.” Qin Wentian stepped out. He directed his gaze on Qiu Mo, as he approached him.

The black-robed men surrounded Qin Wentian, all mirroring his movements.

An extremely cold glint of light flickered in Ye Liuyang's eyes as he stared at the approaching Qin Wentian. This person actually dared to venture into the tiger's lair, wasn't he somewhat too foolhardy? Why was he not afraid that the forces of the Royal Palace would disregard the consequences and kill him?

Like a shadow, an exquisite and graceful silhouette abruptly appeared behind Qin Wentian. However, no one had sensed her existence before that moment.

This, caused the old man's pupils to narrow as he stared at that graceful silhouette. Who was she?

A frosty demeanor, the aura of an ice princess, a maiden whose beauty was so ephemeral that it seemed as though she descended from the Heavens. She simply stood there, not moving a muscle, yet her presence radiated a feeling of extreme danger in the old man's heart.

Qin Wentian smiled. Upon noticing the presence of Qing'er, a sense of security blossomed in his heart.

Maybe, Qing'er's strength would surprise him prodigiously.

Qin Wentian continued walking towards Qiu Mo, and even stood at the side of that old man. However, none dared to make a move against him.

"How do you want to die?" Qin Wentian stared coldly at Qiu Mo.

In the next moment, Qiu Mo's Astral Souls exploded forth as he roared in rage, "Why have you guys still not killed him?"

Nobody paid attention to him. Qin Wentian's silhouette flashed, his palms grabbed out towards Qiu Mo with terrifying speed. Qiu Mo's countenance instantly sank. With a howl of madness, he reacted instantly by unleashing his strongest attack towards Qin Wentian.

However, as their palms matched, Qiu Mo felt a domineering pressure overwhelming his body.

"Crack!" Qiu Mo's arm snapped off. Qin Wentian grabbed Qiu Mo around his throat, smashing him onto the ground then dragged him along as though hauling a dead dog, as he walked towards Luo Huan. At this moment, Qin Wentian's killing intent pervaded the air. It was so strong and oppressive that Qiu Mo couldn't help but feel his soul trembling from terror.

"Sister Luo Huan, how do you want him to die?" Qin Wentian ignored those around him, and smiled at Luo Huan, as though they were the only two people there, within these surroundings.

AGM 208 - Qing`er

Traces of a smile could be seen on Luo Huan's face, as she stared at the spectacle of Qiu Mo getting dragged by the throat by Qin Wentian.

“Tonight, I’m afraid you won’t get the chance to sample how ‘powerful’ my mouth is,” Luo Huan spoke sarcastically, yet the tone behind her words were ice cold. Qin Wentian understood; Qiu Mo must have used lewd words, projecting his lust onto Luo Huan, humiliating her. He had never once seen his bubbly Senior Sister this upset before.

With a violent clench of his fingers, the sound of shattering bones rang out as Qiu Mo let out another blood-curdling scream. His other arm had been broken off.

“Senior Sister, how about letting him live a life worse than death?” Qin Wentian smiled towards Luo Huan, yet the smile on his face was even colder than hers.

All the way from the Sky Harmony City to now, his heart had gradually grown colder and colder. The experiences he had been through forced him to have a heart of stone, as he learnt that viciousness and ruthlessness was sometimes better compared to blind kindness.

“You decide,” Luo Huan’s gaze turned gentle. This feeling of being protected by others felt extremely comforting. Although the person who protected her was her Junior Brother, Luo Huan felt

love blooming in her heart, as she recalled memories of watching him mature. Naturally, this love was different from the love between a male and female, rather it felt like the affection shared between siblings.

“No....” A sheen of perspiration could be seen on Qiu Mo’s forehead, he instinctively understood what Qin Wentian meant by his earlier words.

An ice-cold glance akin to the sharpness of swords shot towards Qiu Mo, causing him to shiver in fear. Qin Wentian slammed out with his palm, caving Qiu Mo’s chest in. The power behind Qin Wentian’s strike ruptured Qiu Mo’s Yuanfu and his arterial pathways, while at the same time, Qin Wentian raised his foot and stomped ruthlessly in the space between Qiu Mo’s legs.

“ARGHH~!” A horrified scream of extreme proportions echoed in the air. Qiu Mo was unceremoniously tossed to the ground, in front of his family and friends. This way, the humiliation he felt would be doubled.

Gazing upon the weakened body of Qiu Mo that was akin to a pile of loose sand, everyone in the Chu Emperor District trembled in their hearts. They knew that Qin Wentian had finally matured.

Mustang smiled, Qin Wentian’s actions were extremely ruthless and decisive, causing him to be gratified. One must show no mercy to their enemies, and this was something all cultivators would have to learn when advancing on their pathway to cultivation.

Qin Wentian no longer glanced at Qiu Mo. He inclined his head and looked at Mustang and Luo Huan who were still bound on the platform. Currently, he had several experts behind him; they could make their moves at anytime.

However, Qin Wentian wished to try something at that moment. He wanted to take a gamble for the sake of his teacher and Senior Sister.

“If anything, anything at all, happens to these two, immediately slaughter the little Princess.” Qin Wentian’s cold voice cut through the air. After which, he stepped forwards, walking towards Mustang and Luo Huan.

The black-robed men behind him were all stunned; this wasn’t part of the plan. As they started to accompany him, Qin Wentian waved his hands, signalling them to halt. This fellow was too reckless.

What if those from the Royal Clan really made a move against Qin Wentian? At that distance, they wouldn’t even have the chance to save him, even if they wanted to.

Qin Wentian was betting on the fact that the bodyguard Fairy Qingmei sent would be able to protect him. He truly wanted to see how powerful Qing`er was.

That aloof, ephemeral beauty somehow inspired Qin Wentian to have absolute trust in her.

She was a woman of few words, and would not show herself often. Yet, she would always be there at crucial moments.

Not only that, even if Qing`er strength wasn't powerful enough, without the command of Chu Tianjiao, no one would dare to kill him considering that he had control over the life of the little Princess in his hands.

“Halt.” The old man looked at Qin Wentian, his voice quavering in anger. Killing intent emanated forth from his body, pressing against Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian nonchalantly continued his way forward.

“Wentian.” A startled look of worry appeared on Luo Huan's face. Had this fellow gone crazy? She didn't wish for Qin Wentian to rescue her in this manner. This method was too risky.

“Wentian get back!” Mustang berated. He knew that his talent was limited and he was already at the extent of what he could achieve. However, Qin Wentian was different. Mustang had taught many students before, but none of them were as outstanding as Qin Wentian. He naturally didn't wish for Qin Wentian to risk himself.

In addition, Qin Wentian was the hope of the Emperor Star Academy. Perhaps one day when Qin Wentian was strong enough, he could rebuild the academy again. How wonderful would that be.

Qin Wentian smiled as he gazed at Mustang. The distance between them became closer and closer, as the killing intent of the

old man soared higher and higher. In spite of that, Qin Wentian still ignored him, and continued advancing forwards.

A bone-chilling aura blasted right into Qin Wentian, as that old man narrowed his eyes. He didn't believe Qin Wentian would dare take the final steps. Qing'er, who was nearby, also began to move. The terrifying killing intent unleashed by the old man caused her to frown slightly.

"You are truly courting death." The old man directed his icy glare towards Qin Wentian. He slowly raised up his palms; if Qin Wentian chose to take the remaining steps, he would cripple him.

Qin Wentian's expression was still as serene as before, seemingly unaffected by the old man. He took two steps forward, walking to Luo Huan's side, and started to release the locks binding her body.

Rumble! The old man's' killing intent soared to a crescendo, as his palms blasted out. A beam of light flashed, and Qin Wentian was left feeling only a gust of wind fluttering by his body.

Chi! A slight sound rang out, as the body of that old man was flung through the air, before slamming heavily onto the stairs below the Azure Dragon Jadeite Seat.

In that moment, everyone was overwhelmed with amazement, as they realised what just happened.

"How is this possible?" The crowd gazed at the silhouette who

blasted the old man away. Even the veil obscuring her features was unable to mask how enchanting she looked. She was ice, and snow, giving off the feeling that she was not from the mortal world.

She looked so young, but her speed displayed earlier had already reached a terrifying realm. She was so quick that their eyes couldn't even follow her movements, so quick to the point that a peak-level Yuanfu expert was flung through the air upon matching blows with her. As the person in charge of the execution, the old man didn't even have the chance to retaliate before he was grievously injured.

Not only that, that ephemeral beauty seemed as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Her eyelashes fluttered slightly as though she was frowning, and she stared at the old man with displeasure in her eyes.

“I won't allow you to touch him.”

A clear, melodious voice rang out, carrying a hint of magnetism, and a faint trace of coldness could be heard in it. Not only that, there was also a feeling of childlike innocence to it.

After hearing her words, especially spoken in that tone of hers, Qin Wentian really wanted to embrace Qing'er into a hug. She was too adorable. What a pity she was only responsible for protecting his safety, and wouldn't aid him in other disputes unless he was in a life-threatening situation. But, with such a powerful protector, Qin Wentian was truly thankful, especially at this moment.

Clearly, his bet had paid off.

The guards near Mustang and Luo Huan, upon seeing how Qing`er easily repelled that old man, unconsciously retreated a distance away. No one dared to act recklessly, they could only stand there and watch Qin Wentian remove the locks and bindings of both Mustang and Luo Huan.

“We were forced to consume the Energy Scattering Powder, so if you didn’t turn up, it would have crippled our cultivation.” Luo Huan bitterly laughed. Only then did Qin Wentian understand the reason why the locks were able to bind the both of them.

Bzzz! Abruptly a shadow flashed, and a figure lunged towards Qin Wentian with terrifying speed. Qin Wentian didn’t move, he continued supporting Luo Huan and Mustang as they walked down the platform.

Rumble~ Yet another intense thunderclap resounded, and the old man who made that earlier attack, was again repelled by Qing`er.

“If you do it again... I will really kill you, okay...”

Her words caused a smile to appear on Qin Wentian’s face. Why did it seem as though Qin Wentian was being bullied and if the bullies came to try their luck again, she would kill them.

That old man wiped traces of blood away from the corner of his mouth, glaring at Qing`er, his countenance incredibly ugly to

behold. Qing`er was still standing there with indifference, but her frown deepened as she noticed how the old man was glaring at her. “I don’t like people looking at me in this way...”

“Cough, cough.” That old man was angered to the point where he coughed out blood. Couldn’t he even express his displeasure by glaring at her?

Her actions were so tyrannical, yet her words seemed as though she was the one being bullied. What an abnormal girl, she was so powerful yet her actions seemed to contrast her personality. The old man, despite being injured twice, was still unable to figure out the level of her cultivation.

Qin Wentian walked away, supporting both Mustang and Luo Huan, leaving behind the guards and protectors as they looked at each other with dismay. They started to move towards Qin Wentian, but they soon discovered several black-robed men appearing, forming a circle of protection around him.

Qing`er also turned, as she followed behind Qin Wentian. No one dared to stop them.

“Qing`er, you are really adorable.” Qin Wentian smiled as he noticed Qing`er walking towards his side.

A look of contemplation flickered in the eyes of Qing`er as she looked at Qin Wentian. After what seemed like half a day, she finally replied in a low voice, “Adorable... is that good or bad?”

Qin Wentian stumbled, almost falling down from her reply.

“Naturally, it’s something good. It means you are very, very good.” Somehow, Qin Wentian felt as though he was a sweet-talker trying to deceive an innocent girl.

Qing`er still didn’t understand, the aura that emitted from her was as cold as before. However, she nodded her head lightly in response. The word ‘adorable’ meant that she was very, very good?

AGM 209 - Hua Xiaoyun

An hour after the drama was over at the Chu Emperor District, the Qin rebel troops began an orderly retreat.

This confrontation was first, to complement Qin Wentian's plan, and second, a probe to find out the actual defensive strength of the Royal Capital.

In the perspective of the Qin Clan, they naturally wished for the war to be concluded as soon as possible. They already received news that the Royal Clan was summoning back all their forces to trap the rebels in an encirclement. Although their own reinforcements were also on the way, it would definitely heighten the difficulty of conquering Chu if the war was lengthened.

Chu Tianjiao stood on top of the city gates, the sun rays were akin to blood, the countless corpses lying on the ground a testament to the brutality of the earlier clash. There were also several experts amongst those that had fallen.

Several decades had passed since the death of the Wu King, however who would have thought that Chu would witness the true military might of the Qin Clan once again. Sadly, this time round, the arrowhead of Qin's military might was pointed at the Royal Capital.

Looking at the faces of the retreating rebel troops, even though their friends and comrades were dead, their eyes were still as cold and sharp as before. Their morale was unaffected, as though the

fury in their hearts could only be unleashed via this war. Chu Tianjiao then glanced at the Chu's troops. The troops of the Royal Army were despondent, in grief, their battle intent all withered away. Was this caused by the many years of inactivity? The edge of aggression of the Royal troops had all been worn down by the long period of peace, totally opposite to their enemy.

“Chu Kuo.” Chu Tianjiao shot a look towards a middle-aged man beside him.

“Your Majesty.” Chu Kuo was the uncle of Chu Tianjiao and his greatest supporter back when he was still a prince. Chu Kuo was bestowed kingship with a title - the Han King, and was the commander of the elite crack troops of the Royal Capital.

Chu Tianjiao stared at Chu Kuo, as he commanded, “Uncle, I shall leave this area to you.”

“Your Majesty.” A steely glint of determination flickered in Chu Kuo's eyes as he stated, “If the city's defenses are broken through, I shall offer my life.”

“Good. You have full authority here. Don't disappoint me.” Chu Tianjiao delegated authority to Chu Kuo, he had full confidence in his capabilities.

Chu Tianjiao left. He already knew of the abduction of the little Princess, as well as the rescue staged by Qin Wentian. However, who was that mysterious maiden that had appeared?

Seems like he had underestimated the intensity of this storm brewing in Chu.

As for that group of Yuanfu experts under Qin Wentian, Chu Tianjiao had already deduced their origins. There weren't many Yuanfu experts to be recruited within the Royal Capital. Under the process of elimination, there was an extremely high possibility that those Yuanfu experts belonged to the Divine Weapon Pavilion, as well as the Mo Clan.

The name of the Mo Clan's clan leader had the ability to shake Chu. However, he disdained power struggles, and would rather focus his attention on cultivation, seeking an earlier breakthrough. He would often tour the world, and had vast knowledge and experiences. Chu was too small in his heart, and considering how proud he was, there was no way he would let his clan participate in Chu's dispute for power. If that was the case, the only suspect remaining was the Divine Weapon Pavilion.

Yet the current him couldn't make a move against the Divine Weapon Pavilion or the consequences would be even more dire.

Today, everything had gone contrary to what he had planned. To the Royal Clan, this was a humiliation. He had already disregarded the prestige of an Emperor when he captured Mustang and Luo Huan to threaten Qin Wentian, but in the end, the other party actually used the same tactic against him.

"Take this authority token and go to the Dark Forest. Summon all Military Palace troops undergoing training back for reinforcement." Chu Tianjiao tossed a token to a trusted

subordinate. That subordinate silently accepted the token, and like a shadow, flickered and disappeared from sight.

Although the Qin Clan's forces were growing, it didn't mean that the Royal Clan's forces had stagnated.

Chu Tianjiao had his suspicions; other than the old grounds of the Godly General Military Palace used for the training of troops, there should be yet another mysterious force hiding in the Dark Forest. Back then, the purpose of him setting the trap for Qin Chuan and Qin Yao was precisely to lure this mysterious power out.

“Pay a visit to the Jiang Clan,” Chu Tianjiao spoke out. The Jiang Clan of the Royal Capital was an aristocratic clan as well. Their power surpassed even the Ye Clan. However, similar to the Mo Clan, the Jiang Clan could also be considered as a source of power that lay outside the control of the Royal Clan. Other than both these clans, there were a few more clans that wouldn't easily obey the commands of the Royal Clan. It seemed that this time round, he would have to personally pay them a visit.

Meanwhile, rumors of all varieties covered the skies and earth of Chu. The majority of these rumors were all about how the Dynasty of Chu had ended, and a new beginning would soon be heralded.

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The Mo Clan was situated at the western region of Chu.

At the moment, Mo Qingcheng brought Qin Wentian into the Mo

Clan.

Although this was witnessed by the spies sent by Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian had absolute confidence in Qing`er and thus didn't bother with them.

However, Qing`er disappeared from sight again, so even if Qin Wentian wanted to find her, he had no idea where she disappeared to. Supposedly, she would only appear again if his life was in danger, truly, why was such a powerful maiden like her so adorable as well? Qin Wentian was really more than a little speechless.

Qin Wentian wondered how would Qing`er react, if she understood the definition of adorable.

Since her earliest memories, Qing`er had followed Fairy Qingmei and naturally had blind obedience towards her teaching and words. Fairy Qingmei wanted her to protect Qin Wentian, so she did as asked, and as for the ways of the world, and human emotions, she was completely clueless. That was why before she departed, Fairy Qingmei had warned her not to be taken in by the flowery words of Qin Wentian.

Qing`er would definitely think: should 'adorable' be counted as a flowery word?

"Lass, do you know how long it's been since you've disappeared?" Mo Qingcheng's father, Mo Tianlin, walked out from a nearby building and glared at her.

Mo Qingcheng lowered her head lightly, a mischievous smile appearing on her face as she greeted, "Father."

Maybe only in front of her Father and a certain someone, would she reveal this side of her personality.

"Do you still have me, your father, in your heart?" Mo Tianlin icily continued. Mo Qingcheng's smile grew even wider as she pouted, "Father, am I not back now, don't be angry anymore, alright?"

"Hmph." Mo Tianlin snorted, shifting his gaze onto Qin Wentian who was beside Mo Qingcheng. This fellow truly caused a tsunami of disturbance in the Royal Capital.

At this moment, the meaning of Mo Qingcheng bringing Qin Wentian back into the Mo Clan needn't be stated out loud with words.

This caused Mo Tianlin to sigh. Indeed, when a girl comes of age, her heart would no longer be with her clan, but rather, with the one she loved instead. This lass, was beginning to grow up.

Naturally in his heart, Mo Tianlin also quite liked Qin Wentian. This was especially so after he witnessed his potential during the Jun Lin Banquet. He had even initially planned to play matchmaker between Qin Wentian and his daughter.

However, the clan leader had just returned to the Mo Clan and it seemed as though he already had plans for Mo Qingcheng's future.

This caused Mo Tianlin to be somewhat in a difficult position. After all, the clan leader's authority superseded his own.

"Oi, oi, oi!" At that moment, a beautiful girl jumped up and shouted in excitement upon seeing Mo Qingcheng. "Qingcheng, you even brought him home. Wow, the development between you two is so fast."

"Pfft." Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, and sneakily snuck a glance at her father. She wanted to see Mo Tianlin's attitude. However, Mo Tianlin's countenance was as calm as before, and she couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"Let's go and visit your granddad," Mo Tianlin spoke to Mo Qingcheng.

"Granddad is back?"

"Mhm." Mo Tianling nodded, as he walked away. A radiant smile appeared on Mo Qingcheng's face as she cast a glance at Qin Wentian, prodding his hands with her fingers.

Qin Wentian smiled and nodded in response, the two of them walking together as they followed Mo Tianling.

Mo Tianlin bought them to a pavilion, and within it, there were

already two people playing chess.

“Haha, good fellow, to think that your chess skills are so profound.” Hearty laughter echoed. Qin Wentian studied the man who spoke. He looked to be about 50 years of age, yet was still brimming with vitality. This person should be the clan leader of the Mo Clan, the strongest cultivator in Chu under the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Sitting opposite the old man was a youth with an extraordinary aura of about 20 years of age.

“Life is like a game of chess. Old Mo’s chess skills are extremely profound and forceful.” The youth laughed lightly.

“I’m already old, how can I be compared to you.” Old Mo laughed it off humbly, causing Mo Tianlin to click his tongue in wonder. Ever since the clan leader returned, he had been spending all his time together with this youth.

Not only that, he who was so prideful, was actually so humble before someone of the junior generation. This young man certainly must be someone extraordinary.

However, at this instant, as old man Mo shifted his gaze over, he involuntarily frowned when he noticed Qin Wentian standing so close together with Mo Qingcheng.

“Father, this is Qingcheng’s good friend, Qin Wentian,” Mo

Tianlin introduced.

“Hmm.” Old Mo nodded his head. He had heard the name Qin Wentian before, the most talented genius in Chu, champion of the Junlin Banquet.

However, no matter how radiant Qin Wentian was, this place was ultimately still Chu - a small speck of dust, compared to the Nine Continents of the Grand Xia Empire.

“Hua Xiaoyun, Young Master Hua.” Old Mo introduced the youth sitting opposite to him to everyone. Smiling, he added, “Qingcheng, granddad shamelessly beseeched Young Master Hua to look for a suitable teacher for you, and he has agreed. I wish to send you to the Grand Xia Empire for your cultivation. Staying here would only restrict your talent.”

Mo Qingcheng’s countenance faltered as she felt panic in her heart. Her granddad actually wanted to send her away for cultivation. Didn’t this mean that she had to part with Qin Wentian?

After seeing the countenance of Mo Qingcheng, Hua Xiaoyun was moved. Such beauty could even be considered peerless in the Grand Xia Empire. When old man Mo was telling him about his granddaughter, Hua Xiaoyun thought that he was exaggerating. But to think that Mo Qingcheng was really as beautiful as what he was told. He started to feel interested.

However, recently, there were several supreme experts that

appeared in Chu, heading towards the Dark Forest. He could be considered to have a pretty close relationship with some of them, so it wouldn't be difficult for him to introduce a teacher for Mo Qingcheng. Just merely for the sake of her beauty, he would definitely introduce a better teacher for her.

Just like what Hua Xiaoyun imagined, even now there were still several cultivators rushing to Chu on the back of flying demonic beasts. Currently, in the air space above Chu, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting were travelling together. Gazing at the country from above, a smile appeared on both their faces, "This Chu Country is truly extremely remote. I almost can't believe that that friend of mine, Qin Wentian, grew up and matured here."

Not only Ouyang Kuangsheng, even people from the Greencloud Pavilion arrived. As of now, Qian Mengyu had already broken through to Yuanfu. Gazing at this tiny and inconsequential country, she couldn't help but sigh in her heart.

Such a tiny country like Chu actually produced a genius capable of easily suppressing the Swallow Swordsman, Mu Baifei. She wondered how he was doing now.

Ever since their time at the celestial lake, quite a few cultivators were unable to forget Qin Wentian, especially after the test held within the Refinement Grounds. Qian Mengyu, was merely one of many!

AGM 210 - Beyond Heavenly Dipper

In the Mo Residence, upon hearing that her granddad wished to engage a teacher for her, Mo Qingcheng couldn't help but to interject in a low voice, "Granddad, I wish to roam the world."

Mo Qingcheng's original plan was, after the storm in Chu blew over, she would roam the Grand Xia Empire together with Qin Wentian.

"You don't know what's good for you," Old Mo berated, causing Mo Qingcheng to lower her head, not daring to meet his eyes. Old man Mo had an extremely high status in the Mo Clan. Not even her father Mo Tianlin would dare to show any hints of reluctance when it came to the wishes of Old Mo.

Usually, he wouldn't interfere with the daily operations and matters pertaining to the clan. But once he made a decision, no one could change his mind.

"Roam the world? You are merely at the initial Yuanfu Realm, and blessed with such a countenance. Do you know how dangerous it would be for you to roam the world? You don't have sufficient strength to protect yourself. Not only that, even I, myself, would have to be extremely careful when travelling in that world out there. If not, I would have died long ago, buried in an unknown location far away from home." Old Mo continued his tirade. "Young Master Hua is kind enough to introduce a teacher for you, what more could you wish for? In the future, after you enter into a powerful sect, isn't it better to temper yourselves alongside your Senior and Junior Martial Brothers, rather than roaming around

the world?”

“But...” Mo Qingcheng obstinately continued.

“Qingcheng,” Mo Tianlin interjected, with bitterness in his heart. He knew how his daughter felt. Qin Wentian was indeed outstanding, and if he could really resolve the storm that was brewing in the Royal Capital, he wouldn’t object to them being together. But since Old man Mo now wanted to find a good teacher for Qingcheng’s future, matters of the heart were naturally less important and could be temporarily set aside first.

Old man Mo swept his gaze over to Qin Wentian. Obviously, he had already deduced the reason for his granddaughter’s out of the norm behaviour.

“Lass, you have never been to the world out there, so it’s natural that you wouldn’t know how high the heavens are and how vast the earth is. The Chu Country, in the perspective of the Grand Xia Empire, is nothing but an ant. Just any random Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Grand Xia Empire would be able to lay waste to Chu, not to mention the other supreme experts from the transcendent powers.”

Old Mo had always doted on his granddaughter, and so his tone softened as he continued. “In Chu, your talent can be considered extremely outstanding. That’s why granddad doesn’t want to stifle your talent. In any case, do you know what are the Mandates of Martial Daos?”

“I’ve heard granddad speak of it before. Mandates of Martial Daos are comprehended based on insights and an understanding of the myriad of Astral Souls. Each mandate possesses tremendous might and is of great benefit to cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm, allowing them to break through to the later levels of Yuanfu,” Mo Qingcheng replied in a low voice.

“You are right, the myriad of mandates are as boundless as the different types of Astral Souls. For example, there’s the Mandate of Wind, Mandate of Lightning, Mandate of Fire, Mandate of Blood, etc. Every level of insight gained will result in variations of the primary Mandate. Not only that, there are a total of four Boundaries per level of insight when it comes to comprehending Mandates. The four Boundaries are namely; Initial Boundary, Advanced Boundary, Transformation Boundary, and lastly, Perfection Boundary.”

“For the Mandate of Force, the first level of insight is Strength. In the Initial Boundary, the power of your attack would be enhanced by a factor of two; Advanced Boundary, the power of your attack would be enhanced by a factor of four; Transformation Boundary, eight times; Perfection Boundary, over ten times. Think about it, for some cultivators that comprehend all the way to the Perfection Boundary of the first level of insight, your attack power would be enhanced by over ten times! Would any opponent even be able to defend against a single one of your strikes?”

Old man Mo explained, as Qin Wentian listened seriously. Mandates of Martial Daos, the Mandate of Force, that should be the insight he comprehended earlier.

“After Stellar Martial Cultivators break through to Yuanfu, the path of cultivation would be even tougher onwards, especially from Yuanfu to Heavenly Dipper, that is a huge watershed. Furthermore, breaking through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm not only requires astronomical amounts of cultivation resources, even comprehending the first level of insight to the Perfection Boundary would be insufficient. The cultivator must comprehend the second level of insights of their respective Mandates before they can break through to Heavenly Dipper.”

“Father, what do you mean when you say second level insights?” Mo Tianlin was also entranced by what he heard. Previously, Old man Mo hadn’t shared this with him since he himself hadn’t comprehended any insights.

“First level insight, in regards to Mandates of any Martial Daos, would be the base, eternal and unchangeable. Upon comprehending second level insights, the Mandate will undergo variation specific to the cultivator. For example, even if two cultivators comprehend the first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength, upon comprehending second level insights, their Mandates would be slightly different. Not only that, I heard that beyond second level insights, are the third level insights. Third level insights of Mandates would enable the cultivator to be able to manifest the heavenly constellations. These legendary cultivators are an entire realm above Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, and are known as Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants.”

Old man Mo’s gaze was filled with admiration and hope. He truly wished to be able to step into the ranks of the fabled Ascendants one day.

The Celestial Phenomenon realm is the realm after Heavenly Dipper. Despite his many years of roaming the world, he had yet to have a chance to witness the boundaries of power a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant could manifest.

If a powerhouse who was exceedingly proficient with the Mandate of Blood, manifested his Celestial Constellations, millions upon millions of people would probably be transformed into pools of blood. That level of power, was too terrifying in scale and scope, to the point where it was utterly incomprehensible.

“Celestial Phenomenon Realm...” Qin Wentian whispered. Qin Wentian thought back to the statue he had seen in the Dark Forest, as well as the supreme experts that crowded around the Qin Heavenly Divine Sect. They must all be Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants. Yet... they were so easily slaughtered by his father, that damn old fogey. What realm of power had that old fogey already reached back then?

Was he at the peak of Celestial Phenomenon? Or a realm even above that?

Manifesting the heavenly celestial constellations with but a thought. How inconceivable was that?

“Father, which Boundary of the first insight has your Mandate reached?” Mo Tianlin asked.

“Regretfully, even after so many years, I only stepped into the Transformation Boundary of the first level insight. Out of my

three Astral Souls, I've only comprehended a single Mandate at the first level. And yet, that was already sufficient for me to be termed as the strongest cultivator under Heavenly Dipper, and easily able to lord over Chu." A hint of pride could be heard in the tone of Old man Mo. After which, he shifted his glance to Mo Qingcheng as he added, "Qingcheng, you should understand what I meant after my explanation. This world is truly immense, you should widen your perspective. Joining an established sect is the best way forward, and with guidance, it would save you a lot of time. It would give you a straight path to walk compared to just exploring on your own, only to learn that your selected paths were erroneous."

Mo Tianlin had an expression of astonishment on his face. His father's Mandate had already reached the transformation Boundary of the first level. It was no wonder that everyone feared him in Chu.

It seemed like roaming the world really did have its benefits.

"Senior, it doesn't mean that one definitely has to join an established sect before they can comprehend the Martial Mandate," Qin Wentian stated in a low voice. To him, other than having a teacher, one's accomplishment in comprehending insights was also hugely dependent on one's innate talent. Naturally, luck was also an important factor. A good example was him encountering the statue in the Dark Forest, which enabled him to comprehend the first level of the Mandate of Force, Strength.

Old man Mo furrowed his brows as he replied somewhat unhappily, "What do you know? How many Yuanfu Cultivators

have comprehended Mandates in Chu? Back then, because of a lucky chance, I comprehended my Mandate only when I was at the 6th level of Yuanfu. Only after tens of years did I manage to enter the transformation Boundary. Do you know how incredibly difficult it is for cultivators to comprehend a Mandate?”

“Meanwhile, Young Master Hua has already comprehended his Mandate when he stepped into the 4th level of Yuanfu from more than a year ago. This is the difference between backgrounds and having guidance or not,” Old man Mo icily remarked, “Truly, the ignorant speak the loudest.”

Upon seeing the harsh attitude of Old man Mo, Qin Wentian understood that his earlier words had infuriated him. Hence, he chose to remain silent. If he were to demonstrate his Mandate right now, it would undoubtedly be akin to a smack on Old man Mo’s face. It would leave him no way to step down the stage and would even create more misunderstandings between him and Old man Mo. This was something Qin Wentian wanted to avoid.

“Senior is wise.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled in his heart as he stated the words. However, the lecture he heard earlier was extremely beneficial. Now he knew that comprehending Mandates not only allowed one to be more powerful, it was also the pathway for stepping into Heavenly Dipper. No wonder Gongyang Hong told him to focus on understanding his Astral Souls back then.

Currently, he had only comprehended the Mandate of Force from his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul. The constellations that he condensed his second and third Astral Soul from wasn’t a whit inferior to the Heavenly Hammer Constellation. He could still

grow stronger if he could comprehend more insights from the both of them.

“It’s always good to be more humble, young man. You can leave for now.” Old man Mo waved his hands, his intentions were as clear as water.

Qin Wentian was stunned for a second, but he swiftly recovered as he bowed, “Junior shall leave first.”

“I will send him out then.” After speaking, Mo Qingcheng ignored Old man Mo’s objection and directly left with Qin Wentian. Her actions caused Old man Mo to be so angry that his eyeballs almost popped out, his complexion turning green. After which, he glanced at Hua Xiaoyun as he mumbled, “Apologies, that lass has been spoilt by me.”

“No worries, if her talent is like what you described, I will introduce a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign to become her teacher, and even give her a chance to join one of the transcendent powers within the Nine Continents.” Hua Yunxiao had an unperturbed expression on his face as he replied with a hint of nonchalance.

“Haha, this Old man will have to thank you then,” Old man Mo replied. Look at how magnanimous Hua Xiaoyun was. He was miles away compared to that ignorant Qin Wentian. This, was the difference.

In reality, in his heart, he had already judged both Hua Xiaoyun and Qin Wentian. Obviously, he favoured Hua Xiaoyun more, since

the appearance of Qin Wentian was undoubtedly the reason for Mo Qingcheng's behaviour, thus impeding his plans for her. So regardless of how humble Qin Wentian acted, his perception was already fixed. To Old man Mo, Qin Wentian would always be an 'ignorant' youth.

Mo Qingcheng and Qin Wentian were walking in the grounds of the Mo Clan. Mo Qingcheng leaned against Qin Wentian, as she abruptly held his hands before whispering in a low voice, "Wentian, that's how my granddad usually behaves, don't mind him okay...?"

"I understand, there's no need to explain to me." Qin Wentian smiled. As the strongest Yuanfu Cultivator in Chu, it was understandable that he was a proud man. Not to mention, after all his experiences and perspectives from roaming around the Grand Xia Empire, he couldn't possibly hold anyone from Chu in high regards.

"You are not allowed to feel angry then." Mo Qingcheng mischievously smiled as she stuck out her tongue.

"Fine." Qin Wentian smiled back. He wasn't that small-minded.

"Oi oi oi, stop flirting in public." Nolan who was behind them, teased. Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes but didn't say anything as a rebuttal. After all, Mo Qingcheng had already regarded Qin Wentian as her other half, and wouldn't be bothered by what others thought about them.

“Pfft, if you are capable, go find one for yourself,” Mo Qingcheng remarked.

“How can I be comparable to the number one beauty of Chu? After all, I don’t have endless lines of suitors wooing me.” Nolan grinned.

As the three of them exited the Mo Clan, they saw a person standing outside, appearing to be waiting for someone. Upon seeing him, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but be startled, as a smile appeared on his face.

“Long time no see.” Immortal Drunken Wine laughed. Just like before, an ever-present wine gourd was in Immortal Drunken Wine’s hands.

“You are looking for me?” Qin Wentian felt a little bewildered.

“Yes, why are you so surprised? In Chu, everyone knows that you are in the Mo Clan. What are you doing here? Are you here to propose a marriage?” Immortal Drunken Wine winked at Mo Qingcheng who was standing beside Qin Wentian, causing her face to blush with an adorable redness.

“Not that fast.” Qin Wentian shrugged as he laughed. Didn’t his answer indirectly mean that he would propose marriage in the future? Upon hearing his answer, a smile of breathtaking radiance lit up Mo Qingcheng’s face.

“Haha, are you free to accompany me to drink a cup of two? There’s someone who wishes to meet you.” Immortal Drunken Wine went straight to the point of his visit.

“Sure.” Qin Wentian straight-forwardly accepted. Who had the ability and prestige to make Immortal Drunken Wine willing to act as a runner? He couldn’t help but be extremely curious over this mysterious ‘someone’ who wished to meet him!

AGM 211 - Meeting

Immortal Drunken Wine brought Qin Wentian to a wine shop that he frequented. Back then, after Luo Qianqiu's failed attempt at his life, Qin Wentian had emerged from the Dark Forest and had passed by this very wine shop. There, he met Immortal Drunken Wine and a young man with an extraordinary demeanor. Today, the three of them were here again. Apparently, the man who wished to meet him was the same extraordinary young man from back then.

“Previously we bid our farewells, and today, we meet here again. In such a short span of time, the name of the youth from before has already resounded throughout Chu. Wouldn't you say the happenings of this world are unpredictable indeed?” the young man stated with a smile upon noting Qin Wentian's approach.

Qin Wentian had already felt that this young man before him was someone remarkable. He couldn't help but feel pity for him; as Immortal Drunken Wine had said before, this man was outstanding in all aspects but because of his innate constitution, there was no way for him to cultivate.

“I'm notorious, rather than famous, you mean? Living in the Royal Capital with a huge target painted on my face.” Qin Wentian laughed as he sat down. If not for the protection of Qing'er, he would have to be extremely cautious, even when merely walking down the street. How could he still have the time to enjoy drinking wine and chatting leisurely right now?

The young man looked at Qin Wentian, sighing in his heart. Qin

Wentian had already become the mortal enemy of the Royal Clan, and he couldn't help feeling sad because of that. Back when Chu Tianjiao had planned to make a move against the Qin Clan, he never imagined that the Qin Clan would actually have such a person like Qin Wentian.

Not to mention his talent, the various powers behind him all had sufficient capabilities to end Chu, let alone the fact that he would only grow stronger and stronger in the future.

“Back then you asked me who I was. My reply was: those who meet because of a mutual love of wine are friends, even without inquiring on each other's background. When we met back then, we were already friends. But to move this discussion further, I shall hide nothing from you. My name is Chu Wuwei, I am the elder brother of Chu Tianjiao.”

Qin Wentian was stunned into silence, but swiftly recovered after an instant. The happenings of the world are unpredictable, indeed. Yet, after knowing that this man was the elder brother of Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian still had a favourable opinion of him.

Chu Wuwei noticed Qin Wentian's silence, and he laughed as he continued, “Could it be that after knowing my identity, we are no longer friends?”

“The Royal Clan wants my life, wants to annihilate my Qin Clan, exterminate my Emperor Star Academy, slaughter my teacher and my martial brothers.” Qin Wentian looked at Chu Wuwei, his voice still as serene as before, yet the meaning of his words were as clear as water. From the Royal Clan's treatment of him, the ending

had already been determined. It was impossible for them to co-exist, only one would survive.

“Chu Mang,” Chu Wuwei called out. After which, a person entered the wine shop. This person looked extremely well built, with a herculean physique. Qin Wentian could feel a strong sense of pressure just from matching his stare alone.

“This is Chu Mang from the Royal Clan of Chu, Chu Tianjiao’s second brother,” Chu Wuwei explained. “He has yet another title, it being the number one among the ten prodigies of Chu.”

“I’ve long heard of his great name.” Qin Wentian smiled. Considering the amount of time he spent in the Royal Capital, how could he not know who the first-ranked prodigy was?

“My second brother and I, we have always been against the plans of my Royal Father and third brother, Chu Tianjiao. Not only that, all my younger sisters are innocent and play no part in this dispute. Although Chu Tianjiao may be the Emperor now, he doesn't represent our Royal Clan,” Chu Wuwei explained seriously.

“And?” From his words, it was as though Chu Wuwei wanted to draw a clear line with Chu Tianjiao, wishing to diminish Qin Wentian’s hatred towards the Royal Clan of Chu.

However no matter what was said, from a certain perspective, as the Emperor, Chu Tianjiao did indeed represent the Royal Clan.

“Before my Royal Father passed away, he wanted me to protect our clan’s bloodline, while also aiding my third brother to secure Chu. I agreed to the prior, but not the latter request.” Chu Wuwei continued, “I won’t ask you to release my younger sister. Although I can say that she’s innocent, but then again, your teacher Mustang and Senior Sister Luo Huan were innocent as well. Regardless, there’s no absolute wrong or right in this world. I just hope that you won’t hurt her. I’m pleading for her in the capacity of her older brother.”

After his speech, Chu Wuwei raised his wine cup in the direction of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian hesitated for an instant, but he soon mirrored Chu Wuwei’s actions as they both downed their cups of wine.

“Many thanks.” Chu Wuwei smiled. “I can guarantee to you, I will never use my abilities to help Chu Tianjiao. In reality, I don’t wish for Chu to be at war. Isn’t it much more beautiful if the academies can co-exist, nurturing future experts of Chu, prospering in harmony? What a pity that things always turns out contrary to the way one wishes.”

As he spoke, Chu Wuwei helplessly shook his head, as he downed yet another cup of wine on his own.

“Since you have this wish in your heart, why don’t you fight for what you want?” Immortal Drunken Wine interjected, causing a look of astonishment to flash on Qin Wentian’s face. The word ‘fight for’, when used on Chu Wuwei, only had a single meaning - the fight for the Emperor’s throne.

“It would be really tiring to lead such a life.” Chu Wuwei sighed again. Maybe outsiders didn’t know about this, but being the Crown Prince of Chu and yet unable to cultivate, Chu Wuwei had faced countless ‘incidents’ ever since his youth. Who knew the price he had to pay in order to preserve his life.

“Qin Wentian, I truly and sincerely hope that we can remain friends. If the ‘opportunity’ permits, I will look for you again.” Chu Wuwei laughed as he stood up, before departing with Chu Mang.

Qin Wentian pondered over Chu Wuwei’s words. What did he mean by ‘opportunity’?

Immortal Drunken Wine patted Qin Wentian’s shoulders as he smiled. “I can swear upon my character, I guarantee that Chu Wuwei is absolutely trustworthy. If he wasn’t, considering the fact that he is unable to cultivate, no way would he be able to survive within the webs of intrigue and danger growing up in the Royal Clan.”

“Come, let us drink some more.” Qin Wentian didn’t reply to the question, he only raised his wine cup to Immortal Drunken Wine, as he continued laughing.

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Just as Immortal Drunken Wine had said, each and every one of Qin Wentian’s actions were closely monitored by many in Chu.

The reason why Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting came here was naturally because of the rumor saying the demonic star had descended inside the Dark Forest. However currently, the Dark Forest was already monopolised by a bunch of powerful old freaks, and so people like them, of the junior generations, could only stand aside. This caused them to be extremely depressed, and thus, they decided to visit the Royal Capital of Chu which was in close proximity to the Dark Forest.

In Chu, Ouyang Kuangsheng was only acquainted with Qin Wentian. Not only that, Qin Wentian was extremely 'famous', so just a little inquiry on his part had already allowed him to know that Qin Wentian was currently in the western region of the Royal Capital, inside the Mo Residence.

But upon thinking about it, Ouyang Kuangsheng decided that it was only to be expected. With Qin Wentian's talent, how could he not be famous in a such a small place like Chu? Even if Qin Wentian was placed in the Grand Xia Empire, he would only need at most five to ten years before his name resounded throughout the Nine Continents.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting flew through the skies, exhibiting an aura of majesty as they proceeded towards the Mo Clan Residence, together with a group of their followers. The Mo Clan was thrown in a state of frenzy upon seeing numerous Yuanfu cultivators descending from the skies. These people all possessed an extraordinary bearing and didn't seem to be from Chu.

Mo Qingcheng and her clan members arrived at the entrance.

Upon noticing Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting, a look of extreme surprise flashed on her face. Ouyang Kuangsheng was similarly bewildered and was momentarily stunned when he caught sight of Mo Qingcheng.

“Haha, Mo Qingcheng, so the Mo Residence is your home, no wonder he would be here.” Only after this, did Ouyang Kuangsheng deduce that this was Mo Qingcheng’s home. Back then in the Refinement Grounds, although Mo Qingcheng’s features were obscured, even when she was crossdressing as a guy, it couldn’t hide her loveliness.

Now that Mo Qingcheng wasn’t in a disguise, Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes brightened as he saw her. Looks like that fellow Qin Wentian’s judgement was truly exceptional indeed.

Mo Qingcheng naturally understood that the ‘he’ Ouyang Kuangsheng was referring to, was none other than Qin Wentian. She couldn’t help but smile as she invited Ouyang Kuangsheng in. “He just left not long ago, why don’t you guys come in to rest first?”

“Ah I see.” Ouyang Kuangsheng was somewhat disappointed.

At this moment, Old man Mo walked over. He wasn’t too bothered when he heard that there were many people appearing at their Mo Residence. After all, below Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, there was no one he feared in Chu. He only came to take a look because he heard that these people might not be from Chu.

Upon seeing Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting, his heart involuntarily shook. These people had an extraordinary bearing indeed.

An individual's character and presence was shaped from the nurturing of one's environment in which they grew up in. A group of followers stood silently behind them, while the two in the lead, although they were young, it was obvious from their appearance that they were the young master and young mistress that the followers reported to. A thought instantly flashed in his mind. These people definitely belonged to one of the transcendent powers of the Nine Continents.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting?” Hua Xiaoyun's gaze shifted to the two in the lead.

The Grand Xia Empire was too vast, and the younger generation's influence was limited. Hence, everyone might know some of the most famous names, yet they wouldn't recognise the person.

“Who are you?” Ouyang Kuangsheng looked towards Hua Xiaoyun, as he asked.

“Hua Clan, Hua Xiaoyun,” Hua Xiaoyun indifferently replied. The Hua Clan was similar to the Ouyang Clan, they possessed tremendous influence and might, and were part of the transcendent powers within the Nine Continents.

“Oh, so you are the silk-pants young master?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed, his answer causing Hua Xiaoyun to frown.

“I heard that your older brother is here as well. Where is he?” Ouyang Kuangsheng continued. He didn’t expect that even the Hua Clan would appear here.

“Hmph, who do you think you are? Are you questioning even the whereabouts of my brother?” A cold arrogance flickered in Hua Xiaoyun’s eyes. Hua Xiaoyun’s older brother was the chosen one of the younger generations of the Hua Clan.

“Why not? He is my idol, but of course, this is only temporarily.” An expression of pride flickered in Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes. This was the conviction he had in his own abilities. However, he had no choice but to admit that the chosen one of Hua Clan was really a top-tier character, being extremely famous in the whole of the Grand Xia Empire.

“A lunatic spouting crap,” Hua Xiaoyun disdainfully replied.

“What the f*** are you so arrogant for? With your dog-shit talent, it would merely take me a year or two to surpass you.” Ouyang Kuangsheng didn’t bother to maintain any forms of cordiality, as he directly shot down Hua Xiaoyun with words. Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance immediately sank, he felt as though all face had been completely thrown away.

Old man Mo who was beside Hua Xiaoyun said nothing, and continued to listen. He met Hua Xiaoyun by chance, and after seeing his extraordinary bearing, as well as how he had comprehended the insights of a Mandate at such a young age, Old

man Mo was filled with admiration and decided to befriend him. After the exchange, he realised that Hua Xiaoyun still had an older brother and from what he heard, the talent of his older brother should be many times more terrifying compared to him.

And as for the group of cultivators standing before them, they all originated from transcendent powers as well. Not only that, from the tone of Ouyang Kuangsheng, it appeared that he was even more outstanding compared to Hua Xiaoyun.

This caused old man Mo to be extremely stupefied. Why was that lass Qingcheng acquainted with such a character?

No wonder she was his granddaughter. When it came to looks and talent, she was unequaled. So long as she set forth from Chu, her future accomplishments would definitely surpass anything he could ever achieve!

AGM 212 - Ouyang's Thinking

Old man Mo walked to the side of Mo Qingcheng as he asked in a low voice, “Qingcheng, who are these people?”

“Granddad, this is Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan. His talent is extremely exceptional, the first Astral Soul he condensed was from the 4th Heavenly Layer,” Mo Qingcheng introduced, her answer causing a bright glow to glimmer in the eyes of old Mo as he cast a glance at Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Similarly, his girlfriend Jiang Ting, is also from an Aristocratic Clan considered as a transcendent power,” Mo Qingcheng continued, as old man Mo’s heart trembled lightly. To think that he had been roaming the world for decades, yet he still couldn’t claim that he was truly acquainted with any transcendent powers. Yet his own granddaughter already had actual connections, and at such a young age too.

At this moment, yet another group of cultivators descended from the skies. The ones in the lead were three young-looking cultivators, all projecting an extraordinary demeanor. Old man Mo was stunned, what exactly was going on today? Why had all these cultivators appeared at his Mo Residence?

“Hua Xiaoyun, why are you looking for us?” asked the one standing in front, the only female in the group of three. She looked to be below 20 years of age, and was clad in pristine white, giving off a simple and elegant aura.

Beside her were two young men, both with extremely good looks. As they noticed Mo Qingcheng, they couldn't help but cast a few more glances at her. Even in the Grand Xia Empire, it was exceedingly rare for girls to possess beauty on the level of Mo Qingcheng. Following which, a bizarre expression could be seen on their faces as they noticed Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting standing beside Mo Qingcheng.

“Bai Fei, let me introduce a new junior martial sister to your sect. How about it?” Hua Xiaoyun spoke to the girl.

However, Bai Fei merely coldly snorted, “You should know how strict the requirements are to enter our Pill Emperor Hall.”

Hua Xiaoyun's countenance involuntarily turned slightly frosty. Weren't Bai Fei's words a public smack to his face? Regardless, he still had to continue, if not his dignity would truly be gone. Old Mo hadn't lied about the beauty of his granddaughter, hopefully he was also speaking the truth about her talent in the field of pill concoction.

“Don't worry. How could I introduce an inferior disciple to the esteemed Pill Emperor Hall?” Hua Xiaoyun forced a laugh. “The person I want to introduce is right here, you can go ahead and test her talent.”

After speaking, he pointed to Mo Qingcheng. Bai Fei was also stunned by Mo Qingcheng's beauty, while the eyes of the two male cultivators behind her shone with a bright light. Naturally, they wouldn't mind having such a beautiful lady as their junior martial sister.

“Anyway, Master is just nearby, why don’t we invite her to test our prospective Junior Sister’s talent?” One of the male cultivators laughed.

Bai Fei glared at her Senior Brother suspiciously, yet she couldn’t read his thoughts.

“Hehe, I would have to trouble you then.” Huo Xiaoyun laughed, while Ouyang Kuangsheng, upon hearing their words, seemed to have understood something. He then shifted his gaze towards Baifei and the other two as he asked, “Bai Fei from the Pill Emperor Palace, may I inquire if your master is the daughter of the Pill Emperor?”

“So what if it is? What has it got to do with you?” Bai Fei’s voice had a hint of arrogance in it. Her master was none other than the daughter of the Pill Emperor. Her innate talents with pill concoction were exceedingly high.

“Your mouth stinks, however, I do not squabble with females.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed. “Qingcheng, if her master really is the daughter of the Pill Emperor, you should seriously consider it. I shall bid my farewells now.”

After which, Ouyang Kuangsheng led Jiang Ting and his followers away, appearing extremely confident and at ease.

Bai Fei coldly swept her glance at him before she commented with contempt in her voice. “How ridiculous, I’ve never heard of

people who had the gall to ‘consider it’ when my Master wishes to accept a disciple.”

Apparently, she took offense at Ouyang’s words to Mo Qingcheng.

Old man Mo trembled with excitement. Daughter of the Pill Emperor?

He would never have imagined that Mo Qingcheng would be so lucky. Moving forward, old Mo politely spoke, “Why don’t we all rest up in my humble abode first?”

“Since you are already here, might as well accept Old Mo’s invitation. Who knows, your teacher may hold her talent in high regards.” Hua Xiaoyun laughed, as Bai Fei and the rest from the Pill Emperor Hall nodded lightly in response.

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Qin Wentian was unaware of the events that had transpired. After separating from Chu Wuwei, he returned to the Bamboo Lodge where Gongyang Hong used to stay in, sitting down by the riverside and beginning his cultivation.

“Haha, Wentian, you really are here. Why is it so easy to get news of your location?” A clear voice drifted over from afar, causing Qin Wentian to be slightly stunned. “Ouyang Kuangsheng?”

Qing'er who had, a moment ago, been standing somewhere not far from Qin Wentian, silently vanished upon noting the arrival of Ouyang Kuangsheng.

She had seen Ouyang Kuangsheng before, back in the refinement grounds of the celestial lake, hence she knew that he had a pretty close relationship with Qin Wentian.

“Ouyang, what are you doing here?” Qin Wentian asked in surprise.

“There’s a forest inundated with demonic beasts outside the borders of Chu. Over there, the corpse of a demonic lord at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm appeared, and created a huge uproar in the Grand Xia Empire. I followed members of my clan all the way here, but we of the junior generations have no way to fight against the supreme experts already there. On hindsight, I remembered that you were from Chu, which is why I decided to see if you were around.” Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting sat on the ground. Qin Wentian was speechless, to think that it was he who had caused the commotion.

And if he understood what Ouyang Kuangsheng was saying, that statue... was a corpse of a demonic lord?

“The corpse of the demonic lord you were referring to, was it the demonic beast or the human?” Qin Wentian asked.

“How did you know there were two lords? They were both at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm, only that the humanoid corpse was

more extraordinary compared to the demonic beast. After the investigation, the elders all came to the conclusion that the blood resonance of the corpse caused the commotion. After studying that, they deduced that the demonic lord belonged to the Ancient Primordial Bloodline, but as to which race he was from, the remaining blood in his body was insufficient for us to come to any conclusion,” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained, as a strange glow flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. Ancient Primordial Bloodline?

“I wonder what caused the dried up blood of the demonic lord to resonate? Apparently the ripples were so huge, it even affected the movements of heavenly bodies, which brought this matter to the attention of the Venerate Heavens Sect. Soon after, they leaked the news by saying that the demonic star had descended and the location was none other than the Dark Forest of Chu.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head. “Oh ya, there’s still a matter I need to talk to you about. Earlier I went to the Mo Residence and met your girlfriend Mo Qingcheng. What’s going on with that Hua Xiaoyun? Is he your love rival? He’s gone to the extent of introducing a sect for her to join.”

“I’m not very clear, either. That person should be acquainted with Qingcheng’s granddad, and her granddad seems to have a really high opinion of him. Basically, it appears that he doesn’t approve of any cultivators from Chu.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled, shaking his head as he continued, “However for matters of entering a sect, I believe Qingcheng will make her own decisions.”

Qin Wentian had absolute trust in Mo Qingcheng. The silly girl blocked a palm blow for him back when he was assaulted by Janus, and not that long ago, she suffered immensely in the Dark Forest just to warn him that returning to Chu was dangerous. How could

anyone not be moved? Qin Wentian would certainly cherish her.

“I can settle this easily. Do you want me to talk to that old man?”
Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed.

“It’s fine, Qingcheng can handle it herself. It’s her granddad’s decision after all, it wouldn’t be too good if outsiders barged in.”
Qin Wentian naturally didn’t wish for the relationship between him and Old Mo to turn bitter.

“Well, I didn’t say that I would bully him.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flickered with a bright light. Qin Wentian couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“Oh and one more thing, somehow, from a lucky combination of many factors, Hua Xiaoyun actually managed to refer Mo Qingcheng to the Pill Emperor’s daughter. I feel that if the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises Mo Qingcheng’s talent, you can be at ease and allow Mo Qingcheng to join the Pill Emperor Hall with no worries.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng further analysed, “Furthermore, you will be roaming the Grand Xia Empire in the near future, right? Do you want to leave Mo Qingcheng behind in the dust as your talent blooms further and further? If she joins the Pill Emperor Hall, they would nurture your girlfriend to become an incredible alchemy expert. This would be worth your while, so you should take advantage of this deal right here, hahaha.”

“As long as the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises her talent, Mo

Qingcheng will definitely not be bullied. No matter which angle I look at, this is the perfect plan. But naturally, you guys have your own perspective as well. Are you confident that your relationship will be able to withstand the test of distance and time?" stated Ouyang Kuangsheng straightforwardly.

"I'm not worried about this. If... and I'm saying if, if Qingcheng really has a change of heart, I won't stop her from seeking her happiness." Qin Wentian felt that Ouyang Kuangsheng's words were highly reasonable. After he settled things in Chu, he would leave for the Grand Xia Empire. And by joining the Pill Emperor Hall, all things considered, Mo Qingcheng would also be in the Grand Xia Empire, embarking on her own path.

"It's good that you think that way. Unknowingly, that Hua Xiaoyun fellow just committed a kind deed." Ouyang Kuangsheng felt this matter was too funny.

"Why are you smiling so widely?" Jiang Ting glared at him.

"Jiang Ting, you have to know that Hua Xiaoyun simply doesn't have the qualifications to invite the Pill Emperor's daughter. If she really pays a visit to Mo Clan, she must be doing so because of his brother's prestige. That silk-pants young master used his genius brother's name to aid Mo Qingcheng. Isn't this funny? HAHAAH!"

Ouyang Kuangsheng was in an extremely good mood. He continued, "Okay, let's wait and see from the sidelines for now. Anyway, I heard that you have some dispute in Chu? Do you need my help to settle it?"

Qin Wentian glanced at the followers of Ouyang Kuangsheng. The majority of them were all experts at the Yuanfu level.

“I shall not be polite then.” Qin Wentian laughed. Wasn’t this truly a case of the heavens themselves aiding him?

To remove the Royal Clan of Chu, Qin Wentian didn’t mind depending on borrowed strength. This wasn’t a war in which he fought alone, but rather, it encompassed the fate of the Emperor Star Academy, as well as his Qin Clan.

The storm brewing in Chu didn’t dissipate in the slightest, instead, it became more and more saturated. Within the Dark Forest, there were a few other sources of power moving in the shadows. As for the Qin rebel troops outside the Royal Capital, after clearing the troops sent by the Royal Clan to encircle them, they returned back to the outskirts of the Royal Capital, and made preparations to wage an even more violent offensive.

Not only that, many people received news that Qin Wentian was in contact with representatives from some of the transcendent powers. This news caused many within the Royal Palace to tremble. It was as though they too, could sense the doomsday coming for Chu’s Royal Clan.

However, with regards to the storm in the Royal Capital, those in the Mo Residence didn’t give a damn. Their attention was all on Mo Qingcheng and the various guests hailing from the transcendent powers.

Mo Qingcheng soon discovered that her freedom was restricted. She was basically grounded, akin to a prisoner under house arrest.

And at long last, the master of Bai Fei, the Pill Emperor's daughter, arrived at the Mo Residence. Everyone there bowed to welcome her.

It is said that, not only was she an extremely formidable alchemist, her level of cultivation base was sufficient enough to look down on everyone in Chu, as her background and accomplishments were all extremely terrifying.

The results of the test were out. Mo Qingcheng had godly talent in terms of pill concoction. The Pill Emperor's daughter was willing to accept her as her disciple. Upon hearing this piece of news, everyone in the Mo Clan caused quite the commotion, unable to contain their excitement!

AGM 213 - Seven Apertures Mystical Heart

The Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He, had already departed the Mo Residence, yet the emotions of joy and happiness could still be felt permeating the atmosphere.

This was especially true for old man Mo and Mo Qingcheng's parents. Their daughter had such a destiny, how could they not be happy?

"Xiaoyun, I really have to thank you," Old man Mo politely said to Hua Xiaoyun, who was by his side. However, Bai Fei merely smirked as she heard his words. Thanking Hua Xiaoyun? If it weren't for the fact that Mo Qingcheng really did have the talent, how could her esteemed teacher accept Mo Qingcheng as a disciple just to give face to Hua Xiaoyun?

Not only that, if it weren't to honor Hua Xiaoyun's elder brother, her esteemed teacher wouldn't even have made the trip down to the Mo Residence.

"Qingcheng has a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, that's why she was so highly regarded by Senior Luo He. It has nothing to do with me, old Mo, you don't have to be so polite." Hua Xiaoyun laughed, when in fact, he was also stunned by the results. Mo Qingcheng actually had the legendary Seven Apertures Mystical Heart. If that was the case, Mo Qingcheng would surely mature to be one of Heaven's chosen in the future. No wonder she looked so pure and serene, yet also brimming with intelligence.

At this moment, Hua Xiaoyun was already thinking, if he could somehow better the relationship between him and Mo Qingcheng, or even better, if he could successfully woo her...

Thus for this reason, Hua Xiaoyun decided to stay in the Mo Residence, so he would have better opportunities to get closer to Mo Qingcheng.

“Haha, I didn’t expect this as well.” Old man Mo laughed gaily, with such volume that even people from a distance could hear it. Indeed, those from the Grand Xia Empire were different and were many times more knowledgeable. What Seven Apertures Mystical Heart? What talent grade was this, when no one in Chu had even heard of it before? If Mo Qingcheng stayed in Chu her entire life, wouldn’t her talent be buried?

Old Mo and his entourage group approached the entrance of a certain courtyard. “Is Qingcheng still in a bad mood?” Old Mo questioned the guard standing there.

“Little Miss has said that she definitely wants to get out of here.” The guard bowed, feeling helpless.

Old Mo’s countenance sank as he entered the courtyard, only to see Mo Qingcheng standing there, glaring at the guard. Old Mo exclaimed angrily, “Stop your nonsense.”

Mo Qingcheng gazed at her granddad, resolution could be seen flickering in her beautiful eyes as she replied, “Granddad, you’ve restricted my freedom to this extent. In that case, no matter how

powerful the Pill Emperor Hall is, I will not join them.”

“IMPUDENT.” Old Mo scolded, as he glanced at Bai Fei and the fellow disciples beside her. Bai Fei furrowed her brows, appearing extremely displeased. Even though Mo Qingcheng had a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, without the Pill Emperor Hall to nurture her skills, her talent would only be wasted. But now, it was as though the Pill Emperor Hall was begging for her to join them, where was their self-respect? One must know that countless people have wanted to join the Pill Emperor Hall, but were ultimately rejected.

“Qingcheng, do not say such a thing ever again,” Old Mo solemnly berated.

“These are not words of anger, Grandad. Even if you abducted me and sent me there by force, I would not work hard in cultivating.” Mo Qingcheng stared at Old Mo, hints of stubbornness were apparent in her voice.

“Yo...you..” Old Mo was so angry that he almost couldn’t even breathe. “Fine, I’ll allow you to go out, but someone must be there to follow you.”

“I shall leave now.” Mo Qingcheng leapt up, as she soared through the skies, the speed of her actions causing Old Mo to instantly turn speechless.

“Old Mo, we shall follow after Junior Sister, you don’t have to worry.” The young men beside Bai Fei smiled. Old Mo nodded in

agreement, “If that’s the case, I couldn’t ask for anything better.”

Jing Yu and Yan Qi lightly nodded, and then flew after Mo Qingcheng. Bai Fei stared blankly at them, then stamped her feet angrily and followed after. These two rascals must have fallen too deeply and were mesmerised by Mo Qingcheng’s beauty, thus, they immediately wanted to grab the opportunity to be in her good books. How irritable, seeing as before this, she was the centre of their world.

After leaving the Mo Residence, Mo Qingcheng quickly flew to the Bamboo Lodge to look for Qin Wentian.

Upon seeing the forlorn expression on her face, Qin Wentian gently pinched her delicate cheeks as he laughed, “What happened? Who dares to bully my Qingcheng?”

“Smelly dumbo, you still have the mood to joke around.” Mo Qingcheng glared with hidden bitterness at Qin Wentian.

“Don’t be sad, isn’t it a good thing that the Pill Emperor’s daughter recognises your talent? You will definitely become a terrific alchemist in the future.” Qin Wentian smiled, consoling Mo Qingcheng. In reality, he was sighing in his heart; he couldn’t bear to let Mo Qingcheng go, but he couldn’t be too selfish. He could be of no help to Mo Qingcheng’s cultivation.

“Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, I’ve never heard of this before. I’m sure your talent must be godly.” Qin Wentian continued smiling.

Seeing how Qin Wentian kept consoling her, Mo Qingcheng also felt better. She leaned against Qin Wentian's body as their gazes met, feeling each other's heartbeats.

A gentle and radiant smile could be seen in Mo Qingcheng's eyes, so beautiful that it caused Qin Wentian's pulse to quicken. Mo Qingcheng leaned her head against his chest as she hugged him tightly, mumbling in a low voice, "As long as you say no, I won't go."

"Go, why don't you want to go?" Qin Wentian gently tousled Mo Qingcheng's hair, staring at the horizon. Currently, his emotions were extremely complicated; he wanted Mo Qingcheng to have good prospects, yet he couldn't bear to be separated from her.

"After you enter the Pill Emperor Hall, I'm sure many would try to woo you. Don't be pressured, alright?" Qin Wentian joked.

Mo Qingcheng withdrew her head from Qin Wentian's chest, surveying his expression as she involuntarily giggled, "What.. is someone jealous? You have to work harder if you want to woo me, okay?"

After speaking, she pumped her little fist up in the air.

"Naturally." Qin Wentian laughed, as he nodded. The two of them sat by the river side, quietly cuddling together, enjoying a rare moment of tranquility.

That evening, the sunset was extremely beautiful. The redness of the setting sun painted the skies a gorgeous crimson, as Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng sat together, gazing at the clouds in the horizon.

“Sigh... regardless of how beautiful the sunset, in the end must it pass by no matter what?” Upon seeing dusk approaching, Mo Qingcheng felt a sense of melancholy. Abruptly, she stood up and ran off.

“Where are you going?” Qin Wentian rose as he followed after Mo Qingcheng. After which, when he caught up, Mo Qingcheng was already lying on the bed inside the small thatched cottage, looking at Qin Wentian with her clear, limpid eyes.

“You okay?” he asked in a low voice, walking towards her.

“I want to stay here tonight.” Mo Qingcheng’s voice was extremely gentle, so soft that it was difficult to hear.

Qin Wentian gazed silently at her, causing Mo Qingcheng to blush. Shyness could be seen in her eyes, as she understood what he was thinking about.

A sense of warmth coursed through her heart, and she wondered at this feeling.

“Silly girl.” Qin Wentian half knelt at the bedside, as he lightly

kissed Mo Qingcheng's fragrant lips. Her eyes widened and an adorable redness could be seen coloring her cheeks. Slowly... her eyes closed as she gave in, enjoying the sensation.

After an unknown amount of time, their lips parted. Qin Wentian laughed upon seeing how red Mo Qingcheng was. "Return home first. Would Old Mo kill me if he knew what we did? I still have to go to the Mo Clan in the future to propose marriage."

"Okay..." Mo Qingcheng sat up, by that point understanding that Qin Wentian didn't want her to be caught between him and her family. Sitting up from the bed, she kissed Qin Wentian's forehead before walking towards the door. Upon reaching the entrance, she turned and smiled towards Qin Wentian, "Before I leave, I shall wait till your matters in Chu are settled. Let me accompany your walk to the finish, on this last stretch of the path you've chosen."

"Also, Qin Wentian, you stole my first kiss away. In this lifetime, you are not allowed to ditch me, or I will not spare you."

Mo Qingcheng stated all this in mock anger, half in jest while also being serious. Turning about, with a radiant smile on her face, she then soared up into the skies, flying away. However, at the instant she turned, wetness filled her eyes as a teardrop fell; she couldn't bear to be parted from Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian walked towards the entrance, and with longing in his eyes and bitterness in his heart, he gazed at the back view of Mo Qingcheng vanishing from his line of sight. How could he too, bear to part from Mo Qingcheng? His silhouette flickered, as he leapt up, flying after her.

Outside the Bamboo Forest, Yan Qi and Jing Yu were blocked by Ouyang Kuangsheng when they attempted to enter. Their countenance was extremely unsightly, when they saw how late it was, but Mo Qingcheng had yet to come out.

However at that moment, a graceful figure flew out of the Bamboo Forest. Ouyang Kuangsheng turned, and upon seeing the ambivalence of joy and sadness on Mo Qingcheng's face, his heart involuntarily pounded. He could sense the depth of emotion within Mo Qingcheng's eyes.

Mo Qingcheng didn't notice them, or rather, she didn't pay any attention to them as she continued flying away towards the Mo Residence.

Qin Wentian too, soon flew out of the Bamboo Forest. His mind was resounding with Mo Qingcheng's parting words, and he sighed relentlessly in his heart.

“Also, Qin Wentian, you stole my first kiss away. In this lifetime, you are not allowed to ditch me, or I will not spare you.”

He could feel the depth of her affection for him and he knew that in this lifetime, no matter how long or how far apart, he would never forget Mo Qingcheng.

Jing Yu frowned as he blocked Qin Wentian. Staring at him, he inquired indifferently, “You are Qin Wentian?”

Qin Wentian glanced at him. This man should be a disciple of the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He. The gaze he directed Qin Wentian with, was clearly filled with malice.

“Regardless of what relationship you had with Mo Qingcheng in the past, from now onwards, you should stop imagining things. Both of you are people from different worlds; a phoenix is destined never to be together with a crow,” Jing Yu remarked, the tone of his voice serene. With a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, Mo Qingcheng would surely become one of the chosen of their Pill Emperor Hall.

“He's right. There may be many people who start out as childhood sweethearts. But after growing up, the disparity in their statuses gradually become wider and wider, like the difference between Heaven and Earth, forever destined to be unable to bridge the gap. It would do you good if you had no more illusions on this. Don't seek suffering for yourself, just stay out of her life from now on.”

Yan Qi's words were even cruder and more insulting, yet the tone of his voice was just as serene as Jing Yu.

Bai Fei cast a side glance towards Qin Wentian. Although she didn't like Mo Qingcheng, her teacher held Mo Qingcheng's talent in high regards. She too, also urged, “Just give up. It's better for the both of you.”

After speaking their piece, the three from the Pill Emperor Hall

departed, leaving behind a wrathful Ouyang Kuangsheng. F*** their mother, why the hell are they so arrogant? Even he, the infamous Ouyang Kuangsheng, wasn't that audacious to this extent.

“Wentian, ignore them. All alchemists have this sort of personality. They are too used to being begged by powerful cultivators for the pills and pellets they can concoct, and thus they feel that they are superior compared to others. Don't mind them too much.” Ouyang Kuangsheng appeared as though he was trying to console Qin Wentian. His actions involuntarily caused Qin Wentian to feel astonished, as he laughed. This frivolous and wild Ouyang Kuangsheng also knew how to actually comfort others?

“Don't worry, it's like they said, the phoenix would never be together with the crow. In that case, what about the unicorn? Would it care about the opinions of these 'common' horses?” Qin Wentian said with a laugh, causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to be stunned upon hearing his words. An instant later, he laughed uproariously in agreement, “Yes, you're absolutely right. Why would the unicorn even give a damn about the opinions of such common 'horses'?”

AGM 214 - Brothers

News of Mo Qingcheng attracting the attention and favor of an external transcendent power soon spread around Chu. However, the majority of the people cared more for the tussle over authority between the Royal Clan and Qin Rebels. After all, this matter was closer to their lives and had a greater impact to them.

The Qin Rebel troops ran rampant outside the city gates, madly attacking the Royal Capital. Chu Kuo led troops to defend, a role that entailed a strenuous amount of effort on his part, and he was barely managing to hold on.

However, Chu Tianjiao didn't appear to be nervous in the slightest. That day, he stood atop the highest vantage point of the Royal Capital, as he cast his gaze over the horizon. Back then, he also stood in the same spot to welcome the experts from the Nine Mystical Palace. Yet, those from the Nine Mystical Palace had actually passed an order that shook the foundations of his great Chu. In the end, the Chu's Ancestor had died. Even though Diyi was caught and imprisoned, the gain was not worth the loss, and they were unable to mitigate the after-effects of Chu's Ancestor's death.

The Chu's Ancestor was the country's pillar of strength, its foundation, its support. It was beyond imagination how great the impact his death had caused.

However, Chu, who was under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace, hadn't enough courage to pin the blame on them. Not only that, as a result of this chaotic time of danger, the Royal

Clan once again sent out a request for help to the Nine Mystical Palace. After all, they knew that the Nine Mystical Palace had also sent several experts over to the Dark Forest.

Over the horizon, Chu Tianjiao witnessed several experts leisurely flying over, and a hint of glee flickered within his eyes. He knew that with the support of the Nine Mystical Palace, in addition to their hidden trump card, this war with the Qin Rebels would definitely end with their deaths.

“Brother Luo, it has been many moons since we last met, your radiance shines even brighter compared to before.”

Chu Tianjiao’s gaze landed onto a youth. The youth had an extraordinary bearing, looking like he was one of heaven’s chosen. Yet his countenance was icy-cold, giving off a chilly aura, capable of freezing a person’s heart. This young man, was none other than Luo Qianqiu.

Luo Qianqiu had returned to Chu. His aura had somehow changed; it was no longer as overbearing compared to the past, but instead it felt many times more cold and sinister. Naturally, his strength had increased significantly, contrasting with the him in the past.

This time around, he returned only for a single reason. To wash clean the shame he had suffered, the humiliation he had endured.

He had no way to forget the results of the Jun Lin Banquet. During this period of time, the disgrace he felt from back then had

been his greatest source of motivation.

With his stubbornness, he succeeded in breaking through to Yuanfu and had even condensed an Astral Soul from a higher Heavenly Layer. Under that state of madness, he cultivated in a frenzy, stepping into the second level of Yuanfu, and comprehended the insights of a Mandate.

Mandate of Lightning, which allowed his attacks to be filled with the element of thunder, and thus became even more tyrannical. To comprehend this Mandate, he chose to unceasingly condense a lightning-type Astral Soul for his third Astral Gate. Obviously, he had succeeded.

Currently within his clan, he had defeated not just cultivators at the second level of Yuanfu, but a few at the third level as well. His status within the Nine Mystical Palace soared immensely.

Because of this, the Nine Mystical Palace allowed him to tag along the expedition into the Dark Forest, joining the team investigating the descent of the Demonic Star. The Luo Qianqiu of today, already possessed the qualifications worthy of being held in high regard by the Nine Mystical Palace. This was also why they allowed Luo Qianqiu to be in command of a number of followers to aid him in untying the knot of resentment in his heart, caused by Qin Wentian from back then.

Qin Wentian, had to die.

.....

At the same time that those from the Nine Mystical Palace arrived in Chu, on the rooftop of one of the many inns in the Royal Capital, Qian Mengyu quietly stood listening to an information report by one of her subordinates.

“The Nine Mystical Palace delegates have also arrived?” Qian Mengyu murmured. Earlier, she had heard of a guy named Luo Qianqiu in the Nine Mystical Palace, who cultivated as though possessed by a demon and had comprehended insights into a Mandate. This person was the one defeated by Qin Wentian in the Jun Lin Banquet, and had left Chu in disgrace.

Now that he had returned, it was obvious what his intentions were.

“This matter is somewhat complicated. Aunt had instructed me to recruit Qin Wentian into our Greencloud Pavilion, while also helping him settle his problems in Chu. However, his relationship with Ouyang Kuangsheng seems to be exceptionally good. If he truly wanted to go to the Grand Xia Empire, it’s possible he will join the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan,” Meng Qianyu silently stated in her heart.

Currently, she had already learnt of what had happened in the past between her Aunt and Gongyang Hong. She also knew that Gongyang Hong was the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that shielded Qin Wentian during the Jun Lin Banquet. To think that she and Qin Wentian had a faint connection, the workings of fate were marvellous indeed.

She wondered if Qin Wentian would still care about the happenings within the Celestial Lake Palace.

Currently the waters of Chu were truly deep. Even if Qin Wentian didn't agree to join her Greencloud Pavilion, should he really run into trouble, Qian Mengyu had already decided to help him. Leaving aside her Aunt's order, Qian Mengyu had always felt guilt in her heart for their actions towards Qin Wentian back then in the Refinement Grounds. He was willing to split the Stellar Fruits equally, yet they still wanted to take advantage of him. Truly actions of despicable beings.

The whole of the Royal Capital had long been engulfed in turmoil. However, the brewing storm had already reached its apex. As to the country's destiny, as well as the one to wield the Emperor's authority, there was a high possibility that all would be revealed in the next few days...

This stifling pressure permeated the atmosphere of Chu, enveloping the citizens living within it.

Today, another piece of news was abruptly spread throughout Chu. The news reported the disappearances of young females of ages ten and above, yet it didn't cause any outrage or held great import in the hearts of the citizens. With the final decisive battle soon occurring, the story was insignificant and quickly covered over.

However, the next day, news of a similar nature transmitted throughout Chu. This time round, there was even a disappearance of a young girl who had not even reached the age of ten yet. This

time around, the story gradually garnered attention.

On the third day, over hundreds of young females had already disappeared, causing many in the Royal Capital to panic. Those with young females within their families hid them securely, not allowing them to take a single step outside of their residence. Nobody knew exactly who or what was causing these disappearances.

The news engendered many rumors and triggered a nationwide condemnation towards the abductors. Who would be so cruel so as to specially target young females. Such actions would truly incur the wrath of the people and the Heavens.

On the fourth day, those that had lost their children or relatives banded together, forming a terrifying group of protestors. With the Royal Clan's information network, there was no way they were unaware of what was happening.

Outside the Tianwu Gate, many soldiers were deployed to keep the mob under control.

Chu Wuwei, who was clad in white, stood atop the roof of an inn. Upon seeing the grievances and resentment of Chu's citizens, an expression of agony flashed through his face, and he closed his eyes to shut away the troubling sight.

To achieve success, would his third brother Chu Tianjiao stop at nothing? Sacrificing the citizens of their country like they were his personal chess pieces. How cold and treacherous then, are the

hearts of humans? No one knew that better than him, considering the environment that he grew up in. Did he have no other choice but to take that final step?

When his eyes opened, a sharp glint of determination could be seen within. If that was the case, he would have to betray his father's last wishes.

“Spread the word that I, Chu Wuwei, will contend for the position of Emperor.”

Chu Wuwei indifferently commented, but his words caused the hearts of those behind him to tremble briefly, before terrifying sharp glints of light glimmered in their eyes.

A subordinate bowed as he retreated to spread the word. The moment he turned, an incomparable resoluteness could be seen in his eyes, alongside with excitement. Was the day they had all been waiting for finally going to arrive?

“Elder brother, I've been waiting for you to say this for far too long. Only you are the most suitable candidate to inherit the throne of Chu.” Chu Mang grinned. In his eyes, there was only his elder brother Chu Wuwei, he didn't hold Chu Tianjiao in high regard.

Chu Wuwei turned, gentleness shone in his eyes as he regarded Chu Mang. “Second Brother, after the storm in Chu blows over, why don't you go and explore the world.”

“Why?” Chu Mang’s eyes widened, as a lack of comprehension appeared on his face.

“Based on your talent, you should roam the world and temper yourself more. Your elder brother is crippled. I don’t wish to be a burden to you for the rest of your life,” Chu Wuwei gently replied.

“I’m not leaving, I want to accompany elder brother,” Chu Mang replied in a loud voice. In his eyes, only his elder brother would never look down on him.

Chu Mang knew that he was simple-minded. He had been so ever since he was young, with no one bothering to befriend him. Only his elder brother was willing to accompany him, educating him ever so patiently, line by line, explaining their meaning from all the knowledge garnered from the books Chu Wuwei had read. Chu Mang persisted on, learning bit by bit until the time came where more people were willing to associate themselves with him. Some even said that he was a genius, yet he knew that without his elder brother, he was nothing.

Chu Mang couldn’t be bothered about those people. In his eyes, there was only his elder brother Chu Wuwei.

He, Chu Mang, had always obeyed the words of his elder brother. But this time around, he was truly unwilling to consent to them.

“Silly big fellow, don’t you know how high your cultivation talent is? If you meet a good master, I can tell you there would be no one that could compare in the whole of Chu. At most, only Qin

Wentian would hold a candle to you. Listen to me, don't stay here. You will only be wasting your future away if you stay in Chu," Chu Wuwei quietly persuaded, "Not only that, my lifespan isn't as long as yours. When I grow old and die, what's going to happen to you? Who will take care of you?"

"No.....!" Chu Mang unwillingly roared, his saucer-like eyes were filled with wetness. It was very hard to imagine a guy with his mountain-like physique could also be capable of tears.

"Elder brother cannot die, I won't allow you to die. If you die, I shall accompany you in death!" Chu Mang howled.

Chu Wuwei's gentle gaze gradually turned razor-sharp. Underneath his stare, Chu Mang slowly quieted down as Chu Wuwei berated, "You are not to say words like this ever again in the future. After the storm in Chu is concluded, you have to leave. I've already thought of someone that can take care of you. In the future, you shall follow him."

Before Chu Mang could interject, Chu Wuwei spoke, "No more saying no. If you continue to reject, I will no longer have a younger brother."

"ARGHH!" Chu Mang did not speak, only a low-sounding, gravelly scream of unwillingness and agony could be heard issuing from his throat. He didn't dare to go against the words of his elder brother.

Chu Wuwei was still as serene as before. Turning, he cast his gaze

over the horizon. The sharp glint of resolution in his eyes never wavered, yet his heart was filled with sorrow at the choices he had to make.

Chu Mang would only waste his talent if he insisted on following Chu Wuwei. He shouldn't be his shadow, but rather, should be a source of light instead.

When news of Chu Wuwei wanting to contend for the position of Emperor was disseminated throughout the Royal Capital, it caused an earth-shattering commotion. The hearts of many noble clans in Chu couldn't help but to tremble at the news.

The illustrious third Prince of Chu hadn't even warmed the seat of the Emperor's throne before being besieged with threats from all sides, both internal and external. Had his reign already reached its end?

AGM 215 - On The Verge

The Qin Rebels caused a chaotic storm to engulf the Royal Capital. In addition, the first Prince made an announcement, stating that he would be contending for the Emperor's throne. The intensity of the commotion caused, could well be imagined.

The chaos was such that several people within the Royal Capital that had already planned their path of retreat, were ready to leave at any moment.

Those of nobility started to have differing opinions. They had to choose between one of the two brothers. All this year, the first Prince had always been in the shadows, yet those noble clans that belonged to the elite tier, at the peak of power, naturally knew how great the influence of Chu Wuwei was. If he really intended to compete for the throne, it was already known who would win or lose. However, despite Chu Wuwei's high intelligence, Chu Tianjiao was the legitimate successor, naturally there would be many others supporting him.

But currently, there was an unexpected factor in the mix. The presence of the Qin Rebels caused Chu to be riddled with both internal unrest and external threats. Would there still be anyone in Chu with confidence in Chu Tianjiao?

Thus, there were some noble clans that stood on the middle ground, unwilling to participate in this dispute over the Emperor's authority. They were afraid of supporting the wrong camp which may result in their clans being completely annihilated.

Soon after, a 'Proclamation of Crimes' was issued in the form of a letter, the contents within announced to the whole of Chu, causing yet another huge wave to rock the hearts of the citizens.

This 'Proclamation of Crimes' was written by the first Prince, Chu Wuwei, listing out the various crimes the Royal Clan had committed.

Crime no. 1: The Wu King (ancestor of Qin Clan) had countless merits in the form of war achievements for the country, yet the previous Emperor was jealous of a capable subordinate and feared his authority, and therefore plotted for his death.

Crime no. 2: The Qin Clan gave their lives for the country, yet unfairness and injustice was prevalent. They were suppressed, their military authority stolen, forced to relocate and eventually fade into obscurity.

Crime no. 3: Because of the war for Chu, the Royal Clan ignored the lives of soldiers, deploying them to be used as sacrifices, causing countless families to be broken up.

Crime no. 4: To maintain the hold of power, the Royal Clan aided evil practitioners in their requirement of young virgins, fulfilling their evil desires. They slaughtered masses of innocents, using any and all unscrupulous methods, taking unforgivable actions, committing the most heinous of crimes.

Each and every one of the crimes listed pointed to the atrocious behaviour of the Royal Clan, and not even the previous Emperor of

Chu was spared. Such daringness was unprecedented in the history of Chu.

Not only that, each and every one of the crimes listed all shared a common factor. They were denouncing the fact that the Royal Clan held no regard for their loyal subjects and citizens. A heartless empire.

Especially for the fourth crime, it caused tsunami-level waves of commotion as towering amounts of enraged voices questioned the Royal Clan. Everyone knew that the imperial power was tyrannical, yet no one could have imagined how vile and depraved it was. To think that the Royal Clan was even willing to sacrifice the lives of young females to aid cultivators in practicing their evil arts. If it were not for the first Prince Chu Wuwei, the citizens of Chu would never even remotely suspect that the source of the abductions was none other than the Royal Clan they had put their trust in.

This incident finally caused many to feel how cold and cruel power and authority can be. Those from the more powerful noble clans should also have known about this, yet no one dared to say anything.

Voices of extreme outrage and hatred erupted everywhere in Chu. The target of their scoldings was naturally none other than Chu Tianjiao. The fury of their anger reached an unprecedented high, and there were many who had decided that they would throw in their support with the Qin Rebels, overthrowing the current Emperor, slaying Chu Tianjiao.

No one had expected that Chu Wuwei would make such a crazy move. Not only did he push Chu Tianjiao to the abyss, he practically pushed the Royal Clan into an exceedingly difficult position.

Undoubtedly, this move of his was immensely beneficial to the Qin Rebels.

After which, Chu Wuwei sent out yet another piece of news saying that he was crippled innately, unable to cultivate since birth. He was willing to devote his remaining lifespan to serve his country and his citizens. He would also erect a statue of Qin Wu (Wu King) outside the Royal Palace, while at the same time announcing that the Qin Troops weren't rebels, but were rather the administrators of justice, here to topple the tyrant emperor.

Also, he promised to give a satisfactory reply to the citizens of Chu regarding the cases of the disappearances of young females.

After this piece of news was circulated around the Royal Capital, many people approved of Chu Wuwei's character, yet there were several who also thought he was a madman. His actions showed that he was supportive of the Qin troops and wanted to allow the Qin troops to enter the capital, joining forces together with him to deal with Chu Tianjiao. But...would the Qin Clan agree?

Even if they agreed to ally themselves with Chu Wuwei, after Chu Tianjiao was toppled, the Qin Clan would then be in a position where they could start a new dynasty by themselves. Would they even allow Chu Wuwei to be the next king and thereby continue Chu's legacy?

Power brought with it temptation, especially power to become an Emperor. Considering how the Chu Royal Clan treated the Qin Clan back then, if the Qin Clan really were to assume rulership, even if they massacred the whole of Chu's bloodline, would there even be anyone to say that their actions were wrong?

Were his actions a smart move as a whole, or that of a mad man? No one understood what Chu Wuwei was thinking, not even Chu Tianjiao.

Sitting on the Emperor's throne, for the first time ever, Chu Tianjiao felt pressure. Just when he was preparing to deal a fatal strike to the Qin Rebels, Chu Wuwei, his elder brother, not only did he fail to aid him, he blatantly stood on the side of the Qin Rebels. In addition, he somehow managed to deduce what was happening and exposed the secret trump card which Chu Tianjiao had been preparing – proclamation of crime no. 4.

“Elder brother, ah elder brother, if you had stood on the sidelines and watched, so be it. But since you wish to be my enemy, don't blame me for forsaking our brotherly ties.” An extreme chill flickered in the depths of Chu Tianjiao's eyes. After which, he inquired in a low voice, “Have all the Shadow Dragon Guards entered the Royal Capital?”

A shadow flashed by, as a figure suddenly appeared beside Chu Tianjiao without warning. That unknown figure bowed as he replied, “Your Majesty, they have all dispersed and are stationed at different points within the Royal Capital. You can command them at any time.”

“Mhm, don’t activate the Shadow Dragon Guards first, wait for my order. Relay my command down that our other hidden forces can execute the plan,” Chu Tianjiao lightly commanded, and like a phantom, that unknown figure disappeared from sight.

After the unknown figure departed, Chu Tianjiao stood up. The coldness in his eyes were incomparably icy, as he walked in the direction of the great hall’s exit.

The climax of the storm was already upon Chu.

Within the Royal Capital, many silent currents were already subtly in motion, hidden from sight. Regarding the dispute for the throne between Chu Wuwei and Chu Tianjiao, the officials and ministers who hold power had to make a decision as to which camp they were in. Even if they didn’t want to do so, Chu Tianjiao forced them to make a choice.

In the Royal Capital of Chu, there was a gigantic mansion emanating an aura of majesty, yet did not lose its feeling of elegance.

In the outer perimeters of this mansion was a vast field. Columns of white-jade pillars could be seen supporting a pavilion, with carved sculptures of nine majestic dragons spitting water surrounding it. Currently at this moment, a scrumptious feast was prepared at the balcony of this pavilion. Chu Wuwei sat there with his gaze turned outwards, as though waiting for someone.

From far within the field, a single silhouette appeared, making his way over.

Qin Wentian moved towards the pavilion, while admiring the beauty of the architecture. Although the atmosphere was currently quiet, Qin Wentian knew that if any incident happened, countless experts would immediately appear, guarding the safety of Chu Wuwei.

Despite remaining in the Bamboo Lodge for the past few days, Qin Wentian was very clear on the current situation the Royal Capital was in. He too, understood that the brewing storm had reached its climax and would soon erupt.

The final confrontation to decide the destiny of Chu would arrive at any moment.

“Brother Qin.” Chu Wuwei stood at the balcony as he glanced down at Qin Wentian with a smile. “Join me and enjoy the feast.”

Qin Wentian smiled, as he soared up to the balcony. He wondered what Chu Wuwei’s plans were, inviting him to partake in a feast at this critical hour.

Yet, Chu Wuwei’s ‘Proclamation of Crimes’ had struck a chord in his heart, causing him to feel awe at the intelligence of this man.

On the balcony, the two of them sat facing each other, with the table full of delicacies in between them.

“Your Highness...” Qin Wentian started saying, only to see Chu Wuwei waving his hands, as he interposed. “If you do not disdain me, how about addressing me as elder brother Chu?”

Qin Wentian took in the gentleness of Chu Wuwei’s eyes that were filled with an indescribable charisma, causing people to feel extremely comfortable in his presence. Nodding with a laugh, Qin Wentian continued, “Elder brother Chu, is there any reason why you sought my presence here today?”

“The skies of Chu are changing, few could remain as calm as you.” Chu Tianjiao smiled. “Everything regarding Chu, be it good or bad, shall draw to a conclusion in the coming days.”

“Elder brother Chu, it seems that you are very confident.” Qin Wentian laughed. Chu Wuwei, Chu Tianjiao and the Qin Clan were the three powers within this dispute. One could say that Chu Wuwei was the weakest among the three. Even if he wanted to ally with the Qin Clan to topple Chu Tianjiao, would the Qin Clan agree?

“You are wrong, I’m not confident at all. The things I have done these past few days were already all that I could do. But ultimately, my fate depends on you.” Chu Wuwei calmly continued, “Hence, I invited you here today.”

“Me?” A lack of comprehension appeared on Qin Wentian’s face.

“Yes, the person who decides the fate of Chu isn’t Chu Tianjiao,

nor is it me, Chu Wuwei, nor is it the Qin Clan. Qin Wentian, that choice belongs to you.” Chu Wuwei raised his winecup to Qin Wentian as he smiled.

Qin Wentian said nothing, waiting for Chu Wuwei to continue.

“I’ve never wanted to be part of the dispute for power. But I no longer have a choice. I have to take over the reins of authority as the Emperor of Chu.” Chu Wuwei continued. “As to why I dare to say such words, it is because I believe in you, Qin Wentian. If I become the Emperor Chu, I swear to never touch the Qin Clan again in my entire life. Furthermore, the positions and statuses of those in command of the troops that joined in the Qin Clan in this expedition to conquer the Royal Capital shall remain unchanged and no further punishments will be administered. Not only that, I will bestow a piece of land to the Qin Clan, allowing your grandfather Qin Wu, to inherit the position of his father, the Wu King.

“Let me explain... If I am the emperor, as a cultivation cripple, I wouldn’t waste my time cultivating nor hankering after cultivation resources. My only goal is for Chu to develop, for it to be even more prosperous. The Emperor Star Academy will naturally be rebuilt and will even replace the Royal Academy as the symbol of Chu. These are my plans for Chu.”

“Now put yourself in the perspective of the Qin Clan. If your adoptive grandfather Qin Wu claims the throne for his own, the first thing he would do is to annihilate everyone in my clan, no survivors shall be spared. The Royal Capital would soon be flooded in rivers of blood. Corpses of those from the noble clans would lay

strewn about the streets. At the same time, Qin Wu would begin his suppression of the various powers, removing those entrenched and inserting his own people behind the important positions, stabilising his authority, using fresh blood to secure his throne. Tell me, would that be any different from what is going on now?"

Qin Wentian's brows were knitted as he heard the words of Chu Wuwei. Chu Wuwei laughed as he shook his head, "Those that are too involved are unable to see the situation clearly. You should be aware of many things, but you unconsciously refuse to think about it. Or maybe, you knew but chose to run away. Look at the facts; back then when Chu Tianjiao commanded the Ye Clan to deal with your Qin Clan, Qin Wu willingly threw himself into the trap, all for the sake of the plans he made over the course of ten years. His actions thereby also caused the rest of your Qin Clan members to be in danger, becoming ignorant participants of his schemes. For example, if it were not for your participation and the appearance of the Emperor Star Academy, the battle where your second uncle Qin He, lost one of his arms, would have more devastating results. In reality, all of this could have been avoided."

Chu Wuwei's voice was still as calm as before. He gazed at Qin Wentian as he added, "Qin Wu (grandfather) isn't as simple as you think he is."

Qin Wentian was struck dumb when he heard Chu Wuwei's words. In truth, how could he not be aware of it? Just like what Chu Wuwei had said, those that were too involved are unable to see the situation clearly. Perhaps on occasion, he just didn't wish to look too deeply into it.

“Maybe my grandfather is doing this for the sake of avenging his father (Wu King),” Qin Wentian stated.

Chu Wuwei smiled as he shook his head, “Even though his father passed away, he still has other kin. Would you, for the sake of revenge for a dead man, endanger the lives of all your other still-living loved ones? Do you believe that with the intelligence your grandfather revealed, he would allow emotions to cloud his thinking?”

Qin Wentian was speechless, he could only stare blankly at Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei was silent for a moment before he continued, “Chu Tianjiao will soon send out men to deal with me. I bet that if you personally informed old man Qin of everything I’ve told you; that I’ll allow the Qin Troops to enter the Royal Capital unimpeded; that he has to withdraw immediately after the battle; that I will take over the Emperor’s position; I can guarantee that he will immediately agree.”

“After defeating Chu Tianjiao, if old man Qin follows the original agreement and withdraws his troops, I will publicly make a proclamation and send an invitation for him to enter the Royal Capital in grandeur, bestowing land and kingship to him.”

Qin Wentian paused for a moment before he asked, “What if Grandpa Qin reneged on his promises while I too, stand at the side of the Qin Clan?”

“That is why I said my fate, as well as the fate of Chu, are in your hands.” Chu Wuwei smiled. After which, he shifted his gaze towards the horizon as he murmured, “It’s about time...”

AGM 216 - Start Of The Battle

Today was a bright and beautiful day. The clouds above Chu drifted about, partially obscuring the sun, diffusing the harsh rays of sunlight.

This kind of weather felt extremely delightful. Occasionally, there would be light gusts of gentle wind breezing about, giving people a refreshing feeling.

On the balcony of the luxurious mansion, other than Qin Wentian and Chu Wuwei, a few other silhouettes appeared. Immortal Drunken Wine, Chu Mang, as well as an unfamiliar young man. This was Qin Wentian's first time seeing this man, and upon Chu Wuwei's intro, he learnt that he was also from a power that could be considered at the apex of Chu – the Jiang Clan.

The Jiang Clan, similar to the Mo Clan, had tremendous influence and power, yet they were independent, stand-alone entities on neutral grounds that did not interfere in matters of the Royal Clan. Back then, when Chu Tianjiao wanted to enlist the support of the Jiang Clan, he was rejected. But to think that today, a descendant of the Jiang Clan would appear here in this mansion at the invitation of Chu Wuwei.

“Jiang Huai, if your old man knew that you are here at my request, he would certainly hate me to death.” Chu Wuwei laughed.

“Who asked the members of my clan to be so obstinate, refusing

to send men to support you.” Jiang Huai laughed, yet that casual sentence allowed Qin Wentian to sense the charisma of Chu Wuwei. This young man was definitely here because he supported Chu Wuwei; his actions inevitably forced the Jiang Clan out from their position of neutrality, whether they liked it or not.

At this moment, several servants carried out colossal-sized drums and propped them up, forming two rows at both sides of the vast field before they retreated. An expression of bewilderment appeared on Qin Wentian’s countenance. These drums glimmered with Astral Energy, could they be a complete set of divine weapons?

Powerful divine weapons need not necessarily be a single piece of equipment. An example could be sword-type divine weapons. Sometimes, a complete set of divine artifacts might consist of nine sword-type divine weapons. Only with the complete set could the divine weapons truly unleash their power. These thirty-six drums in front of him gave Qin Wentian a strong feeling that they should be a complete set. With so many drum-type divine weapons collected together, the power it was capable of unleashing should be extremely terrifying.

Gradually, Qin Wentian felt waves of killing intent permeating the air. Gazing towards the horizon, in the far distance ahead, several formations of troops marched over as they roared in unison. The armored troops numbered over a thousand and were all equipped with long spears, emitting a baleful aura as their murderous intentions could be clearly felt gushing outwards.

These troops stood in the centre of the vast field, gazing upwards

at the balcony where Chu Wuwei was located. At the sharp bark of a command, the soldiers moved as one, drawing the bows upon their backs while aiming upwards. The sharpness in their eyes pierced towards Chu Wuwei, Qin Wentian and the rest standing on the balcony.

While at the same time, over ten experts of the Yuanfu Realm could be seen flying through the air, as they came to a halt at the air space above the thousand troops.

Among the Yuanfu experts, one of them coldly stated, “Chu Wuwei, as the eldest son of our previous Emperor, you actually planned to aid the rebels, committing treason against our Great Chu. Follow me to see his Majesty.”

“You wanted to subdue me with just this number of people? My third brother might have underestimated me a little too much.” Chu Wuwei laughed as he continued sitting there, appearing as unperturbed as before. Abruptly, a wheezing sound could be heard as all of a sudden, silhouettes wearing white could be seen standing behind each of the thirty-six colossal drums that were lined out in two rows at the side of the field. The facial features of the men clad in white were extremely ordinary, as all of them exuded a similar aura. Cool, calm and ordinary, if one were not looking out for them or paying close attention, no one would have even sensed their presence.

“Thunder Dragon Drums.” The leader of the Yuanfu experts drew in a cold breath. His countenance sank as he realised what the drums were. These drums were the legendary third-grade top-tier divine weapon. If there were thirty-six Yuanfu cultivators

channelling the power of the thirty-six drums, no matter how many soldiers they faced, as long as their opponents were below the 6th level of Yuanfu, they would be completely annihilated.

The leader had an incredibly ugly expression on his face as he swept a glance to Chu Wuwei. Chu Wuwei looked as calm as before, slowly sipping his wine as though nothing in the world could ruffle his heart.

“Chu Wuwei, take a look around you, you better give up. On account of your brotherly ties, His Majesty might still pardon you for what you have done,” persuaded the leader. Although Qin Wentian hadn’t stood up, he could still hear the galloping of warhorses with his senses. The entire pavilion should have already been surrounded by enemy soldiers.

“Why is there a need to cause unnecessary bloodshed? Give up and come with me.”

Chu Wuwei continued ignoring the enemy leader. Instead, he smiled at Qin Wentian, “Wait and see, my third brother should soon appear.”

After which, Chu Wuwei rose from his seat as he walked towards the edge of the balcony, staring at the enemy leader. “Uncle Heng, please stop. Don’t join in the madness created by third brother.”

Chu Heng stared into the eyes of Chu Wuwei. There was only peace and sincerity in them. Although Chu Heng lamented in his heart, he had no other choice. Raising his hand, he signalled for his

troops to begin the carnage.

“KILL!” A heaven-shaking killing intent shook the world, thunderous rumbling sounds echoed as the troops rushed the pavilion. Countless arrows covered the heavens and earth, firing towards Chu Wuwei.

“BOOM!” The void shook, as an arc of lightning flashed past.

“BOOM! BOOM!” Lightning thundered down from the skies, forming an all-encompassing web of electrical currents, causing the countless arrows to dissipate into nothingness.

Below the pavilion, a group of figures cloaked in black moved like phantoms towards the archers firing the arrows, as they dashed forward with various divine weapons equipped in their hands.

“Mmm?” Chu Heng and the other Yuanfu cultivators had a look of astonishment on their faces. They had wanted to descend to aid their troops but at that moment, they only sensed terrifying electrical currents binding their movements. Alongside with the booming of the colossal drums, the web of lightning from earlier actually metamorphosed into the form of a thunder dragon, incomparably tyrannical.

Rumble! A deafening sound echoed, the thunder dragon howled in rage as it barrelled forwards, glowing with a resplendent violet light.

The countenances of Chu Heng and the rest of the Yuanfu cultivators underwent a drastic change. The thunder dragon manifested by the thirty-six drums was truly as terrifying as what the rumors described.

Xiu, xiu! A ear-splitting slashing sound reverberated as nine streaks of golden lightning erupted forth, smashing into the thunder dragon. An instant later, the might of the explosion was so great that even space was torn apart, the blinding light from its aftermath so piercing that no one could even open their eyes.

From afar, several cultivators could be seen soaring through the skies, the might of their combined attack shaking the hearts of those witnessing it.

The person in the lead was clad in a golden dragon robe; he was none other than the current Emperor of Chu, Chu Tianjiao.

Behind Chu Tianjiao and the cultivators he brought, countless numbers of soldiers could be seen running over, as the earth trembled at their approach. Surely, other than the troops used to defend the city gates from the Qin Rebels, Chu Tianjiao had also mobilised the remainder of the troops that were under his control.

Chu Tianjiao knew that Qin Wentian was together with Chu Wuwei. Since that was the case, as long as both of them fell into his hands, this war was as good as over.

At the side of Chu Tianjiao, a figure nocked an arrow on the bowstrings of a resplendent golden-colored bow. This bow, should

also be an extremely powerful divine weapon.

“Elder brother, even if you had stood on the fence without aiding me, I would have closed an eye. But why must you side with the rebels?” Chu Tianjiao stared at Chu Wuwei, as he calmly inquired.

“From the very start, you of all people should have already known my intentions. I had no wish to vie with you for power. Yet the path you took deviated further and further. If you continued onwards this path of doom, our Chu Clan bloodline would surely be obliterated in your hands,” Chu Wuwei replied.

“Is that so? So you are saying the internal unrest that you caused was all for the sake of our Royal Clan? Utterly ridiculous, your actions are what’s pushing our Royal Clan to the edge of disaster. Don’t blame me for being heartless,” Chu Tianjiao icily stated, killing intent could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“Are these the group of pitiful people you have groomed? Now, they have all become your death-warriors. Don’t you feel ashamed asking them to give their lives for you?” Chu Wuwei remarked with a hint of sarcasm. To which, Chu Tianjiao’s only reply was, “KILL!”

The cultivators around Chu Tianjiao surged forth, yet Chu Wuwei was as calm as before. Seeing the faces of the death-warriors before him, he sighed, “There’s still time if all of you choose to turn back. I, Chu Wuwei, guarantee that no harm will come to any of you. However if you all still persist, then I have no way of saving any of you, even if I wanted to.”

The death-warriors hesitated slightly, but they were already charging ahead on the tiger's back, making it impossible for them to stop halfway.

From the distance, clouds of dust covered the skies, giving testament to the numerous number of galloping horses heading their way, as an army of unknown origin encircled the entire region. However, the spears in their hands, were all actually pointing towards Chu Tianjiao's men.

Apparently, in this dispute between the two brothers, each of them had their own supporters.

"People from the Jiang Clan," exclaimed someone at that moment. From afar, the experts from the Jiang Clan arrived in an imposing manner, the person in the lead swept a glance at Jiang Huai. The actions of this buffoon forcibly caused their Jiang Clan to enter into the dispute.

"Those from the Mu Clan have also chosen to stand behind Chu Wuwei." Back then, because of Qin Wentian, Gongyang Hong granted a promise to Mu Rou. This incident had already caused Chu Tianjiao to have misgivings about them. Now in the face of the final decisive battle, those from the Mu Clan decided to support Chu Wuwei instead, making their position clear.

There were also many masked figures clad in black appearing from the eastern direction. Naturally, these were all the Yuanfu cultivators which Qin Wentian had hired.

As more and more experts appeared, Chu Tianjiao's countenance grew uglier and uglier. He could only remark in a voice filled with cold anger, "Good, very good."

"We will settle everything today. KILL, KILL THEM ALL!" Chu Tianjiao roared in rage as his towering killing intent overflowed to the heavens.

The frenzied sounds of battle reverberated through the air, as the forces of both sides began their confrontation.

A cold wind gusted, as Chu Tianjiao stood in the air, surveying his elder brother Chu Wuwei as well as Qin Wentian. He had thought that his elder brother would have prepared an even stronger form of backup to deal with him. However, it seems like he had overestimated Chu Wuwei. Did Chu Wuwei really think that with this amount of support, he could topple him?

For this battle, he had even summoned the unblooded troops still in training at the Military Training Palace. He intended to gather an overwhelming amount of military might, as much as he could muster, all to suppress Chu Wuwei. From the number of mobilised troops seen today, one could even say that Chu Tianjiao had gathered together every single force under his control. His plan was simple; slay Chu Wuwei first, then deal with the Qin Rebels!

AGM 217 - Unveiling All Trump Cards

The battle erupted in the blink of an eye, heralding a storm of blood. The sounds of the colossal war drums boomed unceasingly as boundless amounts of electricity built up in the atmosphere, before summoning down lightning and thunder from the skies. The summoned lightning slammed down on their opponents with awe-inspiring power and unerring accuracy, all as directed by the drummers.

In the air, the man beside Chu Tianjiao released the arrow he nocked in the golden bow. An invincible intent of sharpness exploded forth as a beam of golden light pierced through the air, flying towards Chu Wuwei.

The vibrations echoing from the Thunder Dragon Drums rumbled through the air, as the thunder dragon formed from the electrical currents dashed towards the arrow with the speed of a comet. Apparently, the power behind the complete set of thirty-six drums was still a grade higher compared to the arrow loosed by the golden bow.

Boom! Chu Mang jumped into the air, releasing his Astral Souls as glimmers of Astral Light could be seen flickering in his eyes. An illusory shadow of a gigantic bow, as well as a massive heavy axe, appeared atop his head. These were none other than the second and third Astral Soul he had condensed, respectively.

A gigantic bow, coalesced from Astral Light, appeared in his hands alongside with nine arrows. Within a millisecond, the arrows were all nocked and ready to be fired. The figures of his

nine targets slumped, feeling fear and trepidation towards Chu Mang as the sensation of being ‘locked on’ filled every fibre of their being.

Chu Mang, as the first-ranked out of all ten prodigies of Chu, was naturally even more outstanding compared to Chu Tianjiao in terms of cultivation talent and power level.

“I shall kill with no mercy to whoever dares to make a move against my elder brother!” Chu Mang howled. The arrows broke apart space, like light, like shadow.

Screech~ chi chi chi... The sounds of nine bodies being pierced rang out simultaneously as the nine Yuanfu cultivators slumped over in death, with no chance to react. How could Chu Mang’s arrows be this fast?

“This is... power of the will of a Mandate?” Qin Wentian stared at Chu Mang in shock. From the aura Chu Mang was releasing, he should be at the 5th level of Yuanfu but what was truly terrifying was that each of his fired arrows had the insights he gained from his Mandate incorporated within them.

Qin Wentian’s senses weren’t mistaken. Under the guidance of Chu Wuwei, Chu Mang relentlessly practiced his archery day after day, year after year. Even after he broke through to Yuanfu, nothing changed. Chu Wuwei still told him to practice his archery, asking him to sense the arrows with his heart. This carried on all the way, till one day, a marvellous feeling overcame him as he was suddenly struck with an insight. Somehow, he felt that he could ‘make’ his arrows penetrate his chosen targets in the shortest

possible time.

That was when he had comprehended the first level of insight into the Mandate of Arrows - Insta-shot.

A single shot slaying nine Yuanfus, the impact of this scenario shook the hearts of even the most stalwart. Although the nine Yuanfu cultivators weren't that powerful, they were after all, still experts at the Yuanfu Realm!

Chu Mang didn't pause in his actions. Nocking his arrows, he fired again, aiming for the Yuanfu experts flying towards the balcony that Chu Wuwei was at.

ROAR! Chu Mang howled in rage, nine streaks of light after nine streaks of light flashed as sounds of piercing rang out, and countless Yuanfu cultivators fell. This was dealing death in a single strike.

Chu Mang's bow, was like an ambassador of death.

The thunder dragon formed by the thirty-six drums acted in defense while Chu Mang was in charge of attack. Although Chu Wuwei didn't have as many Yuanfu cultivators on the balcony, it wouldn't be so easy for Chu Tianjiao to kill him.

The thunder dragon danced about in coordination with the thirty-six drummers below. Even though they wouldn't die from it, cultivators of the 7th to 9th level of Yuanfu would still feel a

heavy sense of threat from the might manifested by this complete set of colossal drums.

“The Qin troops should arrive anytime now,” Chu Wuwei said in a low voice. Qin Wentian didn’t reply, he was staring at the river of blood formed from the casualties, sighing helplessly in his heart.

Ouyang and his associates had yet to appear. Qin Wentian knew that this was because people from the Nine Mystical Palace had yet to make their appearances.

As for Qing`er, Qin Wentian could only bitterly smile as he thought of her. He couldn’t even sense her presence, and he knew that only at moments of absolute danger would she appear. He was already very grateful for her protection, and knew that he shouldn’t complain too much over Qing`er’s aloofness. After all, she didn’t owe him anything.

The white clouds drifting in the skies looked as though they were dyed a crimson red from the reflected light of blood on the ground. Although Chu Mang was like a god of death, he was only one man and couldn’t stop the advance of the ground armies. Currently, the army of troops supporting Chu Wuwei were being slaughtered; those from the Jiang Clan and Mu Clan were in a precarious position.

In spite of his, they gradually edged towards the area where Chu Wuwei was in. This way, the thunder dragon formed from the electrical currents could also offer them a modicum of protection.

Chu Tianjiao coldly watched as countless people died. He didn't command the stronger experts in his entourage to take action yet. Although he was confident that he could disintegrate the thunder dragon, doing so would require him to pay a huge price in terms of the lives of his Yuanfu experts. Therefore, he chose to focus his attentions at wiping out the ordinary troops first, rather than aiming for Yuanfu cultivators. When the armies supporting Chu Wuwei had all been annihilated, he wanted to see what Chu Wuwei would do next.

At that moment, even more Yuanfu experts could be seen flying over in the distance. Below them, armored troops with the flag 'Qin' rocked the earth, as clouds of dirt and dust were dislodged from their galloping warhorses. The Qin troops had appeared.

Chu Tianjiao coldly glanced at Chu Wuwei, as he signalled for his entourage to retreat to the left of the field. He didn't want to be caught in a position where his forces would be in the centre of a crossfire, getting attacked from the front and back between the Qin troops as well as Chu Wuwei's.

A terrifying whirlwind of ferocious military might enveloped the atmosphere. The Qin troops stood at the right of the field as they coldly stared at Chu Tianjiao.

"Wentian." A voice called out and Qin Wentian shifted his gaze to the two generals of the Qin troops. These two men were none other than Qin Wu and Qin Chuan. However, their personal combat ability wasn't that strong, hence they were protected by many layers of defenses. Other than their personal guards, Old Gu as well as some of the supreme elder-level experts from the

Emperor Star Academy were there as well.

The Nine Mystical Palace imprisoned Diyi, the Royal Clan issued a command to hunt down all of Emperor Star Academy's survivors. How could the remnants of the Emperor Star Academy not join forces with the Qin troops?

This was also the reason why Chu Wuwei had such confidence in Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian was the crucial character that had the power to determine his fate.

"Grandpa, father." Qin Wentian smiled. Today had finally arrived. It has been almost two years ever since the Ye Clan brought people to storm their Qin Residence. Everything would soon be concluded.

"It's a relief that the Qin troops arrived. Since you are all already here, prepare yourselves to be buried together." Chu Tianjiao icy glance swept past everyone. However, in the next moment, a large group of newly-arrived Chu troops appeared, running madly towards them as though they were being pursued. Seeing this caused Chu Tianjiao to stiffen. As the troops neared, Chu Tianjiao coldly inquired, "What's going on?"

The arriving Chu troops looked to be an extremely pathetic group akin to a pile of loose sand. How could these be the troops Chu had spent many years painstakingly nurturing?

"We were fooled, Icehawk, Icehawk... he is a traitor, a spy for the Qin rebels. As vice commander, he led us into an ambush," the

general in the lead coldly remarked, his murderous urges transformed into a baleful aura.

At that moment, from the distance, yet another regiment of troops advanced forwards, surrounding Chu Tianjiao and his armies. Qin Wentian's gaze stiffened upon seeing the person in the lead.

Once, to escape the pursuit of their killers during the enrolment examination, he and Fan Le had stepped into the Mirage City within the forbidden boundaries of the Dark Forest. Over there, there was a person that recognised him. That person wore the same helm from back then, and the regiment of troops he led, were exactly the same as what Qin Wentian had seen in the Mirage City.

The person in the lead removed his helm, revealing a familiar face underneath.

"It's Icehawk," Qin Wentian breathed. He still remembered that Icehawk had personally led the troops to attack the Qin Clan when they were in Sky Harmony City. To think that he was actually a spy for their Qin Clan.

Even Qin Chuan was fooled. According to Qin Chuan, Icehawk was the vice commander of Qin Wu back when they still had military authority. After the Qin Clan was suppressed, he immediately switched his loyalties and gained the trust of the Royal Clan and Ye Clan by personally slaughtering many from the Qin Clan. Who would have expected that he would suddenly turn and backstab the Royal Clan at the most crucial moment.

“Never underestimate those with more experience,” Chu Wuwei murmured in a low voice, as he stared meaningfully at Qin Wentian.

If this was the case, Chu Tianjiao’s armies had completely lost their advantage. If he wanted to turn the situation, the only way was to go all out, using something he didn’t want to use.

This meant that this battle, was truly drawing to a conclusion.

A bone chilling smile suddenly appeared on Chu Tianjiao’s face as he stared at Chu Wuwei. “Elder brother, you forced me to do this. At this point in time, I must slaughter all of you. This is the only way I can salvage the situation.”

As the sound of his voice faded, light flickered and shadows flashed. Abruptly, four figures clad in blood-red robes appeared behind Chu Tianjiao. The aura exuded from them reeked of withered blood, as their eagle-like eyes gleamed with an unnatural coldness.

“Have you sunk so low as to ally yourself with these monsters? You have been nurturing them all this while, using the fresh blood from the innocent females abducted. Third brother, you are damned.” Chu Wuwei stared at the four figures. He could vaguely recognise them. By right, these people should have already passed away, yet they still lived on in this unnatural state.

“I don’t have the ability. These were left behind by our Ancestor

for us. If it weren't for your actions forcing me to the edge, how would I have chosen to do this?" Chu Tianjiao indifferently remarked. "The winners are crowned, the losers vilified. There's nothing more to say. Today, you Chu Wuwei, Qin Wentian, and the rest of my enemies shall be buried here."

As the sound of his voice faded, the four figures dashed towards Icehawk and his army, blood splattered and bodies decayed wherever they passed causing the Qin Allies to suffer tremendous casualties. The crowd turned pale with fright, they knew that these things weren't human.

"How cruel, these puppets were refined using insights gained from the Mandate of Blood. The one who refined them really ought to be slayed by Heaven's wrath." Old Gu and Ren Qianxing had incredibly ugly expressions on their countenances. However, the strength of the four blood puppets couldn't be denied.

At the same time, yet another group of Yuanfu cultivators soared through the skies. Upon seeing the person in the lead, those from the Emperor Star Academy involuntarily froze.

Nine Mystical Palace, Luo Qianqiu.

"Qin Wentian." Luo Qianqiu only had eyes for Qin Wentian. Lightning could be seen flickering in his eyes, as his killing intent soared unbridled.

The humiliation at the Jun Lin Banquet, he would cleanse it with Qin Wentian's blood today.

“I’m aware of the supreme expert guarding you, and so the Nine Mystical Palace has deployed a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in retaliation. There will be no escape for you today.” Luo Qianqiu stared at Qin Wentian, and as he calmly spoke, his words caused the hearts of many to sink.

Not only did the Nine Mystical Palace want to participate in this dispute, they had also sent out a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

Nothing could shake Luo Qianqiu’s resolve to kill Qin Wentian. And in order to meet this goal, he would undoubtedly cooperate with Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao also looked at Qin Wentian. A cold glint of laughter gleamed in his eyes as he laughed. “Today, there is no escape. Qin Wentian, today shall be the anniversary of your death!”

AGM 218 - Leaving The Safety Area

The vast majority living in the Royal Capital had their eyes on this battle, except for the Mo Clan.

The Mo Clan only focused their attention on Mo Qingcheng. The Pill Emperor's daughter Luo He had taken an immense liking to Mo Qingcheng and had urged Bai Fei as well as the others to hurry up and bring her back to their Pill Emperor Hall.

Currently, Hua Xiaoyun had many thoughts running through his head. This was because yesterday, his elder brother told him to try and form a good relationship with Mo Qingcheng. The reason for this was because the Pill Emperor's daughter Luo He, highly regarded her talent, and if Mo Qingcheng were to perform well in the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo He would introduce her into the tutelage of her own father - the Pill Emperor.

If she really became the disciple of the Pill Emperor, Mo Qingcheng's status in the Pill Emperor Hall would soar all the way to the top. By then, no matter where in the Grand Xia Empire she chose to go, there would always be a place for her.

Forget how 'great' or 'distinguished' Hua Xiaoyun was when at the Mo Residence. When the time came, someone with his level of talent would have already long been shunted to the side.

Thus, during the times where Hua Xiaoyun and old man Mo conversed, he would praise Mo Qingcheng's beauty and hinted that he had a liking for her. Leaving aside the level of his talent, using

his status as a basis, as well as the fact that he introduced an amazing teacher to Mo Qingcheng, how could old man Mo object? However this was not the time to force things on Mo Qingcheng. The only thing he could do now was to create more chances for Hua Xiaoyun to hang out with his granddaughter.

Mo Qingcheng only felt utter vexation. She was exceedingly irritated in her heart, but still had to feign civility. She was extremely worried about the state of affairs in the Royal Capital, wondering if that dumbo was still doing okay. She didn't want anything to happen to him.

“Miss, the battle will soon reach its conclusion. Those from the Nine Mystical Palace have finally appeared. Luo Qianqiu is also present and he wants to kill Qin Wentian.” At this moment, a subordinate relayed the latest news to Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng abruptly stood up, feeling something squeezing her heart as she clenched her little fist.

Upon seeing this scenario, an imperceptible cold intent flashed past Hua Xiaoyun's eyes. Why was Mo Qingcheng so agitated and nervous the moment Qin Wentian's name was mentioned? To the point where she even treated him, Hua Xiaoyun, like thin air. How could he lose out to this country bumpkin from Chu? How important was he in Mo Qingcheng's heart? The feeling of being given the cold shoulder because of that oaf really sucked, he felt extremely uncomfortable in his heart.

“Junior Sister, it's impossible for you two. Just forget him,” Bai Fei faintly stated, and she frowned.

“Qingcheng, your future will be incomparably glorious. Why are you behaving like this? Qin Wentian? He has no qualifications to fall in love with you,” Hua Xiaoyun added.

“What has this got to do with you?” Mo Qingcheng snapped as she coldly swept a glance at Hua Xiaoyun. She was already in a bad mood, how could she not be infuriated when these people were shooting sarcastic remarks one after another. At this moment, Mo Qingcheng reverted back to the cold and indifferent personality she had before she met Qin Wentian. This was the image she portrayed to the world. Only in front of Qin Wentian would she show her mischievous and adorable side.

The tone of Mo Qingcheng caused Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen as a terrifying glint of cold light flickered in his eyes.

“Hehehe.” Hua Xiaoyun laughed sinisterly in his heart. Mo Qingcheng had the gall to treat him like this? If it were not for him, would the Mo Clan have this opportunity? How could the Mo Clan have today? How could Mo Qingcheng be accepted as a disciple of the Pill Emperor Hall?

“I gave you face but you chose to ignore it. I shall soon let you know my prowess.” Hua Xiaoyun stared at the beautiful countenance of Mo Qingcheng as he fantasized in his heart. He wanted to see how cold would she still be when in the throes of passion.

Hua Xiaoyun flicked his sleeves and left, his actions causing Jing

Yu and Yan Qi to burst out into laughter. This silk-pants young master truly had a temper. They only felt joy seeing Hua Xiaoyun's hopes of wooing Mo Qingcheng get smashed into pieces.

Mo Qingcheng naturally didn't notice Hua Xiaoyun's attitude, and didn't know that she had offended him. In her heart, there was only Qin Wentian.

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Qin Wentian calmly stared at Luo Qianqiu and Chu Tianjiao. The intensity of their glares clearly portrayed how much they wanted his death.

The Nine Mystical Palace was the power supporting Chu's Royal Clan from the shadows. They were the ones that instigated the hunt for the Emperor Star Academy's students, unwilling to relent despite the dissolution of the academy. Not only that, through their machinations, even Diyi was grievously injured and then captured by the Nine Mystical Palace.

It filled Qin Wentian's heart with pain just thinking of the chains penetrated through Diyi's body as he was brought away. The old man's final mission to pave Qin Wentian's future path for him. His actions had been done all for the sake of Qin Wentian, to the extent where he didn't even care about his life.

The Nine Mystical Palace, must be destroyed.

This wasn't the first time Luo Qianqiu wanted to kill him. Back then he was still a weakling at the Arterial Circulation Realm, he

had no choice but to spare Luo Qianqiu and was even humiliated by Luo Tianya. Yet, Luo Qianqiu deserved to die for his many attempts on Qin Wentian's life.

Chu Tianjiao had treated the lives of his citizens like weeds, personally ordering for the young females of his country to be abducted, to be used as nutrients for nurturing the four blood puppets. With this kind of person as the Emperor, how could the country not be in dire straits?

Chu Tianjiao, similarly also deserved death.

“Wow wow wow, how awe-inspiring, mighty and imposing the Nine Mystical Palace is.” From afar, a voice tinged with heavy arrogance rang out, as two rows of silhouettes flew through the air.

Ouyang Kuangsheng brought over several of his followers from the Ouyang Clan, as well as those from the Jiang Clan (transcendent power). While his arrival wasn't unexpected, what caused Qin Wentian's gaze to freeze in slight astonishment was that the second row of silhouettes, were actually people from the Greencloud Pavilion.

“Qian Mengyu?” Luo Qianqiu's countenance turned unsightly. “Does your Greencloud Pavilion want a piece of the action as well?”

“Luo Qianqiu, to avenge your defeat from back then, you brought people from the Nine Mystical Palace to help you now? Do you

have no shame at all? Can't you defeat him by yourself?" Qian Mengyu coldly sneered.

"Hmph, to kill him? Do I look like I need to enlist the aid of my Nine Mystical Palace's members? It's just that he only knows how to hide in there, so I'm merely bringing more people to pressure him into coming out," Luo Qianqiu's voice was ice-cold as he pointed in Qin Wentian's direction. His loss to Qin Wentian at the Jun Lin Banquet back then was a black stain on his heart.

"Nicely said." Ouyang Kuangsheng's arms were crossed in front of his chest. He smiled, "Since the Nine Mystical Palace wants to come here and play, then we shall play. But let me say something first, after today's matter is concluded, Chu shall no longer be under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace. Since you're all already here, if you win, you will be the victors. But if you lose, you shall die. DON'T BE A P*SSY AND CALL EVEN MORE OF YOUR MEMBERS OVER!"

"What an impudent speech. Who are you?" Behind Luo Qianqiu, a supreme expert unleashed an extremely tyrannical aura, his eyes locking onto Ouyang Kuangsheng.

"Don't look at me like that. So what if you're a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? When your father me, stands in front of you, I don't believe you would even dare touch a single hair on my head." Ouyang Kuangsheng gave no pretence of cordiality as he stared at the old man. "Azure Continent, Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Clan. Since your Nine Mystical Palace wants to play, my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan shall accompany you in this game."

That Heavenly Dipper Sovereign stiffened, as shock widened his eyes. The Ouyang Clan? Why would those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan appear in Chu?

“This is what my Greencloud Pavilion feels as well. Since the Nine Mystical Palace wants to conclude matters, let’s let everything end here today. If Luo Qianqiu dies, so be it. If the Nine Mystical Palace still wants to continue playing their tricks in the future, likewise, my Greencloud Pavilion shall accompany you all in the game as well.”

Qian Mengyu’s attitude bewildered Qin Wentian, while the countenances of those from the Nine Mystical Palace turned ashen.

Never would they have predicted that both the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Greencloud Pavilion would have such an attitude.

Chu Tianjiao furrowed his brows, feeling that his plans were falling apart. This Ouyang Kuangsheng’s character was too rampant, he even dared to behave in such a manner when talking to a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. This caused Chu Tianjiao to feel that the Ouyang Clan was an existence that even the Nine Mystical Palace dared not offend.

“Qianqiu, matters are getting troublesome, we don’t have absolute odds of success,” the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Nine Mystical Palace intoned in a low voice.

Luo Qianqiu went silent for a moment before drawing in a deep breath. Since he came back to Chu today, how could he run back to

the Nine Mystical Palace with his tails between his legs? If he didn't take the chance to kill Qin Wentian today, where would he find him in the future?

"I, concur. Old Yan, go destroy the thirty-six drums," Luo Qianqiu indifferently commanded. The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign named Old Yan sighed as he nodded his head. Now, Luo Qianqiu's status within the Nine Mystical Palace was no longer the same as before. Since he wished to battle, Old Yan could only accompany him in this madness. It should be fine as long as he didn't cross the young master of the Ouyang Clan.

Old Yan acted. As a thunderous sound blasted out, the manifestation of a gigantic leg slammed down from the Heavens, right onto the thunder dragon.

Sounds of booming rang out, as the thunder dragon exploded from the impact. The manifestation of the Leg-type Astral Nova, continued sweeping downwards, the pressure emanated from it caused the white-robed men behind the thirty-six drums to spit out fresh blood as their countenance turned incomparably pale.

At this moment, a graceful figure floated upwards. Her appearance was just as mysterious and abrupt as before.

Raising her jade hands, Qing'er's entire body glimmered with Astral Light. Folding hand seals, a pure and vibrant lotus containing killing energy of such menacing quality, blasted towards the gigantic leg. The lotus expanded unceasingly, the power contained within it forcing the leg-type Astral Nova to be forcefully pushed back.

Two opposing silhouettes simultaneously dashed out. Old Yan as well as Qing`er soared towards the skies as the two Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns began their battle.

“Is this Qing`er’s true strength?” Qin Wentian mumbled, his gaze on Qing`er. Even during such a ferocious fight, her countenance still remained as otherworldly as before, like a faerie from the celestial realms.

“What a beautiful girl. Damn that Qin Wentian,” Ouyang Kuangsheng exclaimed somewhat jealously, “Wait, isn’t that the peerless beauty from the Celestial Lake Palace?”

“Ouyang, help me in settling the four blood puppets below.” Qin Wentian pointed to the four figures clad in blood-colored robes.

“Got it. You guys, go kill them,” Ouyang commanded, and behind him several experts flew out. At the same time, a few other vice-headmaster level experts from the Emperor Star Academy also pooled their efforts together, entrapping the four blood puppets.

Chu Tianjiao signalled with his hands, and momentarily, several Yuanfu experts on his side flew towards the balcony Chu Wuwei and Qin Wentian were on. That entire space instantly erupted into chaos. Towering killing intents and overflowing auras of destruction enveloped the Heavens and Earth, and even those spectators looking from afar felt stifled by the presences they felt.

Utter pandemonium, these were the only words that could

describe what was happening on the battlefield now. As the experts from the Nine Mystical Palace clashed against those from the Ouyang and Greencloud Pavilion, the Qin Troops slaughtered their way towards Chu Tianjiao. As for the balcony Chu Wuwei and Qin Wentian were on, they were the only two that remained as relaxed as before, while they surveyed the battlefield.

Luo Qianqiu and Chu Tianjiao hadn't made their moves as well. Luo Qianqiu was glaring at Qin Wentian as he icily stated, "I truly don't understand why so many people are willing to be meat-shields for you. Are you only capable of acting like a coward, hiding behind them?"

Obviously, Luo Qianqiu was trying to agitate Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian merely smiled at Luo Qianqiu, his response causing Luo Qianqiu to frown.

"During the Jun Lin Banquet, if it were not for your father being there to protect you, you would long be a dead man. What's ludicrous is that you are still foolishly trying to ridicule me, wanting to seek your own death." After speaking, Qin Wentian rose into the air. His actions caused the expressions of many to tighten. Qin Wentian was too important, those that cared about him would rather he remain on the balcony, with no risk of danger befalling him.

Qin Wentian naturally understood their intentions. However, with so many people supporting him, he had to show them unquestionably that he, Qin Wentian, was worth it for those that placed their hopes in him. He, Qin Wentian, wouldn't disappoint

them.

So, he chose to leave the balcony, bereft of the protection of Chu Mang, and stood amidst the countless gazes of the crowd.

Qin Wentian stared at Luo Qianqiu. When had he ever been afraid to battle? In the Jun Lin Banquet, all odds were against him, with every step taken filled with incredible difficulty. Yet, had he not managed to persevere all the way and eventually become the champion? Today, he wanted to tell those that had supported him that he, Qin Wentian, was worthy of their support!

“You will die within ten breaths of time,” Qin Wentian spoke indifferently, like stating a fact, causing the hearts of many to tremble. How arrogant were his words?

Ten breaths, he wanted Luo Qianqiu, the genius of the Nine Mystical Palace to perish within ten breaths of time!

AGM 219 - Power Of A Single Grab

Luo Qianqiu stood dumbly upon hearing Qin Wentian's words. As their meaning kicked in, Luo Qianqiu began to howl with maniacal laughter. Taking a step forward, lightning flashed as his Astral Souls were released, evoking streams of violet lightning to shroud his body. The endless streams of lightning contained a highly fearsome energy within.

For Stellar Martial Cultivators, the characteristic of lightning bestowed a piercing attribute to their attacks, causing them to be extremely domineering. After he broke through to Yuanfu, for his 3rd Astral Soul, Luo Qianqiu similarly condensed a lightning-type Astral Soul.

"I've never heard a joke this funny in my entire life." The streams of lightning weaved about his body, as he glowed with a resplendent violet light. The aura Luo Qianqiu exuded, was at the second level of Yuanfu.

"First breath," Qin Wentian serenely stated, he even stretched his fingers out, taking note of the passing time. Meanwhile, the Astral Energy within his body began to surge.

His long robes fluttered, his hair turned an inky black, as his eyes became increasingly fiend-like. His whole aura was tinged heavily with a demonic Qi, as his bloodline limit activated.

Within his body, the Yuanfu that corresponded with the Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul, as well as the Yuanfu that

corresponded with his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul rumbled. Terrifying amounts of Divine Energy was converted from the Astral Energy within these two Yuanfus. An instant later, the overbearing Divine Energy circulated throughout his entire body.

With three Yuanfus, Qin Wentian naturally had three times more energy reserves to 'waste' as compared to ordinary Yuanfu cultivators.

Luo Qianqiu's countenance turned wrathful as he heard Qin Wentian keeping note of the time. Drawing in a deep breath, an illusory form of a Lightning Revenant manifested behind him, further augmenting his strength.

"You truly don't know what death is. I shall let you taste the power of my Mandate," Luo Qianqiu spat out. Abruptly, Qin Wentian felt terrifying streams of energy slamming into his body, causing biting stabs of pain within his sea of consciousness. This attack was similar to what Xiao Lan had used back then.

These incredible streams of energy, were akin to countless arcs of lightning. Luo Qianqiu stood there motionlessly, while Qin Wentian felt his entire body growing numb from the thunder shocks.

"How are you feeling now?" Crazy laughter could be seen in the eyes of Luo Qianqiu as he stared at Qin Wentian.

"Third breath." Just as indifferent as before, Qin Wentian replied. He was still taking note of the passing time, his response

caused Luo Qianqiu's countenance to turn incredibly ugly.

Doesn't he know how terrifyingly powerful a Mandate was? Even if he didn't know, why was he acting like he felt nothing?

Qin Wentian continued to stand calmly, every single bit of his actions were overwhelmingly arrogant. It was as though the arrogance had seeped into his bones and blood. This was his natural bearing, that of a regal monarch looking down from the Heavens. As the Divine Yuan Energy fully circulated around his body, a forcefield of absolute obedience blasted outwards.

"Fourth breath," Qin Wentian continued, as Luo Qianqiu's smile froze. The stare he directed at Qin Wentian, was bone-chillingly cold. Qin Wentian's attitude felt like slaps raining on his face. What was Qin Wentian treating him, Luo Qianqiu, as?

Chu Wuwei serenely stood on the balcony. It was as though no matter what might happen, he would still be able to keep his composure.

In truth, he wasn't that confident in his chances of success for the dispute over the Emperor's throne. After all, the forces he could control were limited. His source of confidence came from Qin Wentian, there was no way his judgement would be wrong. Since he had already recognised Qin Wentian's talent, he had absolute trust in him. Thus, he unwaveringly believed that today's victor would surely be Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian being victorious, would also mean that he, Chu

Wuwei, would be victorious.

“Chu Mang, go protect Qin Wentian from sneak attacks. I’m worried that our third brother might do something against him,” Chu Wuwei commanded.

“Right.” Chu Mang soared out, standing stationary in the air at a place not far from Qin Wentian. His gaze was directed at Chu Tianjiao, taking note of his every movement. He would do anything his elder brother asked him to do.

“Fifth breath.”

As the sound of his words rang out, Luo Qianqiu’s countenance turned malevolent. Qin Wentian was humiliating him.

Drawing in deep breaths, Luo Qianqiu forcibly calmed himself. He knew that rage and anger were the greatest taboo when it came to combat. Yet he involuntarily felt this way because Qin Wentian was a tangled knot in his heart.

The seemingly inexhaustible amounts of violet lightning crackled, as they formed an incomparably immense sword of lightning. The illusory form of the Lightning Revenant behind Luo Qianqiu stretched its hands out, as it wielded the immense sword. The terrifying might the apparition exuded caused the hearts of those witnessing it to tremble.

Boom. Luo Qianqiu advanced forwards as the power from his

Mandate of Lightning infused the gigantic sword, the pressure bearing down on Qin Wentian.

“Ten breaths?” This must be the greatest joke ever in the Nine Heavens. He wanted to show all the spectators how pitiful Qin Wentian would look when the ten breaths of time was up, dodging his own attacks like a dog running away with its tail between its legs.

Just as Qin Wentian stated the six breath, Luo Qianqiu begun his attack. The dazzling sword of lightning slashed out with might, the tearing sound of the void akin to a god howling in anger, his attack was incomparably tyrannical.

“Thunder Beheading Slash!” Luo Qianqiu roared in anger, the gigantic sword of lightning slashed down with terrifying speed. The insights of the Mandate of Lightning were also incorporated into this attack.

First level of the Mandate of Lightning – Eruption. The cultivators’ speed and attack would be enhanced tremendously. Luo Qianqiu’s strike contained the insight of Eruption within it.

Qin Wentian inclines his head, the threatening force of the lightning sword felt as though it would penetrate his body. He could obviously sense how strong Luo Qianqiu’s strike really was. However, the conclusion of the battle today would put a punctuation mark on this war of Chu. Thus, to butcher Luo Qianqiu, he decided he would use the most overwhelming and dominant method at his disposal.

That fiendishly handsome countenance reflected cold arrogance. Qin Wentian stepped forwards and actually moved towards Luo Qianqiu, towards the direction of that terrifying gigantic sword.

The crowd only saw Qin Wentian thrusting his left hand up in the air in a grabbing motion. This scene caused the hearts of everyone to shudder, as incredulous expressions of disbelief and stupefied amazement appeared on their faces.

“Wentian.” Qin Chuan’s heart palpitated with fear. Many people had thought that Qin Wentian had gone crazy from the incredible pressure. He was only at the first level of Yuanfu, yet he dared to use his bare hands to catch that? The scenario of Qin Wentian getting sliced in half was already playing in their minds.

Those from the Nine Mystical Palace all had mocking expressions on their faces. How laughable that they had felt some fear for Luo Qianqiu earlier. After all, the pressure exuded from Qin Wentian didn’t lose out to a cultivator at the second level of Yuanfu. Yet in the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian seemed to have turned into a clown. How utterly ridiculous. Luo Qianqiu’s already terrifying sword-slash innate technique was further enhanced by lightning-type Astral Energy, as well as incorporated with his insights in the Mandate of Lightning. A technique of this power could effortlessly slay even a cultivator at the third level of Yuanfu, let alone a Qin Wentian.

This ignorant fellow actually wanted to catch it with his bare hands?

The blood seals within Qin Wentian's body thrummed, as a demonic will could be felt gathering in spirals within his palm. An almost endless amount of 'Mountain' type Divine Energy was being converted from the Astral Energy of the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, and then channelled unceasingly to his palm. Suddenly, a fearsome demonic Qi emanated; his palm was akin to a towering demon the size of a mountain, possessing heaven-shattering might.

Chi! Ruthlessness flashed in Luo Qianqiu's eyes, as the gigantic lightning sword descended.

Qin Wentian remained motionless and under the thunderstruck gazes of the crowd, his left palm grabbed hold of the monstrously sharp, terrifying gigantic lightning sword.

The pounding hearts of the crowd threatened to leap out of their chests, no words were sufficient to describe what they felt. Was that still the hand of a human? Even the hand of a demon wouldn't be so terrifying, right?

"He.. he grabbed it! He really managed to grab it!" The inky black hair of the youth fluttered in the wind, his bare palms were akin to defensive-type divine weapons. While held in Qin Wentian's grasp, the sword was as immovable as the great mountains, and Luo Qianqiu was unable to maneuver it.

"Monster," Ouyang Kuangsheng breathed in stupefaction. F*** his grandmother, was this an illusion? He was also at the first level of Yuanfu and all three of his Astral Souls originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, yet that strike of Luo Qianqiu still sent shivers

down his spine.

But Qin Wentian used his bare hands to grab it? And he succeeded? F*** his grandmother. Could he, Ouyang Kuangsheng, still be considered a genius?

He could faintly sense that as long as Qin Wentian wasn't killed by those in the Grand Xia Empire, he would definitely mature into a character that could summon the rains and hail the winds.

No one knew of the profound mysteries hidden within that grab of Qin Wentian's. With the domineering Astral Energy absorbed from the 5th Heaven Layer's Demon Sovereign Constellation; in addition to the fact that such a tyrannical energy was converted into 'Mountain-type' Divine Energy; as well as the augmentation of his bloodline limit, along with the enhancement of his physique thanks to the Fiend Transformation Art; and lastly... the first level of the Mandate of Force, Strength, boosting his strength by two folds. The combination of these factors was the reason why he could appear to 'casually' grab it with a single hand.

Only he knew of the factors that enabled him to do so. In the eyes of others, his casual movements were incredibly profound and caused great waves of extreme shock to rock their hearts. This was especially so for Luo Qianqiu, he didn't dare to believe his eyes. How could this be real?

Qin Wentian transformed into a blurry shadow as he dashed forwards, punching out with his right hand towards Luo Qianqiu.

How could Luo Qianqiu, who was still in shock, react in time? How could his hastily prepared defense defend against Qin Wentian's attack? With the insights of the Mandate of Force incorporated within, how could Qin Wentian's attack be weak? His strike instantly broke apart Luo Qianqiu's pathetic attempt at defense, slamming into his throat as he held Luo Qianqiu in a chokehold. Luo Qianqiu had to struggle just to breathe.

"Nine breaths," stated Qin Wentian, just as calm as before.

"If you dare to kill me, the Nine Mystical Palace will never let you go," Luo Qianqiu threatened. However, Qin Wentian only shook his head in disappointment. Luo Qianqiu said he was a coward hiding behind meat-shields, yet now that he was going to die, he actually still wanted to use the Nine Mystical Palace to intimidate him. Qin Wentian was truly disappointed.

"How many times have you attempted to kill me now? You still want to live on after you've lost? Ridiculous. Also, don't worry, I will definitely pay a personal visit to the Nine Mystical Palace and get back everything they owe me." The calm expression of Qin Wentian's face turned ice-cold as he abruptly tightened his fingers with a burst of strength. Luo Qianqiu howled in madness, but a moment later, his neck was snapped as his eyes turned lifeless.

"Ten breaths, whew just nice." Qin Wentian slowly released his chokehold, allowing Luo Qianqiu's body to fall unceremoniously onto the ground. Like he predicted, he only needed ten breaths of time to kill Luo Qianqiu, a genius who was at the second level of Yuanfu!

“This fellow.” Qian Mengyu was dumbstruck as she witnessed the domineering way in which Qin Wentian slaughtered Luo Qianqiu. This level of combat prowess was beyond terrifying. He was immeasurably stronger compared to back when he was facing against the three Swallow swordsmen. He was a true demon. Not only that, he had yet to join any of the transcendent powers. To be able to reach such a level of attainment now, how unimaginable would his prospects be in the future?

“Senior Gongyang’s judgement is truly admirable. It’s such a pity, but I don’t think it’ll be easy to recruit him into our Greencloud Pavilion.” With regret, Qian Mengyu sighed silently in her heart.

AGM 220 - Total Suppression

It had been far too long since Qin Wentian fought against someone. At this moment, just as many doubted his strength, the radiance of Luo Qianqiu's supposed talent could only serve as a backdrop for Qin Wentian's.

The death of that once dazzling number one in the Emperor Star Academy, a genius that was widely worshipped by many, could only serve the purpose of paving the pathway for Qin Wentian's glory.

The clenching feeling in Qin Chuan's heart finally dissipated. A gentle smile flickered in his eyes, as he stared at the silhouette of his son standing in the air.

"Wentian," Qin Chuan emotionally mumbled, he was truly happy. He had adopted Qin Wentian at a very young age, taking care of him until he turned 16. He was one of the select few that understood how much effort Qin Wentian put in, how much sarcasm he had to put up with when it was discovered that Qin Wentian's meridians were crippled. This lasted all the way till he was 16, but even before they could celebrate the fact that Qin Wentian was no longer crippled, the Qin Clan was flipped into chaos by the machinations of the Royal Clan. Luckily, all that had already passed. Qin Wentian was finally basking in the radiance he deserved.

A strange glow flashed in Qin Wu's eyes, but no one knew what he was thinking.

Yet, unexpectedly, Qin Wentian felt the premonition of extreme danger assailing his senses. Several of Chu Tianjiao's Yuanfu experts already in battle abruptly withdrew from their fights, shifted direction and flew explosively towards Qin Wentian. Their movements were adjusted to uniformity, as though all of it was already pre-planned.

“BE CAREFUL!” Ouyang Kuangsheng hollered. Chu Mang immediately reacted as a gigantic axe appeared in his hands. As he wielded it, terrifying undulations of the will of a Mandate could be felt gushing forth in waves.

The Great Axe Astral Soul was the 3rd Astral Soul condensed by Chu Mang. Back then, after he comprehended the Mandate of Arrows, Chu Wuwei instructed him to chop trees. Chu Mang naturally followed the instructions of his elder brother to the letter, staying a period of time within the Dark Forest, doing nothing but chopping trees day after day. At last, he felt that as long as he willed it, the tree would be split apart right through the middle. If he infused this will into his Axe, its might increased explosively.

After which, his elder brother Chu Wuwei informed him that ‘the will’ he gained, was the first level insight into the Mandate of Axe - Beheader.

His elder brother was widely read, and extremely knowledgable. Not only would he guide Chu Mang, Chu Wuwei would also spend his time guiding other talented orphans with pitiful fates, helping them to achieve the goals they wanted but couldn't because of a lack of strength. He taught them cultivation, guided them through

each and every step. Eventually, this group of people became the trusted aides of Chu Wuwei, and followed him willingly, not hesitating even if they had to die for him.

Naturally, Chu Mang knew that his elder brother truly cared for this group of people from the bottom of his heart. If not, Chu Wuwei wouldn't have such an esteemed position in their hearts.

Chu Mang stared at the incoming attackers, and directly chopped down with his axe, just like before, when he chopped down the trees. A mysterious energy slashed down as a golden light trailed behind. The Yuanfu cultivator he targetted didn't even have the time to scream before his body was split apart from the middle, as his blood sprayed out like bloody rain.

“WHO DARES TOUCH HIM?” Chu Mang roared in rage, as he dashed towards the other Yuanfu attackers. However at this moment, Chu Tianjiao pointed towards Chu Wuwei, as he laughed, “Chu Mang, don't you care about the life of your elder brother anymore?”

Chu Mang turned his head only to see another group of Yuanfu attackers flying towards Chu Wuwei, with killing intent apparent in their eyes. Chu Mang howled in madness as he turned and flew towards Chu Wuwei with explosive speed.

Chu Tianjiao coldly smiled, he knew too well Chu Mang's weakness. As long as Chu Wuwei was in the slightest bit of danger, he wouldn't care about anyone else. Currently, the majority of powerful experts of Chu Tianjiao were all engaged in battle. With Chu Mang in the way, how could he kill Qin Wentian?

After witnessing how tyrannically Qin Wentian butchered Luo Qianqiu, the intention to kill him didn't fade away from his heart. On the contrary, it strengthened his resolution that Qin Wentian had to die. He had to destroy Qin Wentian at all costs today, nipping this future problem in the bud.

Back when Chu Mang made his move, there were already several experts appearing beside Qin Wentian. This group of people had been concealing their auras from the start; they only had a single purpose today - to assassinate Qin Wentian.

“GO HELP QIN WENTIAN.” His other protectors was already rushing there, Chu Wuwei involuntarily scolded, “Ignore me, pay attention to third brother instead.”

At this moment, Chu Tianjiao walked towards Qin Wentian with a lantern held in his hands.

With a toss, that lantern was flung up into the air as Chu Tianjiao sent out a palm strike, shattering it into fragments. The lantern light illuminated the space between them, manifesting a sphere of light that enveloped Chu Tianjiao, Qin Wentian, as well as the assassins within it.

As the protectors of Chu Wuwei rushed over, the sphere of light had already fully formed. Summoning their strength and joining their attacks in unison, it was as though the energy of their attacks were sinking into a blackhole. There were no signs of damage on the sphere of light at all.

“This is the Liuli Lantern, a one-time use, 3rd grade top-tier divine weapon. Although this sphere of light can only last for the time an incense stick takes to burn, but because it’s a one-time use item, its sealing effects are even stronger than other similar 3rd grade sealing items. It’s impossible for Yuanfu cultivators to break this, only Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns have the power to do so.

Chu Tianjiao serenely stated, “Qin Wentian, your performance was indeed outside of my expectations, to think that you could even kill Luo Qianqiu. I have no choice but to waste this Liuli Lantern on you. Even if you die, you should be proud of this fact.”

Chu Tianjiao’s voice could be clearly heard by those outside the sphere of light. Their countenances were incredibly unsightly, as they put in even more effort into breaking apart the light sphere. However, their attempts were pointless. Just as Chu Tianjiao had said, it was impossible for Yuanfu cultivators to break this.

“Chu Tianjiao is working together with those other Yuanfu level experts, and now Qin Wentian is in danger. Chu Mang, you were too reckless.” Chu Wuwei frowned. The gazes of others in the vicinity were all directed at that location. It was as though, at least for this moment, the majority of cultivators had already lost their will to battle and would rather witness what would happen next instead.

“Wentian...” Ren Qianxing, Mustang and others from the Emperor Star Academy all had expressions of deep worry on their faces.

Although Qin Wentian's talent was strong and his combat prowess terrifying, Chu Tianjiao was the second ranked of the ten prodigies of Chu. Furthermore, who could be certain that other than the Liuli Lantern, he didn't have other powerful divine weapons in his arsenal?

They were all now gritting their teeth in frustration. They had been too careless, too engrossed in the battle between Qin Wentian and Luo Qianqiu, to the point where they had forgotten about Chu Tianjiao.

"Qin Wentian, what a pity you chose the wrong path. No matter how talented you are, you are fated to die here today," Chu Tianjiao calmly stated. In his heart, there was truly a hint of admiration for Qin Wentian. Sadly, no matter who it was, as long as they were his enemies, all of them had to die.

Qin Wentian didn't bother to reply. Walking forward, the demonic Qi he exuded grew stronger and stronger, as the coldness of his fiend-like eyes became even more pronounced.

At the same time, a heavy pressure bore heavily onto everyone in this entire space. The existence of the two sources of energy caused those within the sphere to feel unrest in their hearts.

The first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength, granted a two-fold enhancement of strength to the cultivator at the initial boundary.

The first level of insight of the Mandate of Demon,

Demonification, allowed one's physique to be akin to a demon, causing the basic essence of the human body to demonify. Afterwards, they would enter into a berserk state, allowing one's attack power to be multiplied by several-fold at the initial boundary.

A pair of demonic Garuda Wings manifested on Qin Wentian's back. However, they were no longer illusory like before but appeared to be corporeal instead.

“KILL HIM NOW!” Chu Tianjiao's countenance sank. He could sense that Qin Wentian had just underwent a terrifying transformation.

Bzzz~ In that instant, the assassins moved. They were equipped with sharp swords and daggers, with a speed so fast they resembled phantoms, able to assassinate their targets within the space of a single breath.

However, in the instant when they moved, Qin Wentian also began his own movements. The gusting sounds of a galewind rose up as Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, before vanishing from sight in the blink of an eye.

Boom! A terrifying sound rang out, Qin Wentian had grabbed hold of the head of one of the attackers and slammed him head first into the sphere of light's walls. Blood-colored crimson light sparkled ominously within his palms. The other attackers who now stood at Qin Wentian's original location, turned their heads as their eyes widened, revealing an expression of inconceivable disbelief on their faces.

“How fast!”

Earlier, they only saw a shadow flash past them. Qin Wentian’s speed was even faster when compared to flying-type demonic beasts and his strength... his strength was simply monstrous.

Qin Wentian smiled at the attackers, his cold eyes regarding them. After which, he sent out a palm strike shattering the cranium of the poor victim held in his grasp.

With another flap of his wings, he disappeared from sight. In fact, a small confined area like this sphere of light had given him an advantage instead. He was able to unleash his terrifying speed to their utmost limits.

“Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique – Yuanfu Manual,” Ren Qianxing breathed, as his heart pounded. Qin Wentian actually managed to cultivate the Garuda Movement Technique of the Yuanfu level to such an unimaginable extent. His movements resembled an actual garuda, it was as though he was born to cultivate this innate technique.

This was the first time Ren Qianxing witnessed someone that could execute the Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique at this level.

Chi! Yet another head from one of the attackers tumbled down to the ground.

Terrified screams rang out as yet another attacker's head exploded into pieces.

The assassins died one after another. Originally, they were supposed to be the experts in killing others, yet today they became Qin Wentian's prey instead. The sphere of light that was supposed to trap Qin Wentian, ended up trapping them instead.

Naturally the combat prowess of these assassins weren't that high, they were only proficient in sneak attacks and ambushes, using the element of surprise. Now that they had met such a freak like Qin Wentian, they could only wait to be slaughtered.

Chu Tianjiao's countenance turned green as he witnessed the assassins dying one after another. What was going on? Even if the combat prowess of the assassins weren't that high, how could they be so weak to the point where they could not even be able to withstand a single blow from Qin Wentian?

A raging wind billowed, Chu Tianjiao stepped forth as the mark of a dragon appeared on his palms. The roar of an angered dragon rang out as he blasted his palms forward.

Qin Wentian's answering palms were like the roiling waves of a tsunami, and only at the moment when their palms collided did Chu Tianjiao understand how terrifying Qin Wentian's strength was. He was at the third level of Yuanfu and had cultivated an extremely powerful innate technique named Seal of the True Dragon, yet Qin Wentian was able to match palms effortlessly

against him.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian shouted, as the blood-colored seal within his body manifested on his palms. As Chu Tianjiao was blasted into retreat, a golden ancient symbol appeared in front of him. It emanated a majestic air that caused the dragon roars of his Seal of the True Dragon to intensify in volume by several times.

“Seems like your Majesty was too busy scheming and plotting to the point that you’ve neglected your cultivation,” Qin Wentian coldly remarked. He stood there like an overlord, resembling a supreme demon from the ancient times, with an incomparably overbearing demeanor.

“Shut your trap!” Chu Tianjiao coldly hollered, as he activated the golden symbol. However at that moment, a blood-colored stone monument flew up as it hovered above the head of Qin Wentian. At the very next instant, BOOM. Chu Tianjiao felt the blood within his body circulating at an explosive speed, as his heart pounded in tandem.

“Do you think you are the only one that has divine artifacts?” Qin Wentian waved his hands causing the Yellow Springs Monuments to fly towards Chu Tianjiao. Panic could be seen in Chu Tianjiao’s eyes, he didn’t understand what was happening. Green veins protruded from his face, as he felt his blood vessels expanding. The intensity of the pounding of his heart almost drove him to madness. Be it in cultivation or competing in divine artifacts, Chu Tianjiao was still the loser.

“It’s time to conclude this farce.” Qin Wentian pointed at the

monument, whose crimson glow brightened as he channelled his will into it. Chu Tianjiao groaned, spitting out fresh blood as he stood there in defeat.

Qin Wentian soared upwards, standing in the space above Chu Tianjiao.

Endless regret flooded Chu Tianjiao as he glanced upwards, seeing how imperious Qin Wentian was as he looked down at him. Why didn't he snuff out Qin Wentian's life earlier back then when he had the chance? Now, there was no more time for regrets, it was already too late.

Would everything really end today?

AGM 221 - Last Words Of A Fallen Genius

Qin Wentian stared downwards at Chu Tianjiao. Ranked second of the ten prodigies of Chu, there was no need to doubt Chu Tianjiao's talent and strength, and yet, the disparity between him, and his brother Chu Mang, the first ranked of the ten prodigies, was actually so far apart. For the dispute of power and authority, Chu Tianjiao had neglected his cultivation. And as for Chu Mang, although he was simple-minded, his elder brother Chu Wuwei told him to put in more effort in his cultivation. Thus, he didn't bother with anything else and just frenziedly cultivated.

This turn of events left the crowd thunderstruck. When they saw Chu Tianjiao employing the effects of the Liuli Lantern, they thought Qin Wentian was finished for sure. Even when taking into consideration that Qin Wentian could defeat Luo Qianqiu, apparently Chu Tianjiao still underestimated him.

Maybe, during the fight with Luo Qianqiu, what Qin Wentian revealed was merely the tip of the iceberg. The demonised Qin Wentian from earlier was too terrifying, how deep was the extent of Qin Wentian's true capabilities? Not only that, the crowd couldn't even tell which Heavenly Layer his Astral Souls were condensed from.

“Chu Tianjiao, you wanted to seal me within, yet you yourself fell into a trap of your own making. With all your cleverness, did you ever imagine this day would come?” Qin Wentian stated as he looked at Chu Tianjiao.

Chu Tianjiao wiped the traces of blood from the corner of his

mouth, as a crazed look of amusement could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“I’ve underestimated you. Not just me, I think the whole of Chu, including your grandpa Qin, have underestimated your true capabilities,” Chu Tianjiao slowly continued, “No one would have thought that in the short span of two years, you would actually reach such a level. I admit that back then when I could still kill you, not regarding you highly enough was a mistake on my part. A mistake that led to this situation today.”

“Chu Tianjiao, even now do you not regret your actions? Framing loyal citizens and even offering the blood of innocent females as a sacrifice to the blood puppets. Your actions are too inhumane,” Qin Wentian coldly stated as he stared at Chu Tianjiao.

“You are too naïve,” Chu Tianjiao coldly retorted, “Ever since the beginning of time, the winners will be the victors, while the losers will be vilified. The seats of Emperors and Monarchs were always made from mountains of bones from corpses. As for framing loyal citizens? Are you referring to your grandfather, Qin Wu? From your impression of him, he’s a kindly old man. What a joke, if he was just an ordinary peace-loving old man, would he command a character like Icehawk to be undercover for so many years? If he was an ordinary old man, how would he be able to escape from the Black Stronghold?”

Chu Tianjiao stared mockingly at Qin Wentian, “How much do you understand about your grandfather, Qin Wu? Do you know why he was so certain I wouldn’t dare kill him? Why did he

recklessly allow himself to be captured by me? Do you know how many spies he had under his control? And as for my father's illness, ever since the Wu King's death, why did my father contract that illness with such incredible timing? Do you think this was all merely coincidence? My father was a Yuanfu expert, how can he succumb so easily to an illness?"

Chu Tianjiao's words caused Qin Wentian's brows to furrow. The death of the previous Chu Emperor had something to do with Qin Wu? Qin Wentian shifted his glance to Qin Wu, only to see his grandfather clad in a suit of armor sitting on horseback, looking as though he was never as calm as this before.

"If you're talking about informant networks, I'm afraid that even my Royal Clan would lose out to Qin Wu." Chu Tianjiao laughed sarcastically.

"The blood debt you owe shall be repaid in full, regardless of what you say today," Qin Wentian calmly replied. Even if he discounted the Qin Clan, what about the Emperor Star Academy? The death of Mountain and Zi Jun? To avenge them, Chu Tianjiao had to die.

Chu Tianjiao laughed, "Since I've lost, why should I fear death? I'm saying all this not because I want to beg for my life. I, Chu Tianjiao, have never truly admired anyone before in my life. I respected my elder brother, Chu Wuwei, for his intelligence, I respected, Qin Wu, for his ruthless methods. As for the Wu King, I didn't have the chance to witness his glory before he departed from this world. But today, I admire you Qin Wentian, I admire you completely."

“You are not as intelligent as Chu Wuwei, nor are your methods as ruthless as Qin Wu. What you have is an undying resoluteness and a heart that never fears defeat. No matter how powerful an obstacle is blocking your way before you, your determination never wavers. This is something that I admired you for, and also something I lacked. Your talent for cultivation is truly monstrous, and I hope you can advance further on the path you’ve chosen. As for the Emperor’s throne, grant it to my elder brother, Chu Wuwei. There’s no one more suitable compared to him.”

Chu Tianjiao spoke slowly. After which, he slammed a palm strike right onto his heart. Blood splattering sounds rang out as his heart was crushed into a pulp, yet there was still a smile on his face. After which, his eyes closed forever as he descended into death.

A talented proud son of Heaven, had chosen to die by suicide.

He lost to the current circumstances and lost to Qin Wentian. To a person like him, defeat was worse than death. He had his own pride and wasn’t willing to beg for his life, nor live by being tortured by others. By committing suicide, at least he would die on his own terms.

The surrounding battles paused. Countless people raised their heads, staring at Chu Tianjiao, involuntarily feeling sadness in their hearts. Was he wrong or was he right? Yet as time had proven, the only ones who were right were the winners that could write history.

Everything ended, Chu Tianjiao had fallen.

Yet the words before his death were extremely thought provoking.

Chu Tianjiao's death didn't really cause Qin Wentian to feel pleasure. He only felt slightly more relaxed. After all, he had given Mountain an answer, given the Emperor Star Academy an answer.

The curtains on this war of Chu could finally close as a new chapter began.

Now, Qin Wentian was having a headache. So, who to assume the rulership of Chu? Qin Wu or Chu Wuwei?

And just like what Chu Wuwei had told him before, the one in control of Chu's future wasn't Chu Tianjiao, Chu Wuwei nor Qin Wu. It was him, Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's position was also the Emperor Star Academy's position. If he supported Chu Wuwei, the experts of the Emperor Star Academy would naturally forsake Qin Wu. His position, was also the position of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Greencloud Pavilion. These two transcendent powers would settle any backlash from the Nine Mystical Palace.

His position was also Qing'er's position, the position of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

As the sphere of light dissipated, Chu Tianjiao's body fell to the ground. Chu Mang flew upwards as he caught hold of his third brother, before bringing the corpse to Chu Wuwei.

Chu Wuwei hugged the body of his brother, as he closed his eyes and sighed. Power was unfeeling. Being born in a royal family was not as luxurious as what others might think.

BOOM!

A body hurled downwards from the skies, slamming ruthlessly onto the ground. This was none other than the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Nine Mystical Palace that fought against Qing`er.

“Cough cough.” Qin Wentian coughed as he inclined his head only to see the graceful figure of Qing`er descending.

Qing`er's beautiful eyes stared at Qin Wentian, as though asking what she should do next.

“This matter is already concluded. Those from the Nine Mystical Palace can now leave. Go and tell the Nine Mystical Palace's three factions of power that they are not allowed to step within the boundaries of Chu ever again. If they dare to defy the agreement made earlier, be prepared to face the consequences and suffer the flames of fury of my Ouyang Clan,” Ouyang Kuangsheng icily commanded. He seized the chance to speak before Qin Wentian, he didn't want Qin Wentian to be too overbearing.

Ouyang knew that with his status, nothing would happen to him. But as for Qin Wentian, who wanted to roam the Grand Xia Empire in the future, and considering Qin Wentian's current level of power, it wouldn't be good if he pushed the Nine Mystical Palace too much. Only when he became strong enough in future should Qin Wentian storm the Nine Mystical Palace to get back what he was owed.

If a transcendent power was determined to deal with someone, Qin Wentian's life in the future would be unbearably tough. At the very least, with him acting the role of the overbearing bully, he would be able to buy some time for Qin Wentian to grow.

“This goes for Greencloud Pavilion, as well. From today onwards, we will terminate all forms of relationship with the Nine Mystical Palace. Tell your leaders if they want to barge into Chu, my Greencloud Pavilion will be the first to take action,” Qian Mengyu's position was the same as Ouyang Kuangsheng's, with her words causing those from the Nine Mystical Palace to turn incomparably unsightly.

That earlier Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who was defeated by Qing'er said nothing. He merely waved his hands as he brought the remnants of those from the Nine Mystical Palace away.

Today, the Nine Mystical Palace had truly lost on all grounds. They no longer had the face to come back to Chu.

With the protection of both the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and the Greencloud Pavilion, the leaders of the Nine Mystical Palace wouldn't rashly take action for the sake of a deceased Luo Qianqiu.

But, with Luo Tianya's personality, he would surely make a move against Qin Wentian, the murderer of his son.

Soon after the departure of the Nine Mystical Palace, the four blood puppets were beheaded. By then, the situation was fully under control.

Now, the only question was whom should the authority to rule belong to? As well as the matter of future settlement of the grievances and grudges created here today.

"Wentian," Qin Wu called out. Qin Wentian shifted his glance over to Qin Wu, yet he no longer felt the same emotions as he used to. Looking upon his adopted grandfather, the past feelings for that kindly old man no longer stirred up warm memories in his heart. On the contrary, he felt as though he was looking at a stranger.

"All thanks to you, our Qin Clan was finally avenged. Now, only the Ye Clan is remaining, we should finish them swiftly. Why don't I take charge first?" Qin Wu smiled, his countenance serene.

However, Qin Wentian lightly shook his head. "Grandpa Qin, it's already chaotic enough. According to the agreement, I think it's a better idea for you to pull back your troops outside of the Royal Capital."

Qin Wentian's words caused Qin Wu to be stunned, as well as expressions of bewilderment and astonishment to appear on the face of many. Was Qin Wentian hinting to Qin Wu that he should give up on his attempts of securing the rulership?

“Wentian, I’m still worried,” Qin Wu continued, “I, Qin Wu, do not hanker after power or riches. I’m already so old, I don’t ever want my descendants to suffer what I went through again. How about after I stabilise Chu, your father Qin Chuan shall be the one to ascend the throne?”

Qin Wentian froze, as he glanced towards Qin Chuan.

Qin Chuan cast a glance to his father Qin Wu, and then towards Qin Wentian, and his eyes made clear his internal conflict. He then drew in a deep breath, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. “Wentian, I will respect your wishes, just make the decision according to what your heart tells you.”

Qin Wentian nodded, as a radiant smile blossomed on his face. “Thank you, father.”

“May I request to speak privately with general Qin Wu?” At this moment Chu Mang escorted Chu Wuwei towards Qin Wu. Chu Wuwei made a gesture of invitation, signalling to an area not far from there.

Qin Wu frowned, but he still followed Chu Wuwei to the side.

“General Qin Wu, everything should have already been concluded. After I become the Emperor, I will grant several cities to the Qin Clan, as well as bestow upon you a Kingship. As for those that threw in their lot to support you, I vow I will not touch them in revenge. I only hope that they will be able to defend Chu

from external threats,” Chu Wuwei stated.

Qin Wu gazed at him, before calmly replying, “What if I disagree?”

“There are some things I don’t wish to make too transparent,” Chu Wuwei just as calmly replied, “I also don’t wish to influence the relationship between you and Qin Wentian. In the Royal Capital, exactly how many people were capable of killing Xiao Lan? Gu He was precisely one of the few that could. Gu He was a protector of my third brother, Chu Tianjiao and was once a follower of the former Emperor, my father. Yet when Xiao Lan had died, Gu He wasn’t by the side of my brother.”

“Not only that, I also knew that Gu He, before he changed his name, was a follower of the Wu King back in his days of glory,” Chu Wuwei slowly continued, leaving the rest unsaid, as his words caused the pupils of Qin Wu to narrow.

AGM 222 - Time Is Like A Dream

Qin Wu naturally understood what Chu Wuwei was hinting at.

The fury of the Nine Mystical Palace had descended onto the Royal Clan of Chu and the Emperor Star Academy all because of Xiao Lan's death, and thereby diminished the powers of both parties, getting rid of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from both sides. The only one that stood to profit the most, was undoubtedly Qin Wu.

“General Qin, pull your forces out of the Royal Capital according to our agreement. I have no wish to pursue the grudges and grievances of the past. Just let the hatred of the past generation dissipate like the wind,” Chu Wuwei calmly spoke. Qin Wu stared at Chu Wuwei silently, as a murderous glint flashed in his eyes.

“General Qin, Qin Wentian isn't that simple-minded. He has already deduced many things, it's just that he didn't want to say too much. If you insist on stubbornly clinging to your course, you have to be prepared that he may sever his ties with your Qin Clan. Killing me here now equates to you admitting that back then, the masked man who stabbed Qin Wentian through his heart, was sent there on your orders.”

Chu Wuwei's gaze sharpened, staring at Qin Wu. That day during the clash between the Royal Clan and Emperor Star Academy, Qin Wentian was almost assassinated. Because of that assassination attempt, the relationship between the Royal Clan and the Emperor Star Academy became like fire and ice. And that was already considering the fact that Qin Wentian didn't die. If Qin Wentian

had died back then, the Emperor Star Academy would definitely have gone mad and stormed the Royal Clan, leading to heavy casualties to the point of almost total annihilation on both sides.

Qin Wu stared back at Chu Wuwei in silence, his countenance ice-cold. After a long time, he smiled and stated, “Fine, fine. I’ve never treated Chu Tianjiao as my opponent, yet I didn’t expect that despite all my plans and preparations, I would still lose to the inconspicuous elder prince that didn’t want to join the fight for power. Chu Wuwei, you’ve won.”

After speaking, Qin Wu turned and walked away.

Qin Wentian followed after Qin Wu, seeing that the private conversation between Qin Wu and Chu Wuwei had ended.

Everything, was finally concluded.

“Relay my orders, prepare to retreat outside the Royal Capital.” Qin Wu returned to where he originally stood, as he commanded in a loud voice. The surrounding troops were all stunned by his decision. Turning their heads to glance at Qin Wentian, they couldn’t help sighing in their hearts before obeying Qin Wu’s orders.

Had Qin Wentian come to a decision?

“Wentian.” Qin Chuan hadn’t departed, staring at the silhouette of his son up in the air.

Qin Wentian descended, landing beside Qin Chuan as he smiled apologetically, “Father, your son is unfilial.”

“Silly child.” Qin Chuan rubbed Qin Wentian on his head. In his eyes, no matter how Qin Wentian acted, he would always be a little kid to him. Qin Wentian was his son, and his pride.

“After our paths separate, I will no longer be able to help you. You have to take care of yourself.” Qin Chuan sighed.

“Don’t worry father, I will frequently return to Sky Harmony to visit you.” Qin Wentian held the hand of his father, giving it a tight squeeze. Regardless of what Qin Wu’s personality might be, Qin Chuan would always be his father.

“Hey little fellow, you’ve grown up.” Qin He and Qin Ye grinned, as they walked over.

Seeing the broken arm of Qin He, Qin Wentian felt an indescribable feeling in his heart. This was the price one had to pay for the vying of power. He wondered if Qin Wu would feel shame for his own actions.

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian walked forwards to embrace his second and third uncle into a hug. “Second Uncle and Third Uncle, take care of yourselves in the future.”

“Don’t worry about us.” Qin He carefreely smiled, as though the

fact that he had a broken arm didn't bother him.

“When you are roaming the world, remember to keep a lower profile. Be cautious in all things you do,” Qin He instructed.

“Smelly kid, when you have great accomplishments in the future, don't you dare forget about this third uncle of yours.” Qin Ye laughed loudly, as he heavily patted Qin Wentian on his shoulder.

They had seen Qin Wentian climbing up from a cripple up to the point where his talent had awakened. Now that Qin Wentian reached this step today, they truly felt gratified in their hearts. Qin Wentian was of their Qin Clan, and even though he didn't give the rulership to them, it wouldn't affect their feelings of kinship towards him.

The men of Qin Clan, were all men of character.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian heavily nodded his head.

“Haha, enough from us, there's still a brat that wishes to talk to you.” Qin He and Qin Ye stepped aside, and following which, Qin Wentian saw a beautiful young woman walking over to him. This person, was none other than his sister, Qin Yao.

“Sister, you are still so enchanting, even when clad in armor.” Qin Wentian grinned.

“Flowery words don't work on me.” Qin Yao rolled her eyes as

she smiled, “What are your plans in the future?”

“I plan to roam the Grand Xia Empire in the near future,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Mhm, considering your talent, your decision is right. Chu is too small for you.” Qin Yao nodded in agreement. “However, doesn’t that mean it would be very difficult for us to see you in the future?”

Thinking of this, a vague hint of sadness could be seen in Qin Yao’s eyes. The two of them had grown up together and were exceptionally close.

“How can this be? How would I bear to stay away from seeing my beautiful sister for long periods of time,” Qin Wentian joked, trying to cover her sadness. Qin Yao understood his intention. Stepping forwards, moving even closer, Qin Yao tiptoed and gave a light kiss on Qin Wentian’s forehead.

After which, Qin Yao ran off, turning her head while giggling, “Smelly brat, remember to come back and visit your sister often in the future.”

Looking at the departing back view of Qin Yao walking away, Qin Wentian heavily nodded his head.

The troops of the Qin Clan gradually all departed. Qin Wu didn’t even say a word of farewell or interacted with Qin Wentian. Maybe

he was blaming Qin Wentian, or maybe he was ashamed of all the things he had done. But no matter what, Qin Wentian knew that Qin Chuan, Qin He, Qin Ye and Qin Yao would always be his family.

In order to not affect their familial ties, it would be better to let bygones be bygones.

Just like what Chu Wuwei had said to Qin Wu, Qin Wentian wasn't that simple-minded. He had already deduced the truth of many things, but choosing to let go of these matters would be better for everyone.

The departure of the Qin Troops, the fall of Chu Tianjiao; Qin Wentian believed that with the capabilities of Chu Wuwei, he would easily be able to control any ensuing consequences. No one was more familiar than Chu Wuwei regarding the various power factions of Chu.

Chu Wuwei walked to the side of Qin Wentian, smiling at him. "Give me some time to settle the aftermath of this war. I'll treat you to wine when I'm done."

"Right." Qin Wentian smiled, as he too, walked away.

Those from the Ouyang Clan and Greencloud Pavilion accompanied Qin Wentian as they left. And as for that ephemeral beauty Qing'er, she had long disappeared from sight. The storm that had been brewing in Chu, was finally over.

Qin Wentian chose to disappear from the public eye, yet pieces of rumors and news regarding him spread like wildfire all around Chu.

Not two years had passed since this young man stepped into the Royal Capital, yet he was capable enough to re-write the history of Chu.

There was no one in Chu that did not know of his name. It was said that he slayed Luo Qianqiu, a genius of the Nine Mystical Palace at the second level of Yuanfu in only ten breaths of time.

It was said that he overwhelmingly destroyed Chu Tianjiao with absolute strength.

It was also said that Qin Wentian, who had the authority of rulership in his hands, had chosen Chu Wuwei rather than the Qin Clan.

Naturally these pieces of rumors and news became more and more exaggerated as time passed, but one thing was for certain; Qin Wentian was the person who decided the rulership of Chu.

A cool breeze of wind gusted over the vast expanse of land that was the Royal Capital. After Chu Wuwei was ordained as the Emperor, he immediately issued an imperial decree stating that because of the actions his father, the previous emperor, had committed, the Qin Clan was wronged and suppressed to the extent that they were forced to rebel. The reasons behind their actions were understandable, no punishment or blame shall be

allocated to those that had supported the Qin Clan. Not only that, Qin Wu was bestowed Kingship, taking over the position of the Wu King and granted the administration rights of Sky Harmony City and over ten other cities. The troops under Qin's command were to return and guard the borders, not to leave without permission ever again.

At the same time, the rebuilding of the Emperor Star Academy commenced, re-establishing their position as the number one cultivation academy in Chu. Chu Wuwei himself was granted the position of a honorary elder by Ren Qianxing and would instruct and guide students from time to time. This caused many to speculate, wasn't Chu Wuwei a cultivation cripple? How would he be able to guide the students?

After the imperial decree was passed, the Wu King, Qin Wu, swept his gaze over the Royal Capital before leading his troops away. That glance contained a myriad of emotions, too complicated to decipher.

Life and death are determined by destiny, wealth and riches are decreed by the Heavens!

If he knew Qin Wentian would turn out to be so powerful today, he would surely have planned things differently.

Sadly, everything had ended. Chu Wuwei wasn't Chu Tianjiao and wouldn't give him another opportunity to mobilise his forces again. In the gamble this time round, he could clearly sense how formidable Chu Wuwei was. In terms of intelligence and strategy, Chu Wuwei was unequalled in Chu.

Qin Wu missed the chance he had to become the Emperor; he would never have the opportunity ever again.

Qin Wu's heart was filled with regrets, similar to the hearts of those in the Bai Clan.

Bai Qingsong and Autumn Snow, stood outside a luxurious mansion. The once illustrious Ye Clan's Mansion was now deserted, emanating a cold and cheerless aura.

"The Ye Clan is finished." After Bai Qingsong destroyed his cultivation, he aged tremendously. With a head filled with white hair, he gazed calmly at the Ye Clan's Mansion with an indescribable feeling in his heart.

Autumn Snow nodded in agreement. The Ye Clan was finished.

In this gambling bet, the Ye Clan had chosen to side with Chu Tianjiao. Their forces were utterly decimated in the war and after everything was concluded, Chu Wuwei restructured the authority and power in the Royal Capital, causing the Ye Clan to fall from nobility and into destitution.

They had lost everything.

"The affairs of the world are unpredictable," Bai Qingsong deeply lamented. Who would have thought that the illustrious Ye Clan, second only to the Royal Clan in the past, would have fallen so

swiftly? And who would have imagined that the Qin Clan that was in imminent peril back then, would actually become a force that had the power to sweep past everything in Chu?

Also, who would have ever guessed that the young cultivation cripple back then, wouldn't even require two years to become someone that could determine the fate of Chu.

If he could predict the future, how would he, Bai Qingsong, make the choice he did back then?

“Time, is like a dream...” Bai Qingsong turned as he departed. His countenance turned wizened, his back stooped with age.

Witnessing how drastically her father's appearance had changed into that of a feeble, old man, Autumn Snow silently wept, tears streaking down her face.

AGM 223 - The Useless Second Young Master

Chu Wuwei quickly settled the remaining aftermath and prioritised the rebuilding of the Emperor Star Academy.

The ultimate winner of this fight for royal authority actually landed in the hands of Chu Wuwei, the weakest out of all the forces that contended for power. From this, one could see how capable Chu Wuwei was, his remarkable achievements causing the citizens of Chu to feel gratified in their hearts.

Over at the Emperor Star Academy, Qin Wentian looked upon the various buildings that were being rebuilt, rising from the ground. The Emperor Star Academy restarted their recruitment for new students, as the previous batch of students returned, gradually regaining their glory of the past.

“I thought I would never see this day come again in my lifetime. Who would have thought that day would come so fast.” Ren Qianxing stood beside Qin Wentian, as hints of happiness could be seen in his eyes. Naturally, he was exceptionally happy to witness the revival of the Emperor Star Academy.

“The Emperor Star Academy will be just like what we were in the past, the number one academy in Chu.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he stared at the prospective new students, their still childish faces reminded him of himself from back then.

“I’ve never doubted Chu Wuwei. He is different from Chu

Tianjiao, and so Chu will definitely have a more prosperous future in his hands,” Ren Qianxing mumbled as he continued in a low voice, “Sadly, my adopted father won't have the chance to witness this. The Nine Mystical Palace... I don't even know whether my father is alive or dead now. I, Ren Qianxing, am too useless.”

The adopted father in his speech, was naturally referring to the Headmaster of the Emperor Star Academy, Diyi.

“Nothing will happen to the Headmaster. One day, I will storm the Nine Mystical Palace.” Qin Wentian's gaze turned sharp. If it were not for the support from the Ouyang Clan and Greencloud Pavilion, Qin Wentian knew that with his current power, he would still be helpless to stop the Nine Mystical Palace from doing what they wanted.

“I believe you.” Ren Qianxing smiled. Qin Wentian's talent was monstrous, yet his character was just.

He once misjudged Luo Tianya, but this time around, he knew his judgement was right.

“Wentian.” A voice drifted over from behind. Mustang, Luo Huan and Fan Le had arrived.

“Teacher, Sister Luo Huan.” Qin Wentian smiled.

“What are your plans in the future?” Mustang looked at Qin Wentian as he asked.

“I’m planning to roam the Grand Xia Empire.” After the storm in Chu had concluded, he wanted to roam the vast world, tempering himself with the experience gained.

“Do you want to bring me along, your lovely sister Luo Huan?” Luo Huan giggled, her personality was as though it had reverted back to how it was in the past, before Mountain’s death.

“Why not? I couldn’t ask for anything more if I had a great beauty like Senior Sister accompanying me on my journey.” Qin Wentian grinned.

“You are getting better and better at sweet-talking.” Luo Huan rolled her eyes, “I’m kidding, even if I tagged along with you, I would only be a burden. I plan to stay here first, and only leave after a period of time.”

“Okay. What about you, Fatty?” Qin Wentian turned to Fan Le.

“Me?” Fan Le squinted his eyes and stated somewhat depressedly, “Initially I wanted to roam the world with you, but the distance between our talents are too far apart. Forget it, I think I’ll stick with our beautiful Senior Sister.”

“...” Qin Wentian stared at the ‘serious’ expression on Fan Le’s face as he went speechless. Even if he wanted to tag along with beautiful girls, he could at least find a better excuse right...?

“Did I say you are welcome to stick to me?” Luo Huan laughed, causing Fan Le’s straight face to turn crestfallen.

“Forget it, I can only suffer and follow him instead.” Fan Le cast a glance at Qin Wentian, as he sighed helplessly, and Qin Wentian didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at Fatty’s antics.

In reality, Fan Le’s talent wasn’t bad at all. Following the events where Qin Wentian saved Mustang and Luo Huan from their imprisonment, he realised that Fan Le had already broken through to Yuanfu. Luo Huan teased Fan Le, asking him whether the reason behind his breakthrough was due to her? Fan Le honestly replied with his customary sweet tongue, saying that even in his dreams, he wanted to save Luo Huan, and thus he ‘accidentally’ broke through to Yuanfu.

Fan Le was the first friend Qin Wentian had made when he stepped into the Royal Capital. Without a doubt, both of them would give their lives for each other. He naturally hoped that Fan Le would be able to roam the world with him. To be honest, other than being a little horny and extremely shameless, Fan Le had no other flaws.

“Would you be interested in practicing cultivation with the Greencloud Pavilion?” At this moment, a silhouette walked over. A slender looking woman with a beautiful countenance and dignified demeanor appeared; this was none other than Qian Mengyu.

Qian Mengyu smiled at Qin Wentian, extending an invitation to him.

Qin Wentian was grateful for all the support he received from the Greencloud Pavilion this time around. He had already forgotten about the unhappy matters that had occurred in the refinement grounds. However, he had no wish to join any transcendent powers this soon and thus, he couldn't possibly agree and accept Qian Mengyu's invitation.

"I want to travel on my own for now, roaming the Grand Xia Empire, seeing the world outside. I will decide again in the future as to which of the transcendent powers I want to join." Qin Wentian smiled.

"Haha, fine. When you wish to join any transcendent powers, you have to remember to consider my Greencloud Pavilion, okay? After all, I'm the first to extend the invitation to you." Qian Mengyu smiled back. There was no longer any hints of superiority in her tone or actions. She had already considered Qin Wentian as someone who had the same status as her.

"I definitely will." Qin Wentian laughed as he nodded.

"Since this is the case, I shall bid farewell first. Let's meet if we have the chance to, in the future." Qian Mengyu smiled gently, it was time for her to leave as well.

"There will certainly be a chance in the future. At that time don't pretend you don't know me, the stray wandering cultivator," Qin Wentian joked as he laughed.

Qian Mengyu departed, and gazing at her back view, Fan Le lamented, “Why is it always you that has such amazing luck with women?”

Fatty shook his head dispiritedly, leaving the area as though he suffered from some psychological impact, causing Qin Wentian to be speechless.

Some time after the departure of those from the Greencloud Pavilion, Ouyang Kuangsheng also bade his farewell. After all, the reason he came to Chu was to look for Qin Wentian, and now that the matter in the Dark Forest was soon coming to an end, it was about time that he left.

However, he believed that he was definitely fated to meet with Qin Wentian in the future.

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Mo Clan.

Mo Qingcheng had always been monitoring the news from the Royal Capital, and only upon knowing the conclusion did her heart calm down.

She felt really happy in her heart, happy for Qin Wentian. She heard that he easily defeated Luo Qianqiu, who was at the second level of Yuanfu, and also tyrannically suppressed Chu Tianjiao in

an overwhelming manner. Such impressive combat prowess caused Mo Qingcheng to be filled with anticipation regarding Qin Wentian's future.

As Mo Qingcheng was filled with her own worries in monitoring the situation of Chu, old man Mo was worrying about when she would leave to join the Pill Emperor Hall. As for matters regarding Chu, he had no interest in them at all. He had seen too many things when roaming the world, how could he put matters of a small Chu Country in his heart. So what if Qin Wentian was victorious in everything? So what if he his talent was above average? In the end, he achieved what he had achieved due to the efforts of others. What could he accomplish on his own?

Old Mo sat frowning in a pavilion, feeling extremely depressed in his heart. Earlier, Bai Fei came over and told him that if Mo Qingcheng continued delaying her decision, and refused to return with them, she would definitely report this to her teacher.

“Old Mo, you don't need to be too worried. I think Qingcheng is waiting for Qin Wentian to leave Chu before she would bear to leave. Why not just give her a few more days?” Hua Xiaoyun sat opposite to Old Mo, smiling at him.

“This lass is too outrageous.” Old Mo felt even more infuriated upon hearing Hua Xiaoyun's words. “Why the hell is she so obsessed with Qin Wentian?”

“Well, Qingcheng is still young after all, and she didn't really have the opportunity to interact with many people. I'm sure her thinking will change after her stint in the Grand Xia Empire,” Hua

Xiaoyun consoled.

“Maybe.” Old man Mo sighed, “Xiaoyun, you should interact more with Qingcheng. Although her personality is a little stubborn, her character is really good. You shouldn’t be too bothered about what happened previously.”

“No problem, how would I be bothered about such a small thing?” Hua Xiaoyun shook his head and laughed. “Old Mo, why don’t I try persuading Qingcheng?”

Old Mo muttered to himself irresolutely, he knew that Hua Xiaoyun was trying to woo Mo Qingcheng. He also hoped that the two of them would end up together but yet, his grand daughter seemed to dislike Hua Xiaoyun.

“Right, you should talk more to her.” Old Mo nodded in agreement.

“I shall leave first, then.” Hua Xiaoyun bid farewell as he turned and walked in the direction of Mo Qingcheng’s courtyard. A cold light flickered in his eyes, unseen.

He received news from his elder brother that the matter in the Dark Forest would soon have a conclusion. This meant that the Pill Emperor’s daughter, Luo He, would soon lead her disciples away. Mo Qingcheng would leave at that time too, this meant that now was the best opportunity for him to make his move.

The attitude of Mo Qingcheng towards him had always been ice-cold, and she even dared to snap at him. That b*tch, if it were not for him, how would she have today? How ridiculous. Acting all high and mighty in front of him? Well, he wanted to see how she could continue acting like this later.

Mo Qingcheng's courtyard was elegantly designed and located within a quiet area inside the Mo Residence. Upon seeing Hua Xiaoyun approaching, she coldly inquired, "What are you doing here?"

Seeing Mo Qingcheng's ice-cold attitude, Hua Xiaoyun's grin grew even wider.

"Miss Mo, no matter what, I'm still the person who recommended you to join the Pill Emperor Hall. And as an esteemed guest of your Mo Clan, even if you don't like me, is it necessary to treat me like this?" Hua Xiaoyun slowly approached, causing Mo Qingcheng to frown.

Abruptly, Hua Xiaoyun's silhouette flickered as he appeared in front of Mo Qingcheng. A grayish-colored smoke came out of nowhere, taking Mo Qingcheng by surprise as she involuntarily breathed the smoke in. Her countenance instantly turned ice-cold as she exclaimed, "What are you trying to do?"

As the sound of her voice faded, her expression underwent a change. She felt her whole body turning numb, as her strength faded away. It was a struggle even to stand straight.

She turned pale-white. Staring at Hua Xiaoyun, her eyes cold to the extreme, she asked again. “What are you trying to do?”

Mo Qingcheng realised that her voice was growing weaker and weaker, so faint to the point that she could barely hear herself.

“Hehe.” Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance turned extremely sinister, as he stared lustily at Mo Qingcheng. “You are so gorgeous, what do you think I want to do?”

“You dare?” Mo Qingcheng’s voice became even fainter, as she retreated backwards, each step taking tremendous effort.

“Don’t I dare? Why don’t I dare? What status do I, Hua Xiaoyun, have? Even if I made you mine, in order to preserve your reputation, how would your Mo Clan even dare to object? Hahaha, even if they did object, what can they do to me? And as for the Pill Emperor Hall, so what if they are angered? They wouldn’t dare kill me. I have nothing to lose. On the contrary, I would have gained your sweet chastity.” Hua Xiaoyun smirked evilly. “Since you love to act pure and virtuous, I want to see how good your acting is later on when you’re underneath me. Maybe after the deed is done, you’ll turn into a slut, serving I, this young master, unswervingly.”

The expression on Hua Xiaoyun’s face was extremely wretched. He had torn off his ‘gentleman’ mask completely, revealing his true colors.

“You are so beautiful, babe, how can my heart not be moved? Tsk tsk.” Hua Xiaoyun advanced, his eyes gleamed with an insatiable

lust as he stared at the lithe figure of Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng had an expression of extreme distress on her face as she whipped out a dagger, staring at Hua Xiaoyun with eyes filled with incomparable rage.

“You want to kill me? Do you have the capability to?” Hua Xiaoyun snickered.

“Father, Mother, Wentian, I’m sorry.” A teardrop fell from Mo Qingcheng’s eye, and with her final words, she plunged the dagger straight into her own heart. Even though she didn’t have sufficient strength, that dagger was a divine weapon and as such, was extremely sharp. A piercing sound rang out, as fresh blood dyed her clean robes red. Tears glimmered in her eyes, causing those who saw her to feel sorrow.

She would never have thought that Hua Xiaoyun would be so despicable. Since that was the case, she could only choose death to protect her chastity.

“ARE YOU CRAZY?” Hua Xiaoyun shrieked, as his countenance turned incomparably ugly. Even he was frightened by Mo Qingcheng’s resoluteness. Mo Qingcheng would rather choose to commit suicide than to be tainted by him. This crazy woman!

AGM 224 - Wrath

As Hua Xiaoyun witnessed the unceasing flow of blood from the area surrounding Mo Qingcheng's heart, he was truly frightened. This ending was way worse compared to all the other endings he had previously envisioned.

Not only did he not obtain Mo Qingcheng's body, he had also become her murderer. If that was the case, even though the Mo Clan wouldn't dare do anything to him, the Pill Emperor Palace would remember this for sure. Especially for the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He, as she was someone that treasured her disciples. If she knew that Mo Qingcheng died because of him, no one could tell what she would do under a pique of anger.

"STOP. Don't pierce the dagger in any further. I'll give up, I'll give up!" Hua Xiaoyun shouted in dread. Mo Qingcheng's body gently collapsed onto the floor, she had no more strength left. Yet her eyes remained wide open, locked onto Hua Xiaoyun.

"What happened?" A few others heard the commotion and came running over. Upon seeing Mo Qingcheng lying on the blood-soaked floor, their countenances turned as white as a sheet of paper.

"Something happened to little Miss," a voice called out in panic, akin to a thunder-shaking alarm that resounded throughout the Mo Residence.

An instant later, several figures rushed over. As Mo Tianlin saw

what happened to his daughter, his face instantly turned bloodlessly pale.

“Qingcheng.” Mo Tianlin rushed forward, supporting his daughter in his arms. Seeing her father, only now did a hint of a smile appear on Mo Qingcheng’s face. Her lips trembled slightly, as though she was trying to say something, but no words came out.

“WHO DID THIS?” Mo Tianlin’s eyes flickered with a cold and terrifying light, looking in the direction of Hua Xiaoyun.

“What’s going on?” Bai Fei and the disciples from the Pill Emperor Hall had just arrived.

“This was not done by me. I was only joking with Miss Mo, but she thought I was serious.” Hua Xiaoyun tried to sidestep. There was no way he could possibly admit that he had evil designs on Mo Qingcheng.

Bai Fei shot a cold glance at Hua Xiaoyun, before walking over to Mo Qingcheng’s side. Retrieving a bottle of medicinal pills from her robes, she placed a few pills into Mo Qingcheng’s mouth. One of her hands rested on Mo Qingcheng’s chest area, while the other took her pulse.

“Hua Xiaoyun, you despicable asshole.” Bai Fei glared at Hua Xiaoyun in rage, it was as though she knew what Hua Xiaoyun had done. “You were joking with her? Why do you need to use the Energy Dissipating Powder on her if it was a joke? You are worse than a beast.”

Although Bai Fei didn't really like Mo Qingcheng, she was still a woman after all. How could she not be repulsed and angered when Hua Xiaoyun resorted to this method to deal with Mo Qingcheng?

"How dare you?" Hua Xiaoyun's countenance turned threatening, as his scheme was exposed by Bai Fei. After a moment, he regained control and stated with icy calm, "Do you know who you are talking to?"

"You incompetent degenerate. Who do you think you are? If not for your elder brother, you wouldn't even have the qualifications to talk to me." Bai Fei was triggered. As a disciple of Luo He, she had a pretty high standing. How could she tolerate Hua Xiaoyun's arrogance.

Hua Xiaoyun turned red from anger as his countenance became increasingly malevolent. Glaring at Bai Fei, he silently exclaimed in his heart, "Filthy bitch, I'll make you taste what hell is like if you ever end up in my hands."

Yet, he didn't dare to speak out any of his thoughts. Bai Fei wasn't a good character to make an enemy out of.

"Yan Qi, immediately go and inform master. I'm afraid Mo Qingcheng's situation is critical," Bai Fei instructed. Yan Qi nodded as he quickly dashed away.

A gentle glow emanated from Bai Fei, and she directed the glow to envelop Mo Qingcheng. After which, warm currents of healing

were channelled into Mo Qingcheng, trying to minimise her pain and stop the bleeding. Yet, Bai Fei didn't dare to move the dagger embedded in her chest.

Mo Tianlin stood at the side, shaking with nervousness. The hatred in his eyes when he stared at Hua Xiaoyun was a testament of how he wanted nothing more than to dismember his corpse into a million pieces.

Old Mo also arrived, his countenance extremely ugly to behold. He already knew of what had happened.

“Old Mo, I apologise. I was just joking with Qingcheng, I'll compensate your Mo Clan for this.” Hua Xiaoyun hurriedly explained, his countenance wavering as he saw how angry Old Mo was.

He had already seen how insane Mo Qingcheng could be. What if this old man really went crazy and killed him here and now? It would be too late for Hua Xiaoyun, even if his elder brother annihilated the entire Mo Clan to accompany him with their deaths. He could only try to mitigate the anger of Old Mo for now.

“I hope young master Hua will stay here in our Mo Clan for now,” Old Mo icily stated, suppressing the flames of fury boiling in his heart. It was obvious that he made the wrong judgement. Yet after considering Hua Xiaoyun's background, he could only tolerate this for now.

“Don't worry, I will stay here till this matter is concluded.” Hua

Xiaoyun swallowed his words and replied, it was unknown what he was thinking about.

“FATHER, KILL HIM!” Mo Tianlin roared in rage, causing Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen. His countenance turned sinister as he replied, “It was merely a joke. I believe nothing will happen to Miss Mo, you better think clearly before you speak.”

“Shut your mouth.” Old Mo glowered at Mo Tianlin.

Kill? If Hua Xiaoyun died in the Mo Clan, everyone in the clan would be annihilated and die with him.

Now he could only pray for Mo Qingcheng’s safety.

The tranquil atmosphere of Mo Qingcheng’s courtyard was disrupted, as an intense feeling of nervousness permeated the air. News of what happened to Mo Qingcheng was soon discovered by those close to the Mo Clan.

Bai Fei tried her best to preserve Mo Qingcheng’s life. After all, Mo Qingcheng was the disciple that her Master had favored above all others. If she didn’t give it her all now, she would surely be blamed by her Master later on. Fortunately, after her efforts, Mo Qingcheng’s condition finally stabilised.

Now, all that was left to do, was to wait for the arrival of her Master.

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At this moment, Qin Wentian was at the Bamboo Lodge, standing in front of the flowing creek. A tender smile involuntarily appeared on his face whenever he thought of Mo Qingcheng.

He wondered, what was she doing now?

Thinking back to that night when Mo Qingcheng wanted to stay over, Qin Wentian felt warmth blossoming in his heart. This silly girl had already decided to give her heart to him. He heard that she hadn't left for the Pill Emperor Hall yet, it must be because she was waiting for him, to meet him one last time before she could bear to depart.

"Pill Emperor Hall," Qin Wentian murmured.

At this moment, sounds of movement could be heard behind him. Turning, a bewildered expression appeared on his face as he realised that it was Nolan. Why would she be here to look for him?

Not only that, her countenance was extremely unsightly, as though something terrible had just occurred.

"Qin Wentian, something happened to Qingcheng," Nolan cried, causing Qin Wentian to feel as though a rock had dropped inside his heart. He instantly dashed over.

"What happened to Qingcheng?" Qin Wentian urgently questioned.

“That beast, Hua Xiaoyun, I heard that he had evil designs on Qingcheng. That silly girl tried to commit suicide after that and is still currently unconscious. I tried to go to her, but the Mo Clan is currently forbidding all outsiders from entering the Mo Residence.” Nolan’s eyes were red with tears, her relationship with Mo Qingcheng was as close as real sisters, yet now she didn’t know if Qingcheng would live or die. Naturally, she would be upset.

Buzz. Qin Wentian’s mind shook from the impact of Nolan’s words, his countenance became exceedingly terrifying to behold. An overwhelming intent of coldness exuded from him, causing Nolan to be so frightened that she involuntarily retreated backwards without pause.

“Qingcheng.” Qin Wentian’s mind was in turmoil. He soared up through the skies as a pair of demonic Garuda Wings appeared on his back. The demonic Qi that emanated forth from his body was so thick that Nolan couldn’t even breathe. With the speed of a raging hurricane, Qin Wentian transformed into a black ray of light as he shot off into the distance.

“Hua Xiaoyun.” A voice filled with a terrible, terrible wrath and killing intent could be heard echoing in the air. No words were sufficient to describe the ice-cold rage Qin Wentian was feeling now, along with his fear and worry.

This feeling was akin to back then, when Mo Qingcheng blocked a blow on his behalf. He had never felt this afraid before.

Qin Wentian's speed reached an unprecedented level as he zoomed like lightning towards the Mo Clan. Every moment that passed felt like agony to him, each second felt as long as an eternity. Finally, he saw the Mo Residence in the distance.

Not far away from Qin Wentian, there was also someone flying over. However, the speed of that person was even faster compared to the crazed Qin Wentian. Her eyes were filled with endless depths as she swept a glance at him, as though with just a single look, she would be able to uncover all of Qin Wentian's secrets.

She had an elegant bearing, exuding the aura of nobility and a terrifying presence. She was shrouded in a bright glow as she transformed into a beam of light, shooting straight into the Mo Residence. The guards outside didn't block her because... her speed was so quick to the extent that no one could even see her shadow.

As the guards of the Mo Clan saw Qin Wentian descending from the skies, several of them soared up into the air to stop him. "Outsiders are all forbidden entr..."

"Scram." Even before they completed their sentence, the Demonic Astral Energy in Qin Wentian's body surged as it exploded forth, manifesting into countless demonic swords as they slashed towards the guards. Those guards instantly dodged to the side, but in that split second lapse in their attention, Qin Wentian vanished from view, and had already entered into the Mo Residence.

Qin Wentian soon located Qingcheng's courtyard. Flying over, his body involuntarily trembling as he saw the white robes of

Qingcheng dyed red in her blood. Seeing her wan countenance, he felt as though countless knives were stabbing his heart.

“Don’t disturb my master,” Bai Fei coldly stated. Only now did Qin Wentian realise that the woman he saw earlier was planning to administer medical treatment to Mo Qingcheng.

“Bai Fei, we are going in.” A gentle glow shrouded Mo Qingcheng’s body as that woman from earlier carried her, entering the Mo Qingcheng’s room alongside with Bai Fei and the rest of the Emperor Pill Hall’s disciples.

Qin Wentian dared not go in, for fear of causing a disturbance. He could only pray that Mo Qingcheng would be okay.

“What are you doing here?” Old Mo frowned when he saw the sudden appearance of Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian didn’t reply. Instead, his glance shifted towards Hua Xiaoyun, who was standing behind Old Mo. A sky-high killing intent erupted forth as the coldness in his eyes grew in intensity.

Boom. Qin Wentian moved, advancing forwards with measured steps towards Hua Xiaoyun. Old Mo’s frown deepened as he moved to block Qin Wentian’s path.

Qin Wentian stared at Old Mo, his finger shaking with incredulous disbelief as he pointed it towards Hua Xiaoyun. “This beast caused Qingcheng to end up in this state. You didn’t kill him, but choose to block me instead?”

“What do the matters of my Mo Clan got to do with you?” Old Mo snorted. Qin Wentian’s behaviour was way too impudent.

“Well spoken. Indeed, what do the matters of the Mo Clan have to do with me? I couldn’t give a damn. But now, Qingcheng is the one who was injured.” The coldness in Qin Wentian’s voice intensified to its limits. Taking another step forwards, he growled. “Old bastard, get the fuck out of my way.”

AGM 225 - Reinforcement

Old Mo instantly froze when he heard Qin Wentian's words.

What status did he have? He was the Clan Lord of the Mo Clan, Mo Qingcheng's granddad, the strongest cultivator in Chu below the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Qin Wentian, a youth with mediocre talent actually dared to talk this way to him?

"What did you just say?" Old Mo's countenance was extremely unsightly. He was already in a terrible mood after what happened to Qingcheng, and now with the impudence Qin Wentian was showing him, how could he tolerate it? Involuntarily, a terrifying pressure emanated forth from him.

"If you don't dare to kill him, I'll do it. Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of. My. Way." Qin Wentian was still coldly staring at Old Mo. He naturally understood that there was only one reason why Old Mo didn't dare to kill Hua Xiaoyun.

Old man Mo feared Hua Xiaoyun's background. Even when he knew Hua Xiaoyun was the one that led Mo Qingcheng into this state, he still didn't dare to kill him.

Narrowing his eyes, a murderous urge could be seen gleaming in Old Mo's gaze. He would feel more guilt if a member of the Mo Clan was the one confronting him, but since it was Qin Wentian, he had no such concern. Qin Wentian was seeking death.

Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, and his sarcastic tone

of voice felt like slaps raining upon Old Mo's face. How could Old Mo tolerate Qin Wentian's impudence?

"Ignorant fellow." Old Mo sent out a palm strike towards Qin Wentian. However in that instant, a fierce wind gusted as an exceptionally sharp intent descended, causing the heart of Old Mo to tremble in fear. In that instant, he felt as though he was in mortal danger.

After the wind gusted past, a graceful silhouette appeared in front of him as though she had always been there,

The young lady casually stood there, her presence alone caused Old Mo to feel a bone-chilling sensation. He felt as though he would be lacerated into minced meat as long as the young lady in front of him willed it.

His palm froze halfway in motion, as his eyes grew as round as saucers. This veiled young lady, was at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. She was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

Why would there be such a powerful character at the side of Qin Wentian?

"You are truly unqualified to be Qingcheng's granddad. If she recovers, so be it. But if anything happens to her, I shall personally send you to hell to accompany her." Qin Wentian stared straight into the eyes of Old Mo, the resoluteness of his determination so palpable that Old Mo involuntarily trembled.

He was actually threatened in this manner by someone of the junior generation. Glancing at the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign at the side of Qin Wentian, many question marks appeared in his mind.

If Old Mo showed some concern about matters of Chu, he would already have known about Qing`er. Sadly, how could such a small Chu Country be in his sights? In his eyes, Chu was just a speck of dust. How could he have high regards for Qin Wentian, a so-called ‘genius’ that originated from Chu?

Qin Wentian passed Old Mo by, his killing intent locking onto Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun’s eyes flashed, as he cast a glance at Qing`er. If Qing`er made a move, he wouldn’t even have a chance to resist. But he wasn’t that concerned about Qin Wentian. He was shocked only because he didn’t expect that there would be someone in Chu that had the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“I’m Hua Xiaoyun from the Moon Continent’s Hua Clan, may I inquire who you are?” Hua Xiaoyun looked at Qing`er. As a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, in addition to her age and beauty, he deduced that she most likely was also from the Grand Xia Empire.

Qing`er’s brows creased every so slightly. She coldly shot a glance at Hua Xiaoyun before pointedly looked away. Her actions caused Hua Xiaoyun to stiffen. Qing`er was disregarding him, treating him like thin air.

“It doesn’t matter who you are. You have to die regardless.” Qin Wentian’s aura magnified as an overwhelming demonic Qi filled the air. His inky black hair danced about in the wind, as the blood in his body seethed and surged. Rumbling sounds could be heard within, as his killing intent reached the skies, causing everyone in the vicinity to unconsciously take a few steps backwards.

Was this the number one genius of Chu? What a terrifying aura.

However, they heard that Hua Xiaoyun was someone at the fourth level of Yuanfu, the gap between him and Qin Wentian was too wide. Not only that, Hua Xiaoyun had already comprehended a Mandate. How could Qin Wentian stand against him?

Boom! The Yellow Springs Monument directly appeared, flying towards Hua Xiaoyun with explosive speed. Crimson beams of light could be seen channelling from Qin Wentian’s body into the stone monument. Hua Xiaoyun’s expression froze as he felt the circulation of blood in his body speeding up, as his heart pounded with increasing intensity.

“KILL!” Qin Wentian roared.

Buzz. A terrifying after-wind billowed, Qin Wentian transformed into a blurry shadow as he dashed towards Hua Xiaoyun. A boundless feeling of violence warped his demeanor so much that his current appearance resembled an ancient demon war god, an ancient-looking halberd appearing in his hands.

Hua Xiaoyun’s aura also blasted out as well. With a wave of his

sleeves, a resplendent golden halo appeared in front of him. Channeling his energy towards the halo, countless golden colored sharp swords flew madly towards Qin Wentian, with the intent to lacerate him from where he stood.

The terrifying golden swords were all imbued with fearsome penetrating capabilities. At the same time, the will of a Mandate slammed down onto Qin Wentian, causing him to feel as if his body was soon to be pierced through by these golden swords.

The ancient halberd in his hands weaved about in an intricate dance, creating beautiful arcs of Astral Light that obliterated the golden swords that came into contact with it. Simultaneously, as he was defending against this attack, Qin Wentian commanded the Yellow Springs Monument to slam into Hua Xiaoyun. Booming sounds rang out, as Hua Xiaoyun let out a pain-filled groan. The resonance caused by the blood Qi of the Yellow Springs Monument was too monstrous.

As Hua Xiaoyun retreated, a protective-type divine weapon in the form of a millstone, appeared in front of him. His expression was stone-cold, as he pointed towards the air. The golden light emitted from the millstone then enveloped the crimson glow of the stone monument.

A whistling sound could be heard from the Yellow Springs Monument, as the crimson light it emitted grew stronger and stronger. With a roar of rage, Qin Wentian channelled even more of his bloodline's power into it until the point where his senses became one with the stone monument. At this moment, he could sense a monstrously terrifying power residing in the Yellow

Springs Monument, but sadly, he still didn't have the ability to fully control it.

"I want you to die." Qin Wentian stared at Hua Xiaoyun like he was staring at a dead man. Stepping forwards, the ground trembled with the force from his steps. His halberd moved at an extreme speed, while at the same time, the oppressive pressure of the stone monument bore down on Hua Xiaoyun.

Terror flashed in his eyes as he forcibly resisted against the pressure. Sending out a golden beam of light to knock the ancient halberd away, he eventually spat out a mouthful of blood as his countenance changed.

Without hesitation, Hua Xiaoyun immediately retreated, lengthening the distance between him and Qin Wentian.

Even if the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign didn't make a move, an incensed Qin Wentian was already sufficient to take his life.

This caused Hua Xiaoyun to feel as though he was in a dream. No matter what, he was still someone at the fourth level of Yuanfu.

"It must be due to the suppression caused by the stone monument. If not for that, I would have killed him easily," Hua Xiaoyun mused, this whole thing was too bizarre.

"I can't stay in Chu any longer." Hua Xiaoyun felt extremely depressed. Who would have thought that it would be so dangerous

in Chu? What a humiliation.

An overwhelming killing intent pressed down behind him and he felt himself being enveloped by an ice-cold intent. Hua Xiaoyun stiffened as he turned his head. Boundless amounts of demonic Qi permeated the air, as a pair of demonic beast wings grew on Qin Wentian's back. His cold black eyes were like an abyss, telling Hua Xiaoyun that he would soon be a dead man. Qin Wentian wouldn't give up until he was dead.

“Reckless fool.” Hua Xiaoyun's anger bubbled out.

Drawing the Astral Energy within his Yuanfu to its limits, Hua Xiaoyun's speed explosively increased as he shot towards the direction of the Dark Forest.

Swoosh! A raging wind gusted by, as a terrifying blood intent descended. Hua Xiaoyun grimaced, feeling as though his body was about to explode. Sweeping his glance backwards, he saw that the Yellow Springs Monument had somehow also grown a pair of wings similar to that of Qin Wentian, granting it an explosive increase in speed as it trailed closely behind him.

Halting his steps, his countenance grew incomparably sinister, and a golden sword emitting a terrifying sharpness appeared in his hands.

“BREAK!” A golden beam of light flashed, as Hua Xiaoyun sent out a slash of sword energy aimed at the stone monument. The stone monument shuddered for a moment, before brushing off his

attack and continued trailing behind him. Terror seized him, as explosions went off in Hua Xiaoyun's mind. His attack was ineffective? If this went on, he would be pressured to death sooner or later.

“Young Master.” At this moment, a voice drifted over. Hua Xiaoyun's gloomy expression faded, replaced with joy as he roared, “KILL HIM, KILL THE PERSON BEHIND ME!”

Several silhouettes appeared in the distance. The cultivation of the man in the lead was extremely frightening, he was also a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. There were about five others behind him, all of them servants with a cultivation base at the third level of Yuanfu or below. Usually, these yuanfu cultivators would do odd jobs for him, while he would give them a pointer or two whenever he was free.

In the Grand Xia Empire, matters such as these were extremely ordinary. There would always be people willing to follow Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns around, even those from the transcendent powers. They didn't have outstanding talents, and it was almost impossible for them to climb to the top in the transcendent powers, hence, they would rather choose to serve under a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in order to receive guidance on their path. Who knows, they might have a chance in the future to become one as well.

Even if these servants were at the third level of Yuanfu and below, in Chu, they were still considered experts. This was the difference between Chu and the Grand Xia Empire.

This Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was here because the matter in the Dark Forest had been concluded. He was under orders to go to the Mo Clan to fetch Hua Xiaoyun back. Never would he have imagined that in such a small place like Chu there would be someone wanting to kill the second young master of the Hua Clan. Maybe, the adage ‘the foolish are fearless’, was referring to this.

Even though Hua Xiaoyun in the Hua Clan couldn’t be considered outstanding, he was still from the direct line of descent, after all. Not only that, the radiance of his elder brother’s talent was extremely dazzling and thus, nobody had ever dared to bully him, be it inside the clan or outside of it. Maybe it was because of this, that he slowly became known as ‘the useless second Young Master’ behind his back.

The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign coldly glanced at Qin Wentian before he extended his hand, intending to grab him. A terrifying energy current howled, as it sped towards Qin Wentian.

However, at the same moment, a lotus manifested in front of Qin Wentian, as Qing`er’s silhouette abruptly appeared, so beautiful that it was as though she transcended ephemeral beauty.

“You want to kill me? I WANT YOU TO DIE!” Hua Xiaoyun howled at Qin Wentian, when he saw that his followers had arrived, his countenance becoming increasingly malevolent.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze to Qing`er, Qing`er was as aloof as before. She glanced back at Qin Wentian as she stated in a clear, melodious voice, “This old man is not a problem for me, I can settle him.”

A smile appeared on Qin Wentian's face as he glanced at Qing'er's ice-cool demeanor. However, as he turned his gaze onto Hua Xiaoyun, his fierce desire to kill rose up once more!

AGM 226 - Summons

After Qing`er spoke, she moved towards the enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. After sensing the aura exuded by Qing`er, the other party didn't dare underestimate her, not even slightly. He silently cursed in his heart, wondering what trouble this useless second Young Master had created this time around. How could he have antagonised someone who had the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign?

This useless second Young Master, was truly... hopeless. Maybe it was due to the support his background had afforded him, gradually causing his character to become like this, someone who created trouble everywhere he went. There were many in the Hua Clan who secretly lamented that if only Hua Xiaoyun had half the capability of his elder brother, they would already be satisfied with it.

Qing`er and the other Heavenly Dipper Sovereign commenced their battles, causing terrifying shockwaves to bombard the area around them. The enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign soared upwards, wanting to lure Qing`er away. He didn't believe that Hua Xiaoyun wouldn't be able to kill someone at the first level of Yuanfu, not to mention with help from his other servants.

Two brilliant streams of light shot skywards, leaving behind the Yuanfu cultivators.

Hua Xiaoyun's smile became even more malevolent.

“KILL HIM. All of you go together, bring me his head.” His words almost caused the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign flying skywards to vomit a mouthful of blood. Although Hua Xiaoyun’s talent couldn’t really be considered outstanding, but he was at the very least, a fourth level Yuanfu cultivator who had comprehended the first level of a Mandate. Did he really need to behave like this to kill someone at the first level of Yuanfu?

Hua Xiaoyun’s actions left the old guy speechless.

Hua Xiaoyun wasn’t afraid of Qin Wentian. What he was afraid of, was that strange and bizarre monument that Qin Wentian had used. With the suppression pressure of that monument, he couldn’t summon his full strength in a one-on-one battle. Thus, he could only gather more people to surround Qin Wentian.

As the other Yuanfu Cultivators flew forwards, encircling Qin Wentian, the haunted, fiendish look in his eyes grew more and more pronounced as the Yellow Springs Monument hovered above his head. Abruptly, resplendent Astral Light surrounded him as a burst of demonic Qi erupted forth, so saturated that it permeated the air. A beast-type Astral Soul appeared near to Qin Wentian and upon seeing the demonic beast’s form, Hua Xiaoyun and his cronies stood there, dumbstruck.

Head of a dragon, body of a lion, tail of a snake, wings of a roc, scales of a Xuanwu Tortoise, claws of a Kirin. This sinister looking demonic beast appeared to be the incarnation of brutality. The baleful air it emitted gave people chills in their heart, akin to witnessing a monster from their darkest nightmares.

“What demonic beast constellation is this Astral Soul condensed from?” Hua Xiaoyun cursed in a low voice. His heart was filled with trepidation and shock. Even if he ignored his earlier question, the radiance of the golden corona was so dazzling that there was no doubt this Astral Soul was condensed from a Constellation in the 5th Heavenly Layer. There was no way Hua Xiaoyun could communicate and form innate connections with any of the constellations in the 5th Heavenly Layer. The only one he knew of that was able to do so, was his elder brother.

If those who were widely read and more knowledgeable were here, they would surely be able to tell that the demonic beast Astral Soul before them had the form of a Demon Sovereign, ranked #1 in the Warbeast Index.

Sadly, neither Hua Xiaoyun nor his cronies could recognise it.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, drawing in a deep breath. Borrowing the aid of the Demon Sovereign’s Beast Spirit he obtained from the Spiritual Beasts Testing Grounds, his consciousness and intent shot upwards to the realm of the Nine Heavenly Layers.

His Demon Sovereign Astral Soul lifted his head and howled in response. Although it was day time, an intense beam of starlight could be seen explosively shooting downwards, breaking apart the dome of Heavens. This phenomenon caused the hearts of those in the vicinity to tremble violently. What... was going on?

ROARRR~ The Demon Sovereign Astral Soul let out a roar as the beam of starlight entered its body, forming and strengthening the

connection between Qin Wentian's Astral Soul and the Demon Sovereign Constellation that existed in the 5th Heavenly Layer. BOOOOOM! Qin Wentian's body was filled with strength, the Astral Energy within the Yuanfu that corresponded with the Demon Sovereign's Astral Soul overflowed, as it began a summoning.

Bzzz. The air shook as space broke apart, and an illusory form of a demonic beast appeared. This demonic beast had large, silvery wings; it was none other than the Silver Roc listed in the Warbeast Index.

The illusory form became increasingly corporeal, as it transformed into an actual existence. At the point of time where it crossed from illusory to reality, its eyes abruptly snapped open, the malice and brutality contained within made the souls of those who saw it shiver.

"This..." Hua Xiaoyun stared in stupefaction.

"This is a summoning-type Astral Soul, it can summon Astral Warbeasts from other constellations," one of the Yuanfu cronies intoned in a low voice, his heart pounding. Exceedingly harsh conditions were required for the cultivator to be able to use the ability 'summon' for any summoning-type Astral Soul. Not only must one's sensory ability be unfathomably high, they would also need an astronomical amount of Astral Energy to support the 'summon' ability. Both factors would determine the strength and power level of the summoned Astral Warbeast.

This was the first time Qin Wentian used the 'summon' ability of

his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul. Earlier when he had done so, he could faintly sense that the strength of the summoned Astral Warbeast was correlated to his own strength.

Ranked #98 in the Warbeast Index, the Silver Roc belonged to the type of demonic beast that can undergo evolution. Currently, the aura the Silver Roc emitted was similar to a cultivator at the peak of the second level of Yuanfu.

“The summoning jumped a level?” Surprise flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. After all, he was only at the first level of Yuanfu.

“Quick, what are you all waiting for? KILL HIM!” Hua Xiaoyun roared. Only then did his cronies wake from their stunned state, as they dashed explosively towards Qin Wentian.

“All of you will die.” The coldness in Qin Wentian’s voice was so chilling that it pervaded the bone. The Silver Roc erupted into motion, zooming towards the attacking cultivators, and as it flew, its massive wings caused a mini hurricane to manifest. At the same time, the Yellow Spring Monuments hovering above his head intensified its crimson glow, as a towering blood Qi permeated the atmosphere.

Qin Wentian continued to stand in his original spot. His Demon Sovereign Astral Soul was still roaring, facing the Heavens. This caused Hua Xiaoyun to tremble intensely. Was Qin Wentian still intending to summon another Astral Warbeast?

Lunatic, that lunatic! Even if he summoned them, how could he

control so many demonic beasts at the same time?

BOOM! A terrifying tremor rocked the earth. A Sky-ember Lion Astral Warbeast appeared beside Qin Wentian. This was one of the demonic beast spirits whom Qin Wentian devoured back when he was in the Spirit Beasts Testing Grounds, ranked above the #300 mark in the Warbeast Index. Similarly, the aura it exuded was at the peak of a cultivator at the second level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian had no intentions of stopping. After which, a Silver-Armored Bear King appeared as well, its towering frame akin to that of a gigantic mountain as it barrelled forward, rushing the enemy Yuanfu cultivators.

Qin Wentian's mind shuddered violently, feeling as though it was about to split apart. These Astral Warbeasts all had a trace of his spiritual conscious within them. But because of the number of Astral Warbeasts summoned, the pressure weighing down on his mind grew increasingly heavier. This kind of feeling was incredibly difficult to bear.

Yet Qin Wentian could care less. These people had to die. His killing intent, was also the killing intents of these Astral Warbeasts, so intense that it was palpable in the air.

“Fssssh...”

A Yuanfu cultivator was torn apart. Although the Astral Warbeast was only at the peak of the second level of Yuanfu, their combat prowess didn't lose out in the slightest when compared to a

human cultivator at the third level of Yuanfu. Furthermore, their rage was fuelled by the emotions of Qin Wentian, his influence causing the Astral Warbeasts to enter into a battle frenzy.

Hua Xiaoyun had originally planned to kill Qin Wentian by besieging him from all angles. However, the aura Qin Wentian now exuded felt more and more dangerous.

“DIE!” The Silver Roc glided across the air, in the direction of Hua Xiaoyun. The Yellow Springs Monument, as well as Qin Wentian himself, also dashed out.

Hua Xiaoyun slashed out an energy beam in anger. However, the Silver Roc was too agile, it easily sidestepped the energy beam as it lunged straight at Hua Xiaoyun, aiming for his head.

“Vile creature!” Hua Xiaoyun coldly shouted. Slashing out with his palms with a force akin to the chop of a sabre, he incorporated it with the will of his Mandate as he pushed the roc away.

BOOM! The Yellow Springs Monument descended, causing Hua Xiaoyun’s heartbeat to pound as his blood circulation went into a frenzy. Simultaneously, the attack of Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd also arrived, causing Hua Xiaoyun to be at a loss on how to react.

Snarling in anger, Hua Xiaoyun went into berserk mode. His divine sharp sword flew towards the Yellow Springs Monument, while his five fingers formed the stance of a claw, shining with a golden light as he intercepted Qin Wentian’s halberd attack.

Ka Cha! A crisp sound rang out, Hua Xiaoyun stared at Qin Wentian. He was at the fourth level of Yuanfu; he didn't believe that he would fail to kill Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had relinquished his hold on the ancient halberd, choosing to collide against Hua Xiaoyun with his body instead.

BANG! The terrifying sounds of their collision thundered out. Hua Xiaoyun spat out a mouthful of blood, yet his determination to kill Qin Wentian had not wavered in the slightest. His hands appeared to be sharper even compared to swords. He slashed out with both hands, aiming to chop off Qin Wentian's arms.

Qin Wentian didn't retreat. On the contrary, he summoned strength supported by his vast amounts of Astral Energy as he pushed his palms out. The sounds of a mini explosion rang out as Hua Xiaoyun felt his arms about to shatter. Qin Wentian took a step to the side as he spat out beams of sword light from his mouth, aiming for the eyes and head of Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun's countenance underwent a drastic change. He hurriedly retracted his arms as a screen of golden light blocked the beams of sword light. However, the intense vibration caused by the impact of the attack caused Hua Xiaoyun to turn pale as he vomited even more mouthfuls of blood. Just at the moment he retracted his arms, yet another fearsome beam of sword light slashed out towards him, intent on extinguishing his life.

“NOOOOO!” Hua Xiaoyun screeched in terror. He flung one of his arms up to block the attack and in the aftermath, his defending arm was left dangling uselessly from its socket, appearing as though it would fall off at any moment. Hua Xiaoyun bellowed in misery as he retreated in full force, withdrawing a ‘Wing Seal’ from his robes. This was a one-time use, defensive-type divine weapon. It was something his elder brother had given him as a final trump card to save his life.

Because Hua Xiaoyun had always created trouble when he was outside his clan, his brother told him that regardless of how powerful a divine weapon might be, it was still useless if he met a truly strong opponent. Thus, his brother had given him the ‘Wing Seal’ instead. It was a one-time usage, priceless treasure intended solely for the purpose of escape. Even Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns wouldn’t be able to catch him if he chose to utilise it. Yet now, he was actually using it to run away from someone at the first level of Yuanfu.

Crushing the ‘Wing Seal’ in his hands, an explosion of Astral Light inundated the area where Hua Xiaoyun stood. After the explosion, Qin Wentian who was dashing over, only saw the faintest shade of shadow disappearing from the corner of his eyes. Hua Xiaoyun had disappeared, the only thing remaining was the blood-soaked ground where he stood originally.

“You will die a horrible death.” Hua Xiaoyun’s wrathful voice resounded from afar. His arm was almost torn off, it was needless to say how much he hated Qin Wentian.

“Even if I have to chase you to the ends of the Grand Xia Empire,

you will still meet your end.” Qin Wentian stared at the horizon as he sent out the stone monument, finishing the rest of the Yuanfu Cultivators. Qing`er and the enemy Heavenly Dipper Sovereign descended, and as the Sovereign saw the situation below, his countenance changed as he glared at Qin Wentian, shaking in anger. “You truly wish to die.”

After which, he blasted out a gigantic palm imprint towards Qin Wentian. Qing`er appeared, blocking the attack, but the old man had already transformed into a streak of light, flying after Hua Xiaoyun.

From a distance behind Qin Wentian, Old Mo finally caught up. Earlier he had heard Hua Xiaoyun screaming in terror, and upon taking in the pools of blood and bodies on the ground, his heart couldn't help but tremble. “You killed them all? Did you injure Hua Xiaoyun?”

Qin Wentian turned his head back, his gaze like ice as he stared at Old Mo. Mo Qingcheng almost died of attempted suicide. As her grandfather, he didn't have the guts to actually confront Hua Xiaoyun?

“Do you know who he is? Do you know how terrifying the talent of his brother is?” Old Mo just as coldly shot back, in answer to Qin Wentian's condemning gaze. He was worried that the Hua Clan would come for revenge.

Even now, Old Mo was still worried about offending the Hua Clan. Qin Wentian's countenance was now so cold that it was extremely frightening to look at. Suddenly, a smile appeared on his

face as he walked towards Old Mo. His smile was so unnatural that it contorted his face, akin to the face of a demon.

“Talent? Martial Mandate? Does the Mandate of Force count?” The will of his Mandate manifested a surge of energy pressing down onto Old Mo, causing his face to stiffen.

“How about the Mandate of Demon?” An extremely demonic aura gushed out, as the essence of Qin Wentian’s body demonified.

“Comprehension of dual Mandates,” Old Mo breathed, as his heart pounded in shock.

“Or do you mean Astral Souls?” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, three of his Astral Soul exploded into being, as terrifying shockwaves trembled the void.

Rumble~~ Qin Wentian removed the effects of his sealing technique, as the color of his Astral Souls underwent a change. Seeing the Astral Souls of Qin Wentian hovering above his head, Old Mo could only stare like an idiot, his mouth wide open in amazement.

All three of his Astral Souls, blazed with a pure golden radiance so bright, that he couldn’t even look directly at them.

All three of his Astral Souls were condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer!

“IS THIS THE TALENT YOU WANTED??” Qin Wentian hollered. He took another step forwards as Old Mo took a step back. Feeling his legs turning soft, he stumbled and fell to the ground, still lost in amazement. The spectacle before him terrified him beyond words!

AGM 227 - First Ranked In The Heavenly Fate Ranking

“IS THIS THE TALENT YOU WANTED?”

The sound of Qin Wentian’s voice resounded through Old Mo’s ears. He sat on the ground, his heart pounding in madness.

Qin Wentian, comprehended two Mandates at the first level of Yuanfu. All three of his Astral Souls were condensed from constellations existing in the 5th Heavenly Layer.

Were these achievements possible for a human?

He could be considered as someone who had seen many things throughout his life and was extremely knowledgeable. But at this instant his mind blanked out, he could only stare dumbly.

“5th Heavenly Layer, 5th Heavenly Layer...” Old Mo mumbled in a low voice. How was this possible? He met many other geniuses before and knew the stories of many legendary characters. Yet never had he heard of someone managing to condense their first Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

This was too... impossible. At this moment, his brain had turned to mush, as he sat there muttering incomprehensibly to himself.

Looking at the young man before him, his eyes filled with ice and

fire, although Old Mo was at the peak of Yuanfu, he couldn't help feeling traces of fear in his heart. How powerful would this young man be if he matured in the future?

Chu? The Grand Xia Empire should be where he soars. He was destined to be mentioned in the same breath as those godly talents among the younger generations in the Grand Xia Empire.

Seeing how this young man was willing to descend into madness for the sake of Qingcheng, he found it extremely laughable how he had unconsciously disdained Qin Wentian back then, looking down on his talent.

Back then, he had felt that Qin Wentian was unworthy to love Mo Qingcheng. But now, he no longer had any such notions in his head.

Drawing a deep breath, Old Mo calmed his heart, yet he didn't know what to say.

"Let's go back and see Qingcheng," Old Mo mumbled in a low voice, causing Qin Wentian's countenance to freeze.

Oh, Qingcheng, how was she doing now?

"If anything has happened to her, even if you are her granddad, I will never spare you," Qin Wentian coldly stated, his silhouette flickering as he transformed into a blurred shadow, flying rapidly in the direction of the Mo Clan.

Despite all this, he didn't forget about the matter with Hua Xiaoyun. That person pushed Qingcheng to the brink. He had to die. Even if he had fled back to the Grand Xia Empire, he still had to die.

Old Mo stood up, staring at the black shadow that was Qin Wentian's back. He didn't blame Qin Wentian in the slightest. Now, he couldn't help having a feeling of self-reproach. Had he gone senile? Seeing how a talented person like Qin Wentian cared for his own grand-daughter, Old Mo naturally felt happy in his heart. He could only pray that his grand-daughter would survive this.

Bzzz. A gentle gust of wind billowed, as a graceful silhouette appeared; it was the masked young lady at the level of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Old Mo stiffened in fear.

The strength of this mysterious woman was too astounding, yet she was willing to follow at Qin Wentian's side, deferring to him.

"I didn't see anything earlier." Old Mo, feeling waves of coldness radiating from her, hurriedly exclaimed. He thought that Qing'er had come to silence him, because she didn't want him to reveal what he witnessed today.

Qing'er frowned slightly, as though she was displeased. "What do you mean? If you direct killing intent at Qin Wentian again, I will kill you okay...?"

After which, she turned, as she too vanished from sight while Old Mo's gaze still stared at the spot she was last in.

An expression of disappointment flashed past Old Mo's face. He felt truly old, this was no longer his generation. Today, the little bit of confidence he had, was smashed into smithereens.

In the Mo Clan, Qin Wentian came to the courtyard Mo Qingcheng was residing in. There were many guards outside of it, but at a signal from Mo Tianlin, no one went to block his path.

"How's Qingcheng?" Qin Wentian stared at Mo Tianlin, as he inquired. "She's still receiving treatment from Senior Luo He." Worry and anxiety could be seen on Mo Tianlin's face. "Where is Hua Xiaoyun, that bastard?"

"He fled. But he will surely die." A look of resolution appeared on Qin Wentian's countenance.

"Mhm, you have to be cautious, Hua Xiaoyun's background is extraordinary," Mo Tianlin reminded. He'd always had a good impression of Qin Wentian, and had long wanted him and Mo Qingcheng to be together. Yet because of his father's attitude, he couldn't say anything.

However today, the actions of his father truly caused him to be disappointed. Hua Xiaoyun had done something so despicable, yet Old Mo refused to kill him. Although Old Mo was thinking with their Clan at stake, Mo Tianlin still felt slightly betrayed. He wanted nothing more than to tear Hua Xiaoyun apart with his own

hands.

“I will.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded, staring in the direction of Mo Qingcheng’s room. This wait lasted for several hours. Mo Qingcheng’s room was enveloped by a soft and gentle glow, and a fragrant smell of medicinal herbs could also be detected drifting out from it.

Luo He was concocting medicine inside the room.

Even though she was the Pill Emperor’s daughter, it was impossible that she would have millions of medicine pills at the ready for all kinds of injuries. Thus, in regards to Mo Qingcheng’s injuries, she could only concoct a suitable medicine on the spot.

After several moments, the medicinal fragrance finally dissipated. Mo Tianlin and Qin Wentian instantly dashed into the residence, standing outside the room, their hearts burning with anxiety.

What caused Mo Tianlin to feel strange was that Old Mo also returned. Yet he didn’t show any displeasure at Qin Wentian’s existence. His attitude was markedly different from the past.

Sheezzzz. A crisp sound echoed as the door to Mo Qingcheng’s room opened. The gazes of those standing outside immediately shifted, riveted at the entrance. The next moment, Luo He and the disciples of her Emperor Pill Palace, walked out.

“Senior, is Qingcheng okay now?” Mo Tianlin immediately inquired, concern apparent in his voice.

“You must be Qingcheng’s dad. Her life is temporarily preserved, I’m planning to bring her back to the Pill Emperor Hall,” Luo He calmly replied.

Qin Wentian heaved a sigh of relief, as he put aside the rock in his heart. The past tormenting hours of waiting felt like years to him.

“Senior, thank you. We would have to trouble you to take care of Qingcheng in the future then.” Mo Tianlin bowed, his gratitude was sincerely from his heart. It was truly fortunate that Qingcheng could be saved despite her heart being punctured.

However, at this moment, rustling sounds could be heard as a row of silhouettes appeared on the airspace above Mo Residence. Each of these figures had an imposing aura, their strength extraordinary. Yet at the instant of their appearance, Old Mo knitted his brows, frowning as the rest of the Mo Clan held unsightly expressions on their faces.

Because they saw that Hua Xiaoyun was among that group of people. It was none other than that bastard who caused Mo Qingcheng to end up in this state. Everyone in the Mo Clan couldn’t wait to tear him to pieces.

At this moment, Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance was extremely sinister. One of his arms dangled uselessly from its socket, held

together by bandages while a fearsome killing intent gushed out from him, as he stared evilly at Qin Wentian.

“Elder brother, that’s the guy. He’s the person that crippled one of my arms. His strength can’t be compared to mine, but he has a very powerful divine weapon. He ambushed me and caught me by surprise, which resulted in my loss in our encounter.” Hua Xiaoyun added oil to the fire, roaring in madness. Currently, he no longer resembled the gentleman he had been when he stayed in the Mo Residence. He had torn off his façade, revealing his true colors.

Qin Wentian stared at Hua Xiaoyun standing in the air, not bothering to hide his killing intent.

The young man standing beside Hua Xiaoyun swept a glance towards Qin Wentian. He had a lanky build, with a face so exquisite it was as though it was carved from jade, and his slanted brows resembled the fine angles of the Sirius Star. His eyes were as piercing as swords, and just as elegant, with an inner magnetism that brought people to stare intently at him, even if they were unwilling.

“Elder brother, kill him.” Hua Xiaoyun glared at Qin Wentian, a malevolent look in his eyes.

“Shut the hell up!” Hua Xiaoyun’s brother shouted at him. He was extremely clear about Hua Xiaoyun’s character. The words of this fellow could never be trusted. At most, he could only trust 50% of it. He deduced that it must be due to the presence of those from

the Pill Emperor Hall. If not, how could Hua Xiaoyun not be able to fight back against someone at the first level of Yuanfu.

However, his deduction seemed wrong when he studied the eyes of those from the Pill Emperor Hall.

“Senior Luo He, do you mind fixing my brother’s arm?” Somehow, the situation felt like something was amiss. The young man couldn’t pinpoint what was wrong exactly, but because Hua Xiaoyun was his brother, he still decided to ask Luo He for help first.

“Fix his arm for him? Does he still have the face to see me?” Luo He lifted her head, staring at the young man with a frigid expression on her countenance. If it weren’t for the fact that she highly respected this young man, she would have already slayed Hua Xiaoyun herself.

“Xiaoyun, what have you done? Why are you still not apologising to Senior Luo He?” the young man berated Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun’s gaze fidgeted about, as though he was afraid of meeting the eyes of Luo He.

“Senior, due to a moment of folly, this Junior only meant to play a prank on Miss Mo, yet I didn’t expect my actions to cause such a huge catastrophe.” Hua Xiaoyun lowered his head, offering his apologies.

Luo He's background was extraordinary. As the Pill Emperor's daughter, who dared not give her face? Furthermore, he still needed her help to treat his arm injury.

“Stop your pretentious act.” Luo He coldly snorted. “You wanted to taint my disciple, causing her to now hover the thin line between life and death. Not killing you is already the equivalent of me honoring your Hua Clan. And moreover, your arm was not crippled by me.”

The expression on Hua Xiaoyun's brother faltered upon hearing the words of Luo He. This useless brother of his actually did such a despicable thing. Now, his sword-like eyes couldn't help but be filled with hints of ice when he looked at his brother.

Abruptly, a terrifying sword light flashed out.

“ARGHHHHH” A voice screamed in agony. Hua Xiaoyun's arm was directly severed from the socket. With a flick of his finger, that severed arm turned into dust, making it so that there was no hope for Hua Xiaoyun in restoring his arm ever again.

This scenario caused everyone to freeze. Hua Xiaoyun's elder brother, actually personally severed his arm?

“Elder brother...” Hua Xiaoyun's eyes were red as he stared at his brother. He didn't understand, why would his elder brother slash apart his hope, personally destroying his arm?

“KNEEL DOWN! Apologize to Senior Luo He!” The young man roared. Hua Xiaoyun had no sense for the gravity of things, he didn’t know what was important. Luo He was famed for taking great care of her disciples, yet Hua Xiaoyun did things with no consideration of the consequences. Apparently, he was too ‘spoiled’ by the Hua Clan. This severed arm, shall serve as a lesson. If Hua Xiaoyun still didn’t learn from this mistake, sooner or later he would surely be killed by another.

Luo He cast a calculative glance filled with slight admiration at the young man’s actions. She silently mused in her heart... Indeed this young man befits his reputation. He was truly a peerless character ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings of the Grand Xia Empire!

AGM 228 - Hua Taixu

Hua Taixu, had a cultivation base at the peak level of Yuanfu, and was a supreme expert ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking was a Ranking Record created by the Venerate Heavens Sect of the Ginkou Continent. This Ranking, was one of the most 'heavyweight' rankings ever to exist, and the names contained within, represented the supreme experts at the Yuanfu level in the entire Grand Xia Empire.

Throughout these countless years, all the terrifying existences in the Grand Xia Empire that could hail the wind and summon the rains, could be found by looking through the Ranking Records of the Venerate Heavens Sect.

Heavenly Dipper Ranking, Heavenly Fate Ranking, Warbeast Index. All of these records were created by the Venerate Heavens Sect and were eventually circulated around the world by people in the Grand Xia Empire.

Not many people would focus their attentions on the Warbeast Index, save those that had an Astral Soul condensed from beast-type Constellations. As for the Heavenly Dipper Ranking, the amount of focus it garnered didn't need to be said. Each and every one of the names recorded within was an earth-shattering and heaven-shaking existence - the true powerhouses of the Grand Xia Empire.

Especially for the first thirty-six Rankings, they were given an

additional title. The top thirty-six cultivators whose names were recorded in the Heavenly Dipper Ranking were also known as the thirty-six Heavenly Starlords, and they symbolised the Grand Xia Empire.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking was the Ranking Record a tier below the Heavenly Dipper Ranking. The names of 360 cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm were recorded within. Also, this Ranking Record would be updated once every year.

However, one should not look down on those recorded within the Heavenly Fate Ranking, just because it contained 360 names. One has to understand how vast the Grand Xia Empire was. Over there, forget about ordinary Yuanfu Cultivators, even experts at the peak of Yuanfu were as common as clouds. It wasn't so easy if one wanted to enter into the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Basically, only those at the peak level of Yuanfu would have a chance to enter unless, of course, you have extraordinary combat prowess and could jump levels to defeat those peak level Yuanfu opponents.

The top ten cultivators recorded in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, were all dazzling existences whose names shook the Grand Xia Empire. Their future potential was unlimited. Even though some of them could be considered quite old when compared to the rest, it didn't matter. As long as one was able to enter the top ten, it meant that their comprehension of their Mandates had all reached a terrifying level and possessed incredible prowess in combat. So, although the cultivation of these 'older' group of cultivators could be considered slow, they would all still be able to become supreme powerhouses if given enough time.

One could easily imagine the difficulty in ranking first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. The amount of radiance and glory that came along with it went without saying.

No one in the Grand Xia Empire would not know of your existence. Even such an arrogant character like Ouyang Kuangsheng, had also marked Hua Taixu as his idol and was determined to surpass him, to also become an outstanding existence known by the masses.

If one took a step back, one could say that although the name ‘Ouyang Kuangsheng’ could be considered rather famous, if it was placed in comparison to the name ‘Hua Taixu’, the name ‘Ouyang Kuangsheng’ would immediately lose its ‘luster’.

Once there was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who wanted to test Hua Taixu’s strength. After the battle, the Sovereign announced to the world that the combat prowess of Hua Taixu was so strong to the extent that it was unfathomable. And as for who won or lost that battle, it was up to the masses to draw their own conclusions.

And because he had such an elder brother, Hua Xiaoyun blustered about in the outside world, not fearing any retaliation and behind his back he was termed, ‘the useless second Young Master’ by many.

And because of how radiant the name Hua Taixu was, Luo He, would also give him face. Either way, with Luo He’s own status as the Pill Emperor’s daughter in the Grand Xia Empire, she would always be shown respect, regardless of how much higher one’s cultivation was in comparison.

If not for Hua Taixu, even if there were ten Hua Xiaoyuns, she would have slaughtered without mercy.

Hua Xiaoyun completely collapsed as he looked at his brother. His elder brother was serious.

“It’s all his fault.” Hua Xiaoyun glared at Qin Wentian, he wanted nothing more than to rip him into a million pieces. A random guy in Chu actually caused him to lose his arm. Not only that, he had to kneel in apology. This humiliation... this humiliation was too great to bear!

Yet, he had no choice but to do as his brother said. Hua Xiaoyun knelt in front of Luo He as he apologised, “Junior was in the wrong, and seeks Senior for her forgiveness.”

Upon seeing this, Hua Taixu added, “Senior Luo He, if you feel that a single arm is insufficient, you can slay this vile beast.”

Luo He glanced at Hua Taixu; his countenance was serene, without a hint of unease. She was unable to tell what he was thinking.

Yet it was clear to Luo He that Hua Taixu personally destroyed one of Hua Xiaoyun’s arms and made him kneel in apology, not because he feared her, nor was it to prevent a strain in the relationship between the Hua Clan and the Pill Emperor Hall.

No matter what, Hua Xiaoyun was still his younger brother. Everyone in the Grand Xia Empire knew that Hua Taixu had always doted on his younger brother. With his earlier actions, he was already giving Luo He a platform to retreat. If she truly decided to slaughter Hua Xiaoyun, it would instantly complicate matters. There was no need for further words, if she truly went ahead and chose to kill Hua Xiaoyun, she would have made another formidable enemy.

“Forget it. Since he has already lost an arm, that shall be considered the price for his transgression. Furthermore, Qingcheng is already recovering. This matter shall be at its end. Also, do not make things difficult for the Mo Clan,” Luo He indifferently replied, choosing not to further pursue this incident. Since Hua Taixu had given her face, she didn’t want to be the one to strain their relationship.

For an existence like Hua Taixu, even if one couldn’t become friends with him, one MUST NOT EVER become his enemy.

“Senior won’t have to worry about this point.” Hua Taixu nodded. “Hua Xiaoyun brought this upon himself.”

Since his younger brother Hua Xiaoyun was apologising, he had to have the appearance that he was also apologising. After all, a single sentence from Luo He was sufficient to make several Heavenly Sovereign Dippers act. This was the only way for Hua Taixu to settle the matter.

Based on his status, what would people think if his younger brother still took revenge on the Mo Clan right after being forced

to apologise? Wasn't this smacking his own face?

“Get up!” Hua Taixu roared at Hua Xiaoyun, who was still kneeling.

“Brother, but....” Hua Xiaoyun's glance shifted to Qin Wentian, appearing as though he wanted to continue speaking.

“Shut up.” Hua Taixu frowned. Hua Xiaoyun could only grit his teeth and tolerate it for now.

Hua Taixu slowly shifted his glance over at Qin Wentian, as he calmly asked, “You are manifesting killing intent?”

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at Hua Taixu. This person was extraordinary, even the Pill Emperor's daughter had to give him face.

But what about it? So what if Luo He decided not to pursue the matter further? Did it mean that the matter had come to an end?

How could such an incident be so simple. Regardless of Hua Xiaoyun's background, he had to kill him.

But Qin Wentian calmed down somewhat after hearing that Qingcheng's life was no longer in danger. Considering the current situation, there was no way he would be able to rush forward to take Hua Xiaoyun's life. If he did so, he would surely accompany Hua Xiaoyun in death. Even Qing'er's strength wouldn't be

sufficient to protect him.

“My younger brother says that you depended on an extremely powerful divine weapon to defeat him. But even so, a first-level Yuanfu defeating a fourth-level Yuanfu already proves that you have astonishing combat prowess. If there’s a chance, you should roam the Grand Xia Empire.”

There wasn’t the slightest trace of anger in Hua Taixu’s voice. It was as if he was speaking to an old friend.

“In that place, there are many so-called ‘geniuses’ such as you.” Hua Taixu stretched out his hands. Cracks appeared in the skies above the dome of Heavens, as intense beams of light shot down, seemingly answering to his summons. The beams of light transformed into countless sharp swords as they flew with the speed of a comet towards the far-off distance. The amount of energy packed within them was so colossal, that even another cultivator at the peak of Yuanfu would be hard-pressed to block this attack.

“Only by surpassing the other geniuses, would you be considered barely qualified to gain a foothold in the Grand Xia Empire.”

“Senior Luo He, I bid my farewell.” Hua Taixu slightly bowed. After which, he caught hold of Hua Xiaoyun as he departed, his movements like the formless wind. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared from sight and appeared on top of the waves of swords he summoned earlier. The terrifying speed he exhibited left no doubts as to his level of power.

Those from the Hua Clan glanced at Qin Wentian, before following after Hua Taixu.

Hua Taixu didn't make a move on Qin Wentian to get revenge for Hua Yunxiao. Instead, he merely left behind a few obscure sentences before he departed. Yet, everyone could sense the condescending tone and the cold arrogance in his words.

“In that place, there are many so-called ‘geniuses’ such as you.”

“Only by surpassing the other geniuses, would you be considered barely qualified to gain a foothold in the Grand Xia Empire.”

Yet, weren't his words true as well?

Qin Wentian stood there, gazing at the horizon.

Did they really think this matter was over?

How could he still spare Hua Xiaoyun, considering what he tried to do to Mo Qingcheng?

The Grand Xia Empire, he will surely go there in the near future.

Yet if he went there, how could he merely set his sights on just obtaining the qualifications to barely establish a foothold for himself?

“It’s also time for us to leave,” Luo He spoke. After which, she entered the room and carried Mo Qingcheng out.

Old Mo, Mo Tianlin, Qin Wentian, all walked forward, gazing at the unconscious Mo Qingcheng. Could it be that there wasn’t even a chance to bid farewell to her?

Gazing at that pallid, yet still beautiful countenance, Qin Wentian’s determination grew even stronger.

“Leave her to me, there’s no need for you all to worry,” Luo He reassured them, upon witnessing the looks of worry on all their faces.

“Senior, we didn’t mean it like that,” Old Mo explained.

“Mhm, if there’s a chance in the future, you can come to our Pill Emperor Hall to visit her,” Luo He added, after which, she soared to the skies, as the other disciples of the Pill Emperor Hall followed after her.

Bai Fei was about to leave, but she halted as though she thought of something. Turning, she walked towards Qin Wentian as she spoke, “This time you were lucky. Because of the presence of my master, those from the Hua Clan didn’t do anything to you. I know that your feelings for Mo Qingcheng run deep but I still have to warn you, don’t come to our Pill Emperor Palace to look for her. Both of you aren’t compatible.”

Bai Fei paused, before continuing, “That person earlier, his name is Hua Taixu, ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He is the strongest Yuanfu existence in the whole of Grand Xia Empire. In the future he will definitely be at the peak of those true powerhouses. It’s better for you to stay here and continue being a genius.”

After speaking, Bai Fei soared to the skies, following after those from the Pill Emperor Palace.

Jing Yu and Yan Qi both cast deep glances at Qin Wentian. Seeing how much Luo He valued Mo Qingcheng, they understood that Mo Qingcheng would definitely play an influential role within the Pill Emperor Hall in the future.

Although Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng had a deep relationship, this would put an end to it.

This, shall be where their story ends.

“Hua Taixu,” Qin Wentian mumbled, nobody could tell what he was thinking.

His silhouette flickered, Qin Wentian left the Mo Residence.

Old Mo stood there, lost in his thoughts, staring at the spot where Hua Taixu and Qin Wentian had stood earlier.

“Hua Taixu, a supreme expert ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking!”

“Qin Wentian, all three of his Astral Souls originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. Were they truly beings of different levels? What can destiny have in store for them, would their paths intersect in the future?”

AGM 229 - Winter Snow, Again.

Chu Country, after its baptism from the storms of war, finally regained its former peace.

In the most ancient city of Chu, the Royal Capital, the Emperor Star Academy was undoubtedly the most bustling and the place that flourished most. The newly rebuilt Emperor Star Academy continually attracted talented new bloods, and as for the older members of the academy who returned after the storm, they all swore that they would definitely make the Emperor Star Academy regain its former glory and even supersede that. They had to nurture even more experts that were powerful enough to withstand any upheavals that might come.

As for the incident in the Mo Clan, not many knew of it. What they did know was that Mo Qingcheng had been highly regarded by a senior originating from a transcendent power, and was brought away after being accepted as a disciple. This made many people sigh in pity. The number one beauty of Chu was leaving just like that, but then again, with Mo Qingcheng's talent and looks, she was destined never to be trapped in such a small country.

Qin Wentian was still a hot topic discussed by many during their leisure time, over a cup of tea or after a meal. He had already become a legend of Chu merely after two years of time, and was the idol of countless younger cultivators. Every time Qin Wentian appeared in the Emperor Star Academy, his presence would cause a huge commotion.

Especially for his involvements in the war. Qin Wentian's

accomplishments were embellished more and more by the people, until he became something resembling a godly existence.

However those in Chu gradually discovered that the stories of Qin Wentian steadily lessened. It was as though Qin Wentian was purposely trying to fade away from their discussions, to the point where he no longer appeared within the Royal Capital.

Many were speculating, had Qin Wentian already left Chu?

After all, with his talents, this place was too small for him. He would definitely go to the Grand Xia Empire sooner or later.

In the Bamboo Lodge, on a mountain peak opposite to the flowing creek, there was a space about the size of a duelling ground located at the waist of that mountain. Within that space, a youth was currently piercing the air with an ancient halberd in his hands, training without rest. Every time he pierced out with the halberd, a terrifying gale would manifest, appearing to be created through overwhelming strength as the ancient halberd broke the resistance of the air.

After a thousand times, the youth sat down crossed-legged, closed his eyes in deep contemplation, and then entered into a state of absolute silence.

Day after day, month after month, he did the same thing over and over, never pausing to take a break in his cultivation.

Behind the mountain's peak, a voluptuous figure leapt downwards, floating towards the mountain's waist where the youth was. However, she stood silently from afar, looking at the youth practicing with his halberd. At this moment, that ancient halberd abruptly pierced out, its force blasting against a huge mountain rock.

Puchi! A crisp sound rang out, yet soon after, the terrifying noise of several explosions soon echoed. In the distance, far behind the huge mountain rock, a mountain peak exploded into pieces from where it stood.

That youth pointed the tip of the ancient halberd downwards, as a satisfied smile appeared on his face, before he walked towards the voluptuous figure.

BOOOM! A thunderous sound rang out. That huge mountain rock from earlier had totally disintegrated into dust, not leaving any traces of its existence behind. Upon seeing this, a series of bright glows flashed in the voluptuous figure's eyes.

“What innate technique is this?” An Liuyan asked, curiosity and wonderment apparent in her gaze.

“Great Dream Halberd Art.” Qin Wentian smiled. This third stance was created from a modification in basics of the first two stances, and its name is, ‘Fractured Void’. The attack power of the third stance was many times stronger compared to the first two stances, ‘Mountain Splitter’, and ‘Fallen Star’. And what's more, currently, Qin Wentian had already reached the stage whereby he could execute the Great Dream Halberd Art even without the need

for a halberd.

“What a powerful innate technique, but I don’t recall having heard of it before.” An Liuyan laughed.

“The Great Dream Halberd Art was created from my own comprehensions, it’s only natural if you’ve never heard of it,” Qin Wentian humbly replied, his answer causing An Liuyan’s beautiful eyes to brighten. “You are truly a once-in-a-lifetime marvel.”

“I’m here today to deliver the cultivation resources you requested.” An Liuyan rubbed her interspatial ring as several Yuan Meteor Stones appeared, each emanating extremely powerful Astral pressure.

“I’m truly honoured that Great Beauty An delivered the resources here personally.” Qin Wentian kept the Yuan Meteor Stones. Cultivators would naturally require cultivation resources. The higher a cultivation base one had, the greater amount of cultivation resources one would need, to be able to break through to the next level. This was why it was so difficult to nurture a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in such a small country like Chu. To step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, not only would one need monstrous talent as well as incredible insight, cultivation resources were also of paramount importance.

“That poor Francis, I feel bad making him run so many trips. In any case, I also wanted to see you. Are you not happy to see me?” An Liuyan’s smile had hints of teasing within. Looking at her beautiful, matured countenance, Qing Shui shrugged as he replied, “Of course I’m happy... but what a pity, I’m unable to repay the

favour.”

“Repayment? Forget it. The total worth of those third-ranked Divine Imprints you gave us back then far surpassed that which we have given you.” An Liuyan smiled. “Oh and also, Chu Wuwei has investigated the background of those killers that worked with Chu Tianjiao back then. Although they don’t really pose a threat to you, they are still a force to be reckoned with. The conclusion was that they had connections with the Star River Association and were sent by Murin. Murin has already been expelled from the Star River Association and is currently imprisoned in the Black Stronghold by Chu Wuwei.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. With so many things happening, he had long forgotten about Murin. Who would have thought that Murin hated him so much that he would collaborate with Chu Tianjiao to send assassins after his life.

“Okay, I’ve got to go. I will come and visit you again in the future, if time permits.” An Liuyan bid her farewell.

“See you next time, then.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he sent An Liuyan off with his gaze. After which, he walked to the edge of the path and drew in a breath of fresh air. With Yuan Meteor Stones in both hands, he closed his eyes and sat down, sinking into his consciousness, channelling his will towards the tiny Astral-Being.

During the course of these few days, Qin Wentian had unlocked and viewed several memory fragments. Although the ‘playback’ he witnessed were bits and snippets of the middle-aged man’s life, but if he was truly that damn old fogey, it meant that all these

‘playbacks’ he had witnessed were the experiences of his father.

Cultivation was an extremely boring and assiduous affair. However, it varied for each individual. For some, especially those with sufficient thirst for power, each and every improvement would bring about more motivation. To these people, cultivation was an enjoyable affair.

Qin Wentian, was precisely one of ‘these’ people. Feeling himself improve every day, his thirst to be more powerful only grew stronger and stronger.

Hua Xiaoyun was still alive, he still didn’t have the power to crush the Nine Mystical Palace, Mo Qingcheng would become an important character in the Pill Emperor Hall, and the knowledge that there were countless supreme experts in the Grand Xia Empire. These all became his source of motivation, allowing the flames of passion in his heart to burn forever.

Time flowed by, winter arrived in the blink of an eye.

It had been snowing heavily for several days, causing Chu to be covered by a blanket of whiteness.

As for the waist of the mountain peak Qin Wentian was on, it was also completely covered by snow, invoking a beautiful landscape that resembled a scene from a dream.

Qin Wentian climbed to the peak, sitting there as he surveyed the

whole of Chu. Beside him, a snowy puppy mirrored his actions, eyeing the horizon.

Behind Qin Wentian, a peerless beauty stood gazing in wonder at the falling snow. Stretching her hands out with open palms, she watched as snowflakes landed on her palm. The scene happening before her, was truly gorgeous.

If there were others present, they would have realised that the scene of Qing`er staring at wonder at the falling snow, was even more gorgeous compared to the snowy view.

Qin Wentian turned his head, and as he saw Qing`er staring around in wonder, he couldn't help but lose focus. This mysterious maiden was so beautiful, like a celestial fairy from the immortal realms.

“Is the snow beautiful?” Qin Wentian asked in a low voice.

Qing`er retracted her hands, staring at Qin Wentian as her lashes flickered. Yet, she said nothing. Her actions caused Qin Wentian to feel helpless, this beautiful girl was truly like an ice princess. It was extremely difficult for him to exchange a few words with her.

“Do you want to go for a walk?” Qin Wentian asked again.

Qing`er's beautiful eyes stared at him, but Qin Wentian couldn't tell what she was thinking. And just when Qin Wentian thought that she was going to continue remaining silent, Qing`er lightly

noded her head. “Okay ..”

“Isn’t this much better? You should speak more often, you know.” Qin Wentian grinned as he carried Little Rascal and soared into the skies.

Qin Wentian walked through the streets of the Royal Capital, which were covered entirely in snow, leaving his footprints behind as he headed past the little wine shop from before. Three people were already sitting there. They were none other than Chu Wuwei, Chu Mang, and Immortal Drunken Wine.

Although he was the current emperor of Chu, Chu Wuwei still retained his personality from before. This caused Qin Wentian to feel gratified in his heart. His past choice was the right one. Chu Wuwei, the prince unable to cultivate, was perhaps the only one qualified to become a brilliant emperor of the generations. He would focus on developing Chu and improve the country beyond its current level, and thus leave behind an era of radiance.

“Wentian, join us for a cup or two?” Chu Wuwei smiled as he noticed the approach of Qin Wentian.

“It’s fine, I plan to take a walk outside.” Qin Wentian laughed,

“Okay, in any case remember to bring along this blockhead for me when you want to leave.” Chu Wuwei also laughed.

“Alright, I’ll look for you then.” Qin Wentian nodded. Chu

Wuwei wanted him to bring Chu Mang with him. This decision showed how much trust and confidence he had in Qin Wentian. Chu Wuwei's degree of forbearance, wasn't something that ordinary people could hope to surpass.

As Qin Wentian departed, and upon noticing an unparalleled beauty following behind him, Chu Wuwei and Immortal Drunken Wine locked gazes as their faces broke into similar smiles. This fellow was truly extraordinary.

Qin Wentian walked about aimlessly, and occasionally smiled at people who cast glances at him. At this moment, two silhouettes hastily walked past him.

“Liu Yan, let's go quickly.” A young man couldn't help but call out as he saw his girlfriend coming to a halt, standing in the middle of the snow, dumbstruck by something she saw.

Qin Wentian also noticed that it was Liu Yan. Looking at her, he noticed that she had changed a lot, as though she were more haggard. She no longer had that youthful aura of dynamism she had back then.

After casting a glance at Liu Yan's boyfriend, he saw it was no longer Ye Zhan. They should have broken up after the Ye Clan was demolished.

Smiling at Liu Yan, Qin Wentian nodded politely and continued walking forward. Liu Yan continued standing there dumbly, her eyes showing traces of redness. Somehow, looking at the beautiful

drifting snowflakes, she felt a kind of pain in her heart.

Unknowingly, Qin Wentian found himself at an ancient looking tree. Lost in his memories, a radiant smile blossomed on his face as he sat down on the ground with his back leaning against the time-worn tree.

Little Rascal squatted beside Qin Wentian, looking at him with intelligence flickering in its eyes.

“Am I very dumb?” Qin Wentian abruptly asked, reliving the same scene that happened exactly a year ago.

And just like a year ago, Little Rascal nodded its adorable head in agreement as hints of laughter glimmered in its eyes.

Qin Wentian glanced at the snowy puppy as he involuntarily let out a laugh as well.

Leaning backwards, Qin Wentian stared at the falling snow ahead. It was as though he could somehow envision that girl from back then, all clad in white, as she smiled sweetly back at him.

Memories were like paintings, everything the same as before, yet where was the person who could melt his heart?

AGM 230 - White Deer Institute

The land size of the Grand Xia Empire was so large that it could be considered almost boundless. It had innumerable territories and countless cities that were divided into nine vast regions, separately known as the Nine Continents.

The Nine Continents were respectively known as: Green Continent, Azure Continent, Spirit Continent, Ginkou Continent, War Continent, Wind Continent, Demon Continent, Yan Continent and the Moon Continent.

Of these Nine Continents, four of them; Green Continent, Spirit Continent, Yan Continent and Demon Continent were situated at the four extreme corners of the Grand Xia Empire, with the Green Continent being the nearest to Chu.

As for the Ginkou Continent, Moon Continent and War Continent, they were in a triangle alliance, and their locations were considered at the heart of the Grand Xia Empire.

The Moon Continent was also known as the most prosperous continent of all. Over at the Moon Continent, experts were as common as clouds, and the strongest of the strong were all gathered there.

The Pill Emperor Hall was one of the transcendent powers residing in the Moon Continent. It had witnessed countless eras of history and its position and status had never wavered, regardless of whatever storms rocked the Grand Xia Empire. Among all the

transcendent powers in Chu, the Pill Emperor Hall was ranked as the fifth strongest.

Maybe in terms of raw power, the Pill Emperor Hall did not have the qualifications to be ranked fifth. But because of its uniqueness, during chaotic clashes of power between the transcendent powers, nobody had ever been willing to act against the Pill Emperor Hall before.

The Pill Emperor Hall occupied the central region in the Moon Continent. Over there, were several ancient-looking pavilions and buildings that projected a majestic and celestial air. People passing by would inevitably shift their gazes over, as expressions of envy and admiration could be seen reflected on their features.

Occasionally, there would be young male and female cultivators exiting the Pill Emperor Hall. Their faces were all full of pride, emanating a faint hint of arrogance that indicated their feelings of superiority over others.

Within the Pill Emperor Hall, in the middle of their majestic buildings, there was a towering sky-high platform. At this moment, a lonely looking silhouette stood there, gazing at the horizon.

This silhouette was clad in white, with an ice-cold temperament. Her empire-toppling features were so enchanting that it caused people to be breathless. Her bearing was extraordinary, giving people a sense of holiness, as though she was a divinity and merely looking at her would be a blasphemy.

However, in the depths of her eyes, no hints of happiness could be found. Only a faint sadness and extreme loneliness could be seen within.

“Junior Sister, Master asked you to go over. She will impart on you the Moon Qi Technique, allowing you to use your own Qi to nourish pills during concoction.” At this moment, a youthful figure stood at a place not far away from the towering platform, calling out to her.

“Understood,” the peerless beauty replied coldly, her tone containing traces of unwelcome and rejection, pushing people to a distance of a thousand miles away.

Behind her, Jing Yu’s feelings became extremely complicated upon hearing the tone of her voice. In the depths of his eyes, hints of admiration and longing could be seen, yet, after a period of interaction with this supreme beauty, he had gradually learned to mask it.

Ever since this junior sister of his had awoken from unconsciousness, her demeanor had grown frostier and frostier by the day. Even her temperament had undergone a huge change compared to the time when Jing Yu had first seen her. After their Master’s guidance, it was as though she had gained enlightenment, unconsciously projecting an air of holiness, so pure and saint-like that even looking at her felt like a blasphemous act.

He had already understood that the girl before him, was no

longer someone he was qualified to woo after.

Was she still thinking of him? Maybe her memories and love for him would fade away and dim with the passing of time. After all, they were no longer existences belonging to the same world.

Over this period of time, there were many representatives from various transcendent powers that all hinted to Luo He their intention to propose a marriage engagement with her. Each of the names mentioned by the representatives were all names of grand characters that could shake the Grand Xia Empire.

After informing her, Jing Yu silently departed.

The beautiful young woman continued to stand there, unmoving, as a gentle gust of wind fluttered her robes. Her eyes were so beautiful, yet also filled with a heart-wrenching loneliness.

.....

The Moon Continent was extremely vast, and the population of each of the cities it governed was at a size about ten times larger compared to that of Chu.

At the eastern city of the Moon Continent, there was an unending flow of humanity moving about in the streets. Among the hustle and bustle of the city, stood three silhouettes contemplating their surroundings with ardent curiosity and anticipation.

The person in the centre of the trio had a snowy puppy in his arms. Even the snowy puppy was glancing around with excitement as though it couldn't wait to scamper about for new experiences.

“Wow this place feels so prosperous. The Royal Capital of Chu feels like trash compared to here. There's no way to compare both places.” A fatty standing on the group's left side had his eyes narrowed, as he scrutinised the crowd for beauties.

“Indeed, our Chu Country cannot be compared to here.” The muscular young man on the right nodded in agreement. Although he had deep feelings for Chu, he had no choice but to admit it. The disparity between here and Chu was too great.

“Hey Boss, the beauties here all look so delicious. Their quality is much higher compared to our beauties in Chu.” The fatty excitedly tugged on the arm of the person standing in the centre. “Look at that hot babe in that jade green skirt. She's got long slender legs and a busty chest to match. What a perfect specimen tsk tsk, I wouldn't mind my lifespan being shortened if only I could be friends with her.”

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes immediately when he heard the words. This damn fatty never changed...

Only to see the beautiful girl the fatty was referring to suddenly glare in their direction as her brows furrowed in displeasure, her actions causing the fatty to cover his mouth with his hands before whispering, “Wow, why is her hearing so sharp...”

“Hey beautiful lady, I’m just praising that you are really beautiful and wish to be friends with you. I have no other intentions,” Fatty said with a straight face.

“You mean you still dare to have other intentions?” The countenance of the young woman turned unsightly. The gaze of this fatty was too damn shameless, staring at her in a lusty manner.

“Apologies, he’s bad with words,” Qin Wentian apologetically nodded to the young woman. The young woman shifted her gaze onto Qin Wentian and her frosty gaze melted somewhat upon noting his handsome countenance, along with the righteous air and extraordinary demeanor he projected. She grumbled, “I really hate the way this fatty is looking at me.”

At this exact moment, Fan Le’s gaze was glued to her chest and was spotted by her.

“Bastard.” The young woman grew red as she stomped her foot and left.

“Fatty, stop causing trouble.” Qin Wentian rolled his eyes. This fellow was too much of an asshole. He actually openly stared at her chest...

“Boss, I can’t help my eyes.” Fatty didn’t seem to feel any regrets. Instead he continued to grumble, “That lady was only at the second level of Yuanfu, how could she cause us any trouble...?”

“You...” Qin Wentian had almost forgotten that Fan Le had a gift to sense the cultivation levels of others. This fellow must have purposely chosen the earlier young woman to tease.

Currently, the demeanor of Qin Wentian had undergone a huge change compared to before. His exquisitely sculpted features no longer contained hints of a teen’s childishness, and his long, black hair had grown to the point where it draped over his shoulders. If one wasn’t familiar with this young man, or had not met him during this past half-year, they would be hard-pressed to recognise him.

“Let’s purchase a map first.” Qin Wentian walked into a business shop that specialised in selling maps, and came out with one detailing the Moon Continent. After which, they opened up the map, studying it as they continued walking. Their gazes all landed onto the central region of the Moon Continent. That area was an extremely vast land size occupied by a series of halls, pavilions and buildings.

Above it, were three big words inscribed on the map – Pill Emperor Hall.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian’s gaze turned towards the central region of the Moon Continent. The distance between this eastern city and the Pill Emperor Palace could be considered short, yet also not that short. With his current strength, even if he chose to go there, there was probably no way the guards would allow him to enter.

Not only that, he didn't wish to attract the attention of the Hua Clan. With his current demeanor and appearance, even if he met Hua Xiaoyun again, he might not even be recognised by him. Also, within this vast region, he wouldn't venture into the western city where the Hua Clan resided, how could it be so easy to meet people from the Hua Clan? Even if he was truly and extremely unlucky, he would have no choice but to depend on Qing'er and leave the Moon Continent for now.

Yet, he didn't wish to leave. The reason for him coming to the Moon Continent today, was none other than Hua Xiaoyun.

"Hua Clan." Qin Wentian stared at the western city outlined in the map as a bone-chilling light flashed in his eyes. He would definitely make Hua Xiaoyun pay for what he had done.

"Boss, where are we going?" Fan Le pulled the map as he inquired.

"This place." Qin Wentian pointed to a space described on the map.

"White Deer Institute!" Surprise flashed upon Fan Le's countenance. He was somewhat taken by surprise when Qin Wentian wanted to go to the Moon Continent. However, he understood Qin Wentian's character. He would never give up until Hua Xiaoyun was dead.

Yet, Fan Le felt somewhat bewildered. Why did Qin Wentian's reply seem as though he had long known where he wanted to go. It

seemed that the reason behind coming to the Moon Continent wasn't simply because of Hua Xiaoyun alone.

This should be the first time Qin Wentian came to the Moon Continent, how did he know what sort of place the White Deer Institute was?

“What sort of place is the White Deer Institute?” Fan Le asked.

“No idea,” Qin Wentian replied as he noted the path on the map. This time around, it was Fan Le's turn to roll his eyes. No idea?

What does this reply even mean...?

“Enough, let's move out.” Qin Wentian kept the map, as hints of a smile could be seen in his eyes.

He truly had no idea what sort of place the White Deer Institute was. But he knew that back then when Diyi passed him the Azure Emperor token, there was a map that appeared after his blood flowed into it.

And one of the places marked on the map, was none other than the White Deer Institute located within the Moon Continent.

This indicated that the Azure Emperor Palace's 'hidden' Azure Faction had chosen the Moon Continent to be their hiding place throughout all these years. Yet in the course of these past few thousand years, no one knew how the 'hidden' Azure Faction was

faring.

Maybe, other than the owner of the authority token, even those from the 'hidden' Azure Faction within the White Deer Institute had no clue where the other branches of their 'hidden' Azure Faction were located, or who their members were. After all, a few thousand years was a long time, all of them had already gotten used to their new identities.

The White Deer institute was going to be Qin Wentian's first contact with the 'hidden' Azure Faction. Naturally, he had to be prudent!

AGM 231 - Hidden Within

The White Deer Institute could be considered an exceptionally famous power in the Moon Continent. Although it wasn't on the level of a transcendent power, its total strength only lost out slightly in comparison.

Not only that, the White Deer Institute almost never got into conflict with the other powers. No one knew how strong the White Deer Institute was exactly, but many people guessed that there may be several powerful characters hiding within it. Naturally, this was only guesswork on their part. Since the White Deer Institute rarely clashed with others, there would be no reason for the other powers to make a move to deal with the White Deer Institute either.

Not only that, the Institute's reputation had always been good. They focused on the teachings of powerful Divine Inscriptions that, once inscribed, granted Divine Weapons unimaginable effects. Yet, they only taught Divine Inscriptions and didn't forge weapons. If one wanted to learn, naturally they would have to pay a certain amount of Yuan Meteor Stones.

One had to say that the White Deer Institute had a variety of ways to generate income. Based only on their expertise with Divine Inscriptions, the school fees they collected from the students were already sufficient to fund the entire institute, not to mention their other sources of income. Hence, the position of the White Deer Institute was extremely important and not many would go against them.

Through some minor investigation, Qin Wentian easily obtained information regarding what sort of place the White Deer Institute was. Yet, he couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

As the saying went: Small-time hermits hide in remote places, while true hermits wouldn't mind attention. This was so true for the White Deer Institute; there should be no one who remembered that a branch of the 'hidden' Azure Faction from back then, had actually become the famous White Deer Institute of today.

Qin Wentian and co. arrived outside the Institute. It gave off an elegant feeling, and there were already a line of people queueing outside.

“Hey, you are here as well?” Fan Le's eyes brightened. In front of them stood the young woman wearing the jade-green dress from earlier.

She frowned as she noticed Fan Le, she was starting to suspect Fan Le's motives.

“Are you here to study Divine Inscriptions as well?” Qin Wentian asked, causing the suspicions in the young woman's heart to lessen as she nodded.

“Wow, so coincidental? Hihi, my name is Fan Le. What's yours, pretty lady?” Fatty stretched his hands out, which were then conveniently ignored.

“Qin Wentian.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded towards the young woman.

“Leng Ning,” the young woman replied, “Is the little puppy in your arms a demonic beast? It’s so pretty.”

Little Rascal’s head poked out of Qin Wentian’s embrace as it stared at Leng Ning. After which, its eyes brightened as it leapt out of Qin Wentian’s arms, jumping towards Leng Ning.

Before anyone could react, Little Rascal had already snuggled its head between the twin peaks of Leng Ning. It rubbed its head in contentment while letting out barks of excitement before settling down, lying there looking extremely comfortable.

“What an adorable little fellow.” Leng Ning’s originally cold countenance had immediately melted as she gently stroked Little Rascal’s fur.

Seeing the look of contentment on Little Rascal’s face, Fan Le could only stick his arms on his hips while muttering ominously. What a lecherous puppy.

“There’s quite a lot of people here, do they all wish to join the Institute to research more on Divine Inscriptions?” Qin Wentian swept a glance at the surroundings as he asked Leng Ning.

“Are you a visitor from the other continents?” Leng Ning glanced

at Qin Wentian.

“Yes, we’ve come from a place very far away,” Qin Wentian replied.

“No wonder, the White Deer Institute only recruits new blood once every month. Your luck is really good, your arrival coincided with the recruitment period. They will guide you for one month, and if your performance in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions showcases your talents, you can continue cultivating here. If not, the White Deer Institute won’t waste your time. Of course, if your attainments with Divine Inscriptions reach an extremely high level, the White Deer Institute may offer you to join them as a guest elder.

Leng Ning had a pretty good first impression of Qin Wentian, thus she patiently explained all this to him.

“Oh yeah, how are your attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions? If you don’t have the talent, there’s no need to waste Yuan Meteor Stones,” Leng Ning added. It wasn’t that she looked down on Qin Wentian but instead, she was sincerely advising him.

“I think I could be considered pretty good,” Qin Wentian mumbled. In reality, considering his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, he could already become an instructor for the students. Not that he would boast about it.

“I believe that you are truly from a very faraway place.” Leng Ning rolled her eyes. Pretty good? Regarding their attainments in

the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, not many people would dare to say that they are ‘pretty good’. Although this fellow was quite good-looking, his words were slightly too boastful. Maybe he didn’t know that some students of the White Deer Institute had already achieved terrifying attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

“If you want to register for the examination, as well as remain here for a month to receive their guidance, you will have to pay a total of ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones,” Leng Ning informed them, out of the kindness of her heart.

“That expensive?” Qin Wentian perspired. If they were in Chu, ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones would already be considered a staggering fortune. Most people would find it almost impossible to gather this much wealth, even if they were to risk their lives in the Dark Forest over and over again.

Seeing Qin Wentian’s astonishment further affirmed Leng Ning’s suspicions. This fellow was like a big fish in a small pond and didn’t know how huge the outside world really was.

“Yeah, but as long as you have sufficient talent and achieve a high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, by then you could just inscribe them onto Divine Weapons and sell them away. Why would you need to worry about not earning back your initial investment?” Leng Ning glanced at Qin Wentian before she continued, “Moreover, Divine Inscriptions are the basis of the Dao of Formations. For a powerful Divine Inscriptionist, not only can he be an expert weaponsmith, after one achieves a high enough attainment, he can also set up powerful formations. How could ten third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones be considered a hefty price?”

“Oh, I see.” Qin Wentian nodded. He had never even heard of Formations back in Chu. Chu was indeed too small a place.

“Does the White Deer Institute have a very high level of attainment regarding Divine Inscriptions?” Qin Wentian asked again, he really wanted to know concrete details on how strong exactly this branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction might be.

Leng Ning was completely speechless. She rolled her eyes and didn’t reply, causing Qin Wentian to laugh awkwardly.

“Everyone.” After a short while, an old man appeared from the White Deer Institute, looking at the crowd and smiling. “Follow me in.”

The crowd nodded and followed the old man into the institute.

In actuality, the White Deer Institute was the Bailu Clan. However, they liked the name of ‘Institute’ more. Within the Institute were pavilions and buildings, with little bridges built across flowing waters, projecting an air of lushness and tranquility.

The old man brought the crowd to a stone wall. On this stone wall, many outlines of Divine Inscriptions could be seen engraved upon it, giving people a sense of sharpness, yet their eyes still involuntarily shifted over, taking in the wall’s markings.

The power in Divine Inscriptions comes from a mysterious source. Miraculous effects occur only when lines of runic Inscriptions intersect and weave about, forming a complete picture of a Divine Inscription.

Qin Wentian could tell with a single glance that the Divine Inscriptions on the stone wall were all second-ranked inscriptions, and the person who inscribed it should also be at the master level. Each stroke of each outline was almost perfect and even if Qin Wentian himself were the one to perform the engravings, he could only improve upon it slightly.

“If the outlines were slightly more graceful, with a twirl at the end of the curl at that final point of intersection, it would be even more perfect. What a pity,” Qin Wentian murmured, causing Leng Ning, standing by the side, to freeze. To her, the inscriptions on the stone wall were already incomparably exquisite, this was something she wouldn’t be able to do. But from Qin Wentian’s words... this fellow was truly a braggart. Especially the expression on his face, as though he truly believed what he said was right, which caused Leng Ning to be speechless.

“What big words.” A mocking voice drifted over. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze as he saw a young man clad in yellow robes looking at him, while laughing coldly. “This Divine Inscription has already reached the pinnacle of perfection, each and every stroke of its outline interweave perfectly to form a complete picture without flaw. But in your perspective, there’s still room for improvement?”

After speaking, his gaze turned to Leng Ning as he laughed. “Leng Ning, is this a friend of yours?”

Leng Ning furrowed her brows, this fellow was here as well. He purposely came over to find trouble when he noticed that she was with Qin Wentian and his group. Although this Divine Inscription looked very complete, she could still see it was a little distance away from perfection. The yellow-clad youth should be able to tell so as well, yet his words said otherwise, indicating that he was obviously here to create trouble.

“Yan Kong, what does it have to do with you?” Leng Ning coldly replied.

“Indeed, this has nothing to do with me. I’m only worried that your good nature might be taken advantage of by strangers. What a bunch of braggarts.” Yan Kong laughed loudly, causing many in the crowd to focus their attention over to them.

Fan Le narrowed his eyes as he stared at Yan Kong. With a cultivation base only at the third level of Yuanfu? He would be squashed like an insect the moment Chu Mang slapped him. How was it that he dared to be this arrogant.

“Hey baby, who is this retard?” Fan Le asked Leng Ning, causing her to be slightly stunned. “Retard?”

“Since he already knows that this has nothing to do with him, why is he still standing here spouting crap? If he is not a retard, then what is he?” Hints of sympathy could be seen in Fan Le’s gaze as he looked at Yan Kong. This caused Yan Kong’s countenance to stiffen as he glared at Fan Le, a cold light glimmering in his eyes.

“Haaaa-” Leng Ning tried to cover her mouth, but her laughter still resounded. She realised that this fatty wasn’t as irksome as she thought he was.

“Leng Ning, you are so beautiful, you know?” Fan Le smiled. Upon hearing the sound of Leng Ning’s radiant laughter, he swept his gaze over her figure again.

The gazes of the crowd momentarily froze as they perspired. This fellow... even if he wanted to make a move on the girl, he needn’t be so direct, right?

Qin Wentian immediately turned and left, pretending he didn’t know this shameless fellow.

“Idiot.” Yan Kong coldly stared at Fan Le. After which, he shifted his stare towards Leng Ning as he continued, “Leng Ning, I have to commend you on your ‘taste’.”

Leng Ning didn’t expect that Fan Le would be so corny, at this moment she was at a loss for words.

“Quiet down.” At that moment, the old man leading the way spoke out. The clamor died as the crowd directed their attention towards him. Soon after, a young lady appeared beside the old man, wearing a body-hugging, contour-accentuating, long, black-colored robe. Her curves were all visibly outlined, and that smoking-hot body didn’t lose out in the slightest when compared to Leng Ning. Her chest appeared even fuller and her exquisite,

white neck resembled a heavenly crane. Her appearance was so outstanding that no one wanted to look away from her.

Not only did she have a devilish figure, her face was the face of an angel. It radiated purity, giving people a strong sense of delightful contrast.

Fan Le's eyes lit up, he loved the Moon Continent so, so, so, so much. Beautiful ladies were as common as the clouds and they were all of extremely high quality. Fatty's spring days were coming!

“Bailu Yi, the White Deer Institutes' greatest Divine Inscriptionist from the younger generations. Not only was she able to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions, the outlines were all incomparably intricate. In addition, her suitors were all extraordinary characters, you guys have no hope at all,” Leng Ning explained in a low voice, after seeing the look in Fatty's eyes.

Qin Wentian contemplated Bailu Yi, indeed she was a woman that exuded charm, and just looking at her would cause people to be unable to forget her appearance. And what's more astonishing was that she could actually inscribe third-ranked Divine Inscriptions at such a young age. He himself knew how difficult it was to comprehend and inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions.

“Not bad indeed,” Qin Wentian lightly commented, causing Leng Ning to be utterly dumbfounded. The ability to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions only earned a commendation of ‘not bad’? She should already be considered a ‘monster’.

This handsome fellow in front of her, boasted with such a straight face, and with no hints of shame. It was as though his words were decidedly correct and a matter of course.

AGM 232 - The Name Of Mo Qingcheng

Bailu Yi swept her gaze across the crowd, “After this, you will all select a Divine Inscription engraved on the stonewall and try to inscribe it yourself. If your performance is good enough, I shall be the Teacher for this batch instead.”

The eyes of the crowd brightened as they heard Bailu Yi’s words. There was no one that doubted Bailu Yi’s attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions despite her age. As the most outstanding Divine Inscriptionist among the younger generation, Bailu Yi’s level of expertise was extremely terrifying. Moreover, she was a great beauty, so the crowd was more than willing, especially the younger guys, who had already started to fantasize.

If they could take this chance to catch her eye...“Are these fellows serious?” Leng Ning didn’t know whether to laugh or cry as she turned her gaze onto the crowd, their eyes had already totally lit up with anticipation. Naturally, Fan Le was one of them. “White Deer Institute wishes to find a talented young man to be Bailu Yi’s companion. Sadly, she has only one requirement - the man who wishes to have her as his wife only needs to have a higher level of attainment than her in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.”

“Is her attainment really that high?” Qin Wentian asked, astonishment coloring his face.

“What do you think? The White Deer Institute specialises in Divine Inscriptions, not to mention she has a forging-type Astral Soul. How could she not be an expert? Don’t tell me you wish to court her as well?” Leng Ning studied Qin Wentian. All these men

were the same, a bunch of horny things, there wasn't a single good'un among them.

Upon seeing the slightly 'unkind' gaze Leng Ning was shooting his way, Qin Wentian felt extremely depressed. Beautiful things would naturally have their share of admirers. First of all, not counting whether he liked Bailu Yi or not, even if he wished to court her, there was no need for Leng Ning to stare at him in such a way, right?

"I already have someone I love." Qin Wentian shook his head, as he smiled. Only then did Leng Ning stop.

"Yeah, his girlfriend is really so hot, the number one beauty in the Pill Emperor Hall," Fan Le interjected. Leng Ning's gaze momentarily froze as she stared at Fan Le. "Why not say his girlfriend is Mo Qingcheng?"

"How did you know?" This reply caused Fan Le to be stunned. He was just casually interjecting, yet Leng Ning had actually guessed it.

Seeing how serious Fan Le's countenance was as she looked at him, Leng Ning drew in a huge breath before saying a single word, "Scram."

This fellow was way too shameless.

"You are acquainted with Mo Qingcheng?" Qin Wentian inquired

in a low voice, his heart thumping.

Leng Ning had a bizarre look in her eyes as she stared at Qin Wentian. After which, she replied icily, “A few months ago, the Pill Emperor’s daughter, Luo He, brought back a treasured disciple she found on her travels. Several major powers went to offer their congratulations. This matter caused a commotion that shook the Moon Continent, it was circulated that this new disciple was named Mo Qingcheng and had features so beautiful that she was capable of toppling kingdoms and empires. Now, there’s no one around that doesn’t know the name, Mo Qingcheng.”

“However, you guys are truly without any sense of shame, to think that you can even utter such words.”

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, as a bitter smile curled his lips. It seemed like he had to hurry up and gain control and the acceptance of this branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. If not, he wouldn’t even have the qualifications to meet Qingcheng. Even a stranger like Leng Ning felt that he was a daydreaming idiot.

However, this branch had concealed itself for a few thousand years. Qin Wentian didn’t understand a single thing about the White Deer Institute, so he could only take it step by step, entering the Institute first and then becoming a core member.

“Enough, come and inscribe your chosen Inscriptions on the stone wall over here.” At this moment, the old man beside Bailu Yi spoke, as he led the prospective students to a place with many stone monuments, each displaying countless attempted Divine

Inscriptions on it. This should be where the previous test candidates had inscribed their Divine Inscriptions.

The people in the crowd walked towards their selected stone monuments. Fan Le and Chu Mang stood on the left and right of Qin Wentian as they scratched their heads. They didn't even have a basic understanding regarding comprehension of Divine Inscriptions.

Qin Wentian had already chosen which Divine Inscription he wanted to inscribe. Directing the Astral Energy within his body, he channelled it to his finger as a mote of starlight appeared. He then inscribed the outlines of his chosen Divine Inscription - that of a flying sword, on the stone monument. This was all done in an unbroken rhythm, with him completing it in a single attempt.

"I'm done, will Miss Bailu please take a look?" A voice broke the silence of the air, the person who spoke was none other than Yan Kong. He completed his inscription roughly about the same time as Qin Wentian. As the gazes of the crowd drifted over, they only saw the outline of an eagle majestically flying in the skies. An aura emanated forth from the stone monument, causing people to involuntarily sigh in admiration. The level of standards for this newly inscribed Divine Inscription had already surpassed the one on the original stone wall.

"Indeed, he's someone from the Yan Clan, his talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is abnormally high," many mused in their hearts. The Yan Clan, was exceptionally famous in this region.

Leng Ning's gaze was somewhat unsightly. After a while, she had

also completed her inscription. Although it wasn't bad, there was an obvious disparity between hers and Yan Kong's. She did her very best and barely met the mark of inscribing a second-ranked Divine Inscription. She had already reached her limits. She could only stare dumbly at her own inscription, while feeling a slight sadness in her heart.

“Once you have completed the inscription, please stand over to the other side.”

“Have you completed your inscription of a second-ranked Divine Inscription?” Leng Ning appeared preoccupied, as she turned her head and asked Qin Wentian. He had chosen a flying sword, what a simple Divine Inscription.

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded.

“If there are no other variables, he should be able to obtain the top score.” Fan Le was extremely familiar with Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. He could already inscribe perfect third-ranked Inscriptions, not to mention second-ranked ones.

After everyone was done, that old man and Bailu Yi walked about, gazing at the completed works of each of the students. As they studied the inscription done by Yan Kong, the old man smiled as he intoned in a low voice to Bailu Yi, “Yan Kong's ability in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is indeed impressive. If you study within the White Deer Institute for a period of time, your attainment will be even higher. There are several talents within this batch of students, but Yan Kong is the strongest.”

“Hmm, you are wrong.” Suddenly, Bailu Yi walked forward to pause in front of a stone monument.

The old man’s countenance faltered, as he turned his gaze upon the stone monument that caught Bailu Yi’s attention. On the monument, an inscription of a sword could be seen. The outline appeared extremely simple. Although it emitted a sensation of sharpness when one gazed upon it, it was after all, one of the easiest Divine Inscriptions to inscribe.

Bailu Yi extended her index finger out, as Astral Energy flowed from within her into the Divine Inscription.

Chichi~ The sensation of sharpness intensified. Cracking sounds rang out, as the keening of a sword could be heard. In the next moment, the stone monument split apart, leaving behind a deep-looking sword scar.

“Returning to its natural state, the attainment of this person has, at the very least, reached the large-success stage for the second level.” Bailu Yi’s eyes gleamed, as she asked the old man, “Who was the one who inscribed this?”

“I don’t know who he is, I’ve never met this young man around here before. Bailu Yi, will you be the teacher for this batch of students?” the old man inquired.

“Yeah, I’ll do it.” Bailu Yi nodded her head. “Bring them to the institute after collecting their Yuan Meteor Stones.”

“Right.” The old man turned and started to make the arrangements.

Within the Institute, there were many stone desks and stone seats. In front of them was a stone wall with various kinds of Divine Inscriptions carved upon it. Qin Wentian sat beside Leng Ning, while Fan Le and Chu Mang sat behind him.

Bailu Yi stood at the front of the stone desks with her back facing the stone wall. Looking at the students, she stated, “Some of you don’t even have the slightest concept of what Divine Inscriptions are, yet choose to waste your time here. Since you’ve made your choice, I won’t say anything much regarding that. In any case, there’s one person among you guys whose attainment has, at the very least, reached the largest stage of success for the second level. I regard that person highly.”

Chu Mang fidgeted about uncomfortably while rubbing his head, as an expression of ‘you-caught-me’ appeared on his face. While Fan Le who was beside him, didn’t have any shame at all. He continued staring intently at Bailu Yi, taking in her features, as he lost himself in admiration.

Upon hearing her words, many in the crowd shifted their gazes onto Yan Kong. The person whom Bailu Yi spoke of, it should be Yan Kong, right?

Feeling the stares of others, Yan Kong sat up straighter as a smile filled with pride appeared on his face.

Leng Ning felt a sense of defeat as her countenance turned cool.

“Divine Inscriptions are the most mysterious sources of energy in this world. With Divine Inscriptions, one can forge Divine Weapons, set up Formations, and even use the Divine Inscriptions themselves in battle. The Dao of Divine Inscriptions, encompasses the Dao of Heaven and Earth. The power it contains, is boundless,” Bailu Yi lectured.

“Are Divine Inscriptions really that powerful? Even if your level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is higher compared to mine? As long as my cultivation is stronger, I could defeat you with ease,” Fan Le spoke. Bailu Yi glanced at him before replying, “Look at what you have inscribed, I mean drawn. The picture of a white puppy. Good drawing skills indeed.”

“HAHAHA!” Immediately, everyone exploded with laughter. Luckily, Fan Le’s skin was thick, so he didn’t mind the ribbing.

“Have you heard before the story where a Yuanfu Cultivator slayed a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign?” Bailu Yi asked Fan Le.

“It’s impossible, right?”

“Naturally this is impossible for ordinary cultivators, but for powerful Divine Inscriptionists, they could do so by borrowing the power contained within Heaven and Earth. Over here in the Moon Continent, there’s a grandmaster in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with a cultivation base at the Yuanfu Realm who slayed an awe-

inspiring Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Not only that, this matter was personally witnessed by many, you can just ask around.”

Bailu Yi casually explained, while the countenances of the crowd remained stoic and solemn. Apparently, they all knew of this matter.

“That strong?” Fan Le grinned.

Leng Ning turned her head to roll her eyes at Fan Le. This fellow simply had no idea how powerful the White Deer Institute was.

In the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, the White Deer Institute was the most famous and strongest among all powers within the Moon Continent. They had Inscriptions for Divine Weapons, Inscriptions for Formations, Inscriptions for Battles. They were extremely proficient with all types of usage regarding Divine Inscriptions.

Bailu Yi didn’t reply to Fan Le. She continued lecturing while Qin Wentian quietly listened. Although his talent in Divine Inscriptions could be considered monstrous, his knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was extremely lacking.

Divine Inscriptions were undoubtedly the key that would allow him to enter the White Deer Institute.

The lesson lasted for four hours. Qin Wentian felt that he had benefited tremendously. After the lesson, they respectively departed from the White Deer Institute.

“How do you feel?” Leng Ning asked Qin Wentian.

“Not bad, Bailu Yi’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was indeed at a high enough level. In fact, her explanation caused me to gain some insights,” Qin Wentian replied with a laugh.

Leng Ning turned speechless. Qin Wentian’s words were sounding more and more boastful, maybe that was his personality? Actually, Qin Wentian only said what he said because his level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was high enough. Yet, Leng Ning kept thinking that Qin Wentian’s aptitude in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was just ordinary, which was why she felt Qin Wentian was bragging. “Miss Leng, we came here in a hurry and have no place to stay. Would it be an inconvenience if we stayed at your residence for a few days??” Fan Le interjected as he walked to Leng Ning’s side.

“.....” For a moment, Qin Wentian was at a loss for words, before he then replied, “It’s fine, we will find an inn to stay in. Little Rascal, come here.”

However, Little Rascal merely snuggled even more contently against Leng Ning’s bosom and refused to budge an inch. Its actions caused Qin Wentian to be speechless. This fellow was as lecherous as Fan Le.

“Don’t worry about it. Anyway, my residence isn’t far away and there are many empty rooms about. There’s no problem, you guys can stay for a few days,” Leng Ning replied, she was very fond of

Little Rascal. Although Qin Wentian loved to boast, his character wasn't bad. Perhaps he tended to brag as a way to seem superior than he really was, somehow believing he could actually impress the ladies in this manner?

AGM 233 - Leng Ning's Worries

Qin Wentian didn't expect that Leng Ning would actually agree to Fan Le's request. It seemed that this young woman may look cold and unfeeling on the outside, however it belied an innocent heart. If not, she wouldn't have agreed so easily to strangers staying over at her residence. After all, she had only been acquainted with them for a day...

"Hehe, Beauty Leng Ning, you have to take note of your status. It wouldn't look good for you if this matter was known to my uncle." A mocking voice drifted over, as Yan Kong appeared.

Leng Ning's countenance turned cold, and appeared extremely unpleasant before she spat out a single word, "Scram."

"Hmph, Leng Ning, you better be more polite to me," Yan Kong snorted coldly as he flicked his sleeves and left. His followers trailing behind him snickered as they passed, "This lass from the Leng Clan can be considered a supreme beauty. Yan Kong, you are really fortunate indeed. Earlier, Bailu Yi praised that your attainments had already reached the large-success stage of the second level. Just maybe... you might have a chance with her."

Upon hearing these words, the arrogance on Yan Kong's face intensified, and he left, as proud as a peacock.

"Let's leave as well," Leng Ning intoned in a low voice. They didn't know whether it was because of Yan Kong's words but during the journey, Leng Ning's face remained extremely cold, as

though her heart was full of worry. Even Fan Le's jokes were disregarded, causing Qin Wentian to speculate that she may have recently met with some form of trouble.

The Leng Clan could be considered a large clan within this region. At the very least, it was much larger compared to the Mo Clan in Chu. In fact, almost any clan that could have their roots traced back to the Moon Continent was already something that the clans in Chu couldn't be compared to.

They followed Leng Ning and entered the Leng Residence, after which two silhouettes, a young male and female, walked over to meet them.

"Walk there." Leng Ning appeared as if she wanted to avoid them. But before she could do so, the female already called out to her, laughing, "Leng Ning, why are you running away right after seeing me?"

"Leng Lin, is there something you need?" Leng Ning frowned.

"I heard that you went to the White Deer Institute to cultivate your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions? Why are you working so hard? Wouldn't it be the same if you just married someone of high standing? By then, your status would rise even higher." The tone of Leng Lin's words was somewhat bizarre.

"Let's leave," Leng Ning whispered to Qin Wentian and the others, who stood behind her. She didn't wish to interact with Leng Lin any further.

“Hehe Leng Ning, you better take care of your image. How are you so brazen that you’re even bringing a few guys home? Or are you trying to be like me, finding someone dependable?” Leng Lin leaned upon the arms of the young man beside her as she spoke. The young man quietly contemplated Leng Ning’s group with a slight smile on his face.

Leng Ning didn’t bother to reply as she continued walking forward. Qin Wentian walked to her side, and seeing how angry she looked, he couldn’t help but ask, “Your Clan arranged a marriage for you, but you are unwilling?”

Upon hearing his question, Leng Ning shot an icy glance at Qin Wentian, causing him to shrug his shoulders as he commented, “Never mind, pretend I didn’t say anything.” It seemed like this matter was a taboo topic to Leng Ning.

As the young Miss of the Leng Clan, Leng Ning had her own separate courtyard, with plenty of empty rooms. She pointed to one and said, “Qin Wentian you stay here, as for that big guy, he can stay there. That fatty can stay right there, all the way over to the side.”

“Why is my room all the way over there?” Fan Le grumbled.

“I don’t trust you,” Leng Ning coldly replied, as Fan Le’s countenance immediately became crestfallen.

“Ridiculous, what do you think you’re doing?” Suddenly, a voice

filled with anger echoed through the air. As the sounds of footsteps rang out, a middle-aged man quickly appeared. He swept a gaze at Qin Wentian and the rest before he asked in a frosty voice, “Who are these people?”

“They are my friends who I met over at the White Deer Institute.” Leng Ning’s countenance was as cold as ever.

“You mean this group of people are studying Divine Inscriptions with you? What a joke, do you think that by finding a few other guys you’ll be able to solve the issue? You intentionally wanted to anger the Yan Clan?” The middle-aged man shouted in a rage, “Tell them to get lost.”

“You don’t need to concern yourself with my matters,” Leng Ning bluntly rebutted.

“I’m your Father,” the middle-aged man raged.

“Hahaha, so you’re aware that you are my father?” Cold intent glimmered in Leng Ning’s eyes.

“Are you trying to anger me to the point of death? Why can’t you be more sensible, everything I’ve done is all for your own good. That person is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster.” The middle-aged man coldly snorted.

“SHUT UP!” Leng Ning screamed.

“You...” The middle-aged man moved to lift his hands, as if preparing for a slap. Yet Leng Ning merely looked at him, with hints of ice in her gaze.

“Hmph, you better know what’s good for you.” In the end, the middle-aged man turned and walked away.

Qin Wentian and the others stood there, dumbfounded. This matter was more complicated than they had expected, and as outsiders, it was better for them to keep their mouths shut.

After the incident, each of them retreated to their own rooms to rest. Within his room, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged as he viewed the Yuanfu in his body. All three of his Yuanfu were like pools filled with Astral Energy, with great amounts of Divine Energy mixed within. Qin Wentian’s strength with Divine Inscriptions was so great because he actively used them to unceasingly convert his Astral Energy into Divine Energy.

For Qin Wentian, he had already reached the level where he could easily inscribe second-ranked Divine Inscriptions almost instantaneously.

“The Yuanfu Realm is truly hard to level up. Especially for me, I need to fill up all three of my Yuanfu.” Qin Wentian was extremely depressed. Previously, his cultivation had developed at an insane speed, but after stepping into Yuanfu, he was still only at the second level, even after so much time had passed. Despite this, the total amount of Astral Energy his Yuanfu had were many times greater compared to others. The door opened, and Little Rascal nudged his way in as a series of ‘yiyiyaya’ sounds appeared in his

mind.

After which, Qin Wentian saw Little Rascal turning as though it wanted him to follow after.

Qin Wentian felt its actions were a little strange, yet he still followed the snowy puppy outside. But who would have thought that Little Rascal would actually lead him towards Leng Ning's room?

“You want me to enter?” Qin Wentian asked. Little Rascal nodded its adorable head in response.

Qin Wentian bitterly laughed, he didn't know what Little Rascal intended. The door to Leng Ning's room was open. Upon walking in, Qin Wentian saw Leng Ning sitting in the living room, silently sobbing. The sight of this left Qin Wentian stunned; why was she crying all of a sudden?

When she noticed the arrival of Qin Wentian, she hurriedly wiped her tears away as she asked coldly, “What are you doing here?”

Qin Wentian could only smile bitterly. He walked towards Leng Ning and sat down beside her, asking in a low voice, “Is there something wrong? Why are you crying?”

Leng Ning stared at Qin Wentian, and seeing how clear his eyes were, she couldn't help but think that this fellow was really good

looking. The only bad point about him was his love of boasting.

“That man earlier was my Father. He and the Clan wanted to force me into marriage, and the other party is none other than Yan Kong’s uncle. Although Yan Kong’s uncle is about 70 – 80 years old, that’s not the issue. A cultivator would normally look middle-aged at that stage in their life. However, his uncle is different. He looks extremely old, more like a freak.”

“And do you know what? This fellow has already had several wives, but all of them ended up insane. Yeah, insane... they were all tortured into insanity by that old freak. My father actually wants me to marry such a man.”

After explaining, Leng Ning started to cry again. Her eyes reddened, “What’s even more ludicrous was that they said it was all for my own good. Didn’t they want the marriage simply because that old freak is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist? Isn’t it so that he could help them? Thus, they chose to sacrifice me, pushing me into the arms of a devil.”

Qin Wentian was flabbergasted as he heard Leng Ning’s words. Were all large clans this cruel? Because of some benefits, they could even trade away their daughter’s life. This was too outrageous.

Qingcheng was born in the Mo Clan, but her father doted on her. His own father, Qin Chuan, also had an extremely close relationship with Qin Yao.

“Are there no other solutions?” Qin Wentian asked in a low voice.

“There is, and that’s to find someone with an even more amazing talent. That Leng Lin from earlier, she’s my cousin. Initially she was the one chosen for the marriage, but she managed to find someone else – that person you saw standing beside her earlier. He’s a cultivator at the third level of Yuanfu, and is also a peak second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. After which, Leng Lin told the clan I should go in her stead and they all agreed. Hahaha, how ridiculous.” Within that moment, Leng Ning was exceptionally fragile. Looking at Qin Wentian, a thought suddenly flashed past her mind: wasn’t this fellow also a Divine Inscriptionist?

However soon after, her excited countenance faded into gloominess again. Why would she suddenly think of him? Although he was good-looking, he was only good at bragging.

“Second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. It seems like the criteria set by your Clan is not that strict after all.” Qin Wentian laughed.

Hearing Qin Wentian boasting again, Leng Ning was speechless, “Wait, you mean you are also a peak second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist? If you are willing to, I would rather marry you.”

“Er...” Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. This... this matter was too troublesome, there was no way he would marry Leng Ning.

“Forget it, I don’t know why I’m speaking like this.” Leng Ning

shook her head as she stared at Qin Wentian. “However, you are really quite adorable, the inscriptions you chose to inscribe during the examination are the simplest kind, yet you speak such big words with a straight face. I can’t tell when you are being serious.”

After speaking, Leng Ning finally smiled. The radiance of her smile caused the splendour of her beauty to deepen. Qin Wentian couldn’t help but sigh in his heart.

“Actually you’re really very beautiful when you smile, why do you need to look so cold on the outside? Just let nature take its course, and maybe there will be a solution to resolve this when the time comes,” Qin Wentian persuaded.

“I’ll try...” Leng Ning felt much better after sharing the burden in her heart.

“Actually, I’m a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist,” Qin Wentian added, he didn’t know whether this information would be able to help Leng Ning or not.

Leng Ning froze for a moment before grinning, “Yeah I know, and your girlfriend is Mo Qingcheng right? The reason why you came to the Moon Continent was to look for her, right?”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded seriously.

Leng Ning totally gave in. “Fine, fine, thank you for being a good listener. It’s time for you to leave. After all, this is my room.”

“Er...” Qin Wentian bitterly laughed. Was he so unworthy of trust? Anyway, they would still need to stay here for a period of time, he would try his best to see if he could help this poor young woman. As for marrying Leng Ning, the thought had never crossed his mind.

After Qin Wentian’s departure, Leng Ning shook her head and mumbled, “Silly fellow, if you really are a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, even if I had to be your concubine, I wouldn’t mind.”

Qin Wentian’s senses were extremely sharp. Upon hearing Leng Ning’s words, his legs suddenly grew soft as he almost fell down. The black lines on his face multiplied as he quickly walked away. After knowing her thoughts on the subject, would he still dare reveal himself as a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in the future?

AGM 234 - Invite

The night was as silent as still water.

Qin Wentian cultivated quietly in his room, columns of Astral Light cascading down from the skies, forming intense beams that illuminated the room's roof.

Leng Ning sat on a vine swing within her courtyard. The vine swing was hung in between two trees, and it gently swayed in the wind. When she was young, her mom would often swing her on it, but after her mom passed away, her life became increasingly tedious. It didn't help that her father's status in the clan was low and he always ended up blindly agreeing with whatever the elders said.

Leng Ning sighed softly as she thought of this, laughing bitterly at her own fate. After which she lifted her head, her gaze attracted to the roof of Qin Wentian's room. Why was the Astral Energy so saturated around that region?

“That braggart is pretty interesting as well.” Leng Ning wanted to smile, Qin Wentian's skin was so thick it was funny. When she said that both Mo Qingcheng and him were a couple, he actually had the gall to nod his head.

Dawn approached, and Qin Wentian walked out of his room. Upon seeing how Leng Ning had fallen asleep on that vine swing, Qin Wentian couldn't help but walk up and cover her with his outer coat.

Leng Ning's eyelashes fluttered as her eyes slowly opened, still unfocused. After a moment, she smiled when she noticed Qin Wentian and greeted, "Good morning Mr. Grandmaster Inscriptionist."

"Eh..." Qin Wentian sweated, "Morning."

"It's already morning, do you want something to eat? I'll go make breakfast." Leng Ning leapt down from the swing and brought some light pastries over. Although cultivators in the Yuanfu Realm could survive without food intake, many still preferred to do so, enjoying the taste of delicacies, satisfying their food cravings.

"Not bad." Qin Wentian ate a piece, as he smiled.

"Thanks for the praise of a Grandmaster, should I inform the two other young masters as well? It's about time to go to the White Deer Institute."

"It's fine, the two of them have no interest in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. It doesn't matter if they attend the lessons or not," Qin Wentian replied, it was better for Chu Mang and Fan Le to stay here and cultivate instead of wasting time there.

"Okay, let's go then." Leng Ning nodded, and the two of them departed for the White Deer Institute.

However, right before they could enter the Institute, Qin Wentian found that the entrance was being blocked by someone.

Today, Yan Kong was clad in blue. His followers all had unpleasant expressions on their faces as they intercepted Qin Wentian's and Leng Ning's path.

"I heard that you stayed in her courtyard last night?" Yan Kong narrowed his eyes, staring at Qin Wentian.

"Yan Kong, you have no right to interfere in my business." Leng Ning furrowed her brows, glaring at Yan Kong.

"Sooner or later, you will be part of my Yan Clan, you'd better watch your actions." Yan Kong coldly stared back. After which, he shifted his eyes to Qin Wentian, "It's no matter if you love women, but there are some women that you are unqualified to touch. Otherwise, you won't even know how you've died. Let me just warn you in advance, you'd better separate yourself from the Leng Clan as soon as possible."

After speaking, with mocking smiles on their faces, Yan Kong and his followers turned and entered the Institute.

"I'm sorry, I've caused you trouble." Leng Ning felt somewhat apologetic.

"Why are you apologising? We are the ones that wanted to stay in your residence." Qin Wentian shrugged, appearing as though he

couldn't be bothered at all. Fan Le had told him before, Yan Kong's cultivation base was at the third level of Yuanfu, and in addition to that, with his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions only at the peak of the second level, he was of no threat to Qin Wentian. The only problem was that his Clan might be a little too troublesome to handle. Yet, if Yan Kong really wanted to make a move against him, Qin Wentian wouldn't mind playing along with him. "Do you want to move out?" Leng Ning glanced at Qin Wentian, while shaking her head.

"It's fine, just ignore him." Qin Wentian couldn't be bothered and directly entered the Institute. Leng Ning stared at the back view of Qin Wentian, while continuing to shake her head. This fellow sure loved to act cool. In front of Yan Kong, he had nothing to say, but the moment Yan Kong wasn't there, he went back to acting cool, causing her to be speechless.

Inside the Institute, Qin Wentian quietly studied Divine Inscriptions. It seemed that White Deer Institute's knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had opened up new paths regarding his comprehension.

Back then, he only knew that Divine Inscriptions could be used to forge weapons for conversion of Divine Energy. Only now did he understand that what he previously knew before was just the tip of the iceberg. The Dao of Divine Inscriptions was truly wide-ranging and profound.

According to the teachings of the Institute, he learnt that the Dao of Divine Inscriptions could be classified into four categories. 1) Divine Inscriptions for Forging of Weapons 2) Divine Inscriptions

for Etching Formations 3) Divine Inscriptions for Battle 4) Divine Inscriptions for Refining Puppets!

The first category, Divine Inscriptions for Forging Weapons, obviously meant the forging of Divine Weapons which Qin Wentian had already understood. The second, Divine Inscriptions for Etching Formations, referred to inscribing Divine Inscriptions to set up formations or arrays for various kinds of purposes. As for Divine Inscriptions for Battle, this may be what Qin Wentian had comprehended before, e.g. using Sword-Type Divine Inscriptions to spit out sword beams manifested by Sword-Type Divine Energy, which were converted from Astral Energy. Yet, he understood that what he had comprehended then, was merely a hair from the back of nine oxen. Lastly, Divine Inscriptions for Refining Puppets, which referred to using the power of Divine Inscriptions to create/power up puppets.

Although the actual methods of refining a puppet wasn't mentioned in detail by the White Deer Institute, Qin Wentian still felt great excitement blooming in his heart.

He had already made the connection that Divine Inscriptions and Innate Techniques both shared the same roots, and had proven that he could unleash the power of innate techniques through Divine Inscriptions, using his arterial pathways as a vessel. Similarly, when he used Divine Inscriptions to convert the Astral Energy within his body to Divine Energy, it was also channelled through using his arterial pathways as a vessel. Currently, Qin Wentian had a bold hypothesis, could the arterial pathways in the bodies of humankind also be a type of runic outline modelled from the same source as Divine Inscriptions?

If this hypothesis was true, then he had already gained some insights regarding the Dao of Puppet Refinement.

Other than expounding lectures on the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, the White Deer Institute teachers taught their students regarding various subjects such as conducting research, inscription techniques, how to destroy an already inscribed Inscription, etc. Without noticing it, the one-month timeframe soon came to an end. For people like Fan Le, it was indeed a waste of Yuan Meteor Stones, but as for people like Qin Wentian, the benefits gained far outweighed the cost.

Within the Institute, Bailu Yi gave her lecture in front of the inscription stone wall. She radiated an aura of purity, causing countless males to involuntarily fall in love with her.

“Okay, since tomorrow is the last day of the one-month time frame, I don’t intend to conduct the last lecture within the Institute. Instead, I plan to bring all of you to the Hell Arena over at the Eastern City to observe a battle fought with the usage of Divine Inscriptions,” Bailu Yi stated, causing the eyes of many in the crowd to narrow. The Hell Arena.

“What kind of place is the Hell Arena?” Qin Wentian asked Leng Ning in a low voice.

Leng Ning had a solemn look on her face, she could even feel her scalp turning numb when the Hell Arena was mentioned. Wasn’t this Bailu Yi somewhat too daring? She actually wanted to go to the Hell Arena?

“The craziest place within the Moon Continent is called either Heaven or Hell, also known as the Grand Xia Empire’s Grandest Casino. For the sake of profit, the people there would even place wagers with their lives on the line,” Leng Ning replied, as a mask of contemplation appeared on Qin Wentian’s face.

“And in addition, after tomorrow, I plan to select one person out of the whole group to continue studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with me,” Bailu Yi added, causing many flashes of excitement to flicker in the students’ eyes. They wondered who’d be the lucky one chosen to study Divine Inscriptions with Bailu Yi as their teacher.

After hearing her words, many people shifted their gazes to Yan Kong. If Bailu Yi wanted to select one out of their numbers, she would most certainly choose the one with the highest attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. If this was the case, the person selected would undoubtedly be Yan Kong.

Yet Qin Wentian didn’t feel the same. He noticed that more than once, Bailu Yi would glance in his direction. Qin Wentian knew that the Sword-type Divine Inscription he inscribed a month ago had succeeded in capturing Bailu Yi’s attention. Not only that, throughout this one-month time frame, he had quietly used a few methods to hint about his talent in the Dao Divine Inscriptions.

This was the only way to get into contact with the branch of ‘hidden’ Azure Faction’s members. Apparently now, the opportunity had come.

“Leng Ning, I wish to treat Bailu Yi for a meal after this, you can return first,” Qin Wentian whispered to Leng Ning beside him. His statement caused Leng Ning to be thunderstruck, and after she recovered, she glared at Qin Wentian, “Bailu Yi rarely interacts with males. A few days ago, Yan Kong asked her out but was also rejected.”

This fellow’s opinion of himself was as great as before. Where did he get such self-confidence from?

“I know.” Qin Wentian nodded, seemingly unconcerned. Leng Ning was speechless, and decided not to say anything more. Since he wanted to ram his toes into a wall of steel, let him do so then.

Yan Kong, who was sitting a few seats in front of them, turned and glanced at Qin Wentian. This fellow was truly obstinate. Even now, Qin Wentian still hadn’t moved out from Leng Ning’s courtyard despite his earlier warnings.

And now, he also wanted to take Bailu Yi out for a meal? What a joke.

“Okay, that’s all for today. Class dismissed,” Bailu Yi spoke.

“Teacher Bailu,” Qin Wentian called out when he saw that Bailu Yi was about to leave.

Bailu Yi paused when she heard’s Qin Wentian’s voice. From the start, she already had a deep impression of Qin Wentian. In

addition, throughout this one month, Qin Wentian was always very serious about his studies and would speak out once he had any questions, regardless of how idiotic the questions might sound. He didn't seem to mind people taking him as a fool.

Bailu Yi felt that it was strange how Qin Wentian seemed to have so much trouble with the basics, yet could still inscribe such a profound Divine Inscription. Not only that, from all the hints he was dropping, Bailu Yi could sense that Qin Wentian's attainment may not merely be at the peak of the second level. This was also the reason for her earlier announcement saying that she would select one among the group to continue studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions with her.

“Is there something you need?” Bailu Yi asked.

“Can I take Teacher Bailu out for a meal? I wish to consult you on some questions regarding Divine Inscriptions, and I wonder if Teacher Bailu would be free?” Qin Wentian walked in front of Bailu Yi, smiling as he inquired.

“Xu...” The group of learners all exhaled slowly. Qin Wentian's invitation immediately caused a wave of commotion. Was this fellow crazy? Or was he dreaming? He actually wanted to invite the goddess of their hearts out for a meal?

Was he trying to be a clown? They were all waiting for the rejection that would turn Qin Wentian into a joke. Back then, when Yan Kong asked Bailu Yi out, she had rejected him without hesitation.

Yan Kong stared at Qin Wentian, feeling that he was extremely ridiculous. He then shifted his glance to Leng Ning before laughing in a low voice, “This friend of yours, is there something wrong with his head?”

The surrounding people all burst out in laughter.

Leng Ning’s countenance turned extremely unsightly, but she couldn’t control what Qin Wentian wanted to do, could she? She had already warned him!

“Yeah, sure!” At that moment, a melodic voice drifted over. Yan Kong’s face twitched, his mocking smile still frozen in place, and his eyes widened so much it was as though his eyeballs were about to pop out from their sockets.

AGM 235 - The Murderous Urges Of Yan Kong

As the melodic voice echoed in the air, it was as though time had stopped.

The owner of the voice was naturally Bailu Yi, and not only did she not reject him, she straightforwardly agreed to Qin Wentian's request.

Yan Kong stood frozen in place, looking like an idiot, while Leng Ning's expression was extremely fascinating to behold.

After recovering from her shock, her eyes filled up with mirth as she regarded Yan Kong, "What's impossible for you may not be impossible for others. You truly overestimated yourself, what a joke."

Obviously, Leng Ning was referring to Yan Kong's advances being rejected by Bailu Yi. Back then, Yan Kong didn't feel humiliated because Bailu Yi's rejection was only to be expected. How could the cool and noble Miss Bailu, be so easily invited? Yet now, when Qin Wentian had succeeded, how could Yan Kong not be embarrassed?

Yan Kong slowly turned his head, shifting his gaze towards Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian, his eyes flickering with an unknown emotion. Maybe it was because today was the last day of Bailu Yi's lecture, so she was more amiable compared to before. If he was the one who asked, he would definitely succeed too. After all, he was the

strongest Divine Inscriptionist within this class of learners.

As this thought flashed in his mind, Yan Kong let out a brilliant smile, exuding his handsomeness. He then called out, “Teacher Bailu, I too have some questions to consult with you regarding Divine Inscriptions. Would you do me the honor?” Bailu Yi was already preparing to leave together with Qin Wentian. Upon hearing Yan Kong’s words, she couldn’t help but find it laughable. Obviously, she understood the reason behind Yan Kong asking her out. Did he treat her like a prize to show off?

“I’ve already promised him,” Bailu Yi still politely replied, she didn’t want to cause Yan Kong to lose too much face.

“How about dinner then?” Yan Kong’s smile was warm and genial. Bailu Yi furrowed her brows, this person didn’t know when to retreat.

“I’m not free,” Bailu Yi coldly replied and walked out of the Institute, leaving behind the stunned Yan Kong. As the gazes of the crowd fell upon him, his complexion turned pale with a green tinge.

“This is called finding trouble for oneself.” Leng Ning giggled, causing Yan Kong to tremble with fury. This feeling was so satisfying!

Yan Kong stared daggers at the departing view of Qin Wentian, his lips pressed tight like the edge of a blade, revealing an unmasked killing intent. He didn’t dare do anything to Bailu Yi,

thus he could only take his anger out on Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian didn't have the time to bother with Yan Kong's thoughts. He walked out of the Institute together with Bailu Yi. Her beautiful eyes looked at him as she asked, "Where are we going?"

"I'm unsure of the places around here, why don't you bring me around instead?" Qin Wentian somewhat awkwardly replied. Bailu Yi's eyes flickered as she stared at him, "Is this how you usually treat girls out for a meal?"

"After arriving in the Moon Continent, the first thing we did was to enrol in the White Deer Institute. After which, we stayed the whole time at the Leng Clan. I'm not really familiar with the Moon Continent yet," Qin Wentian stated with embarrassment. "Fine, follow me then," Bailu Yi straightforwardly said. Qin Wentian smiled as he tagged along. However, his smile soon turned to tears. Bailu Yi brought him to an inn named 'Immortal Palate'. The design of this inn looked extremely lavish, and she chose a seat situated behind a luxurious screen, with man-made lakes flowing by each side.

As the food was served, the sweet fragrance of alcohol permeated the air. The dishes served consisted of valuable demonic beast meat, brewed and of top-grade quality. The cost of the meal was worth the same price Qin Wentian paid for a month's worth of lessons at the White Deer Institute. Bailu Yi involuntarily let out peals of laughter as she saw Qin Wentian staring at her unblinkingly. Her smile brought to mind the blooming of a snow lotus atop an ice mountain, as beautiful as the setting sun.

"The 'Immortal Palate' is the most famous inn in the entire

Moon Continent. There are many branches open throughout, and they're famed for delicacies that are capable of nourishing a cultivator's body. The only downside is that their prices are outrageous. Why? Are you regretting that I brought you to this place?" Bailu Yi smiled, looking extremely beautiful. But as Bailu Yi noticed how Qin Wentian still stared at her, she felt somewhat uncomfortable. Could it be that this fellow was so petty? She couldn't even joke around with him?

"That smile of yours, made this all worth it." Qin Wentian finally broke into a smile, causing Bailu Yi to be slightly stunned, before reverting back to her cool countenance. Wait, was she just teased by this guy?

"Consider us even." Qin Wentian couldn't help but feel more at ease in his heart. Who would have thought that the strict Teacher Bailu would also have such a mischievous side to her. She obviously chose to bring him here to 'prank' him.

"How daring." Bailu Yi knew that Qin Wentian's actions were intentional. "Tell me, how high exactly is your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions?"

"I'm already a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, even before entering the White Deer Institute." Qin Wentian didn't hide the truth. After all, without sufficient strength, how could he control the White Deer Institute?

"Then why are you still here to learn?" Bailu Yi glared at Qin Wentian.

“Because my knowledge, in regards to the basics, is truly lacking. For example, I didn’t even know the four classifications of Divine Inscriptions until I learnt it from you. Before this, I was only skilled at engraving Divine Inscriptions onto weapons, and forging third-grade Divine Weapons,” Qin Wentian explained.

“Are you carrying anything that you inscribed yourself?” Bailu Yu inquired.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. Rubbing his interspatial ring, a scroll of a painting appeared in his hands, which he then passed over to Bailu Yi.

“An innate technique hidden within a Divine Inscription?” With a single glance, Bailu Yi could tell how profound the painting was. Staring at Qin Wentian in shock, she mused. The attainment of this fellow in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was actually this high?

“You truly had not studied from any grandmaster before? Did you reach this level through your own comprehensions?” Bailu Yi felt extremely curious.

“I have a forging-type Astral Soul which grants me an incomparable advantage in terms of inscribing Divine Inscriptions. As for the rest, I comprehended them myself.” If Qin Wentian were to say these words to Leng Ning, she would definitely tell him off for bragging again. However, Bailu Yi didn’t doubt it at all, and a strange brilliance flashed in her eyes as she looked at Qin Wentian. While she studied him seriously, her cool demeanor no

longer seemed as reserved.

“It seems that you’re truly a genius in terms of Divine Inscriptions. So what’s your actual purpose in inviting me out for lunch?” Bailu Yi asked. “I thought you were going to choose me to continue studying Divine Inscriptions with you?” Qin Wentian laughed, causing Bailu Yi to glare at him. “What a narcissist.”

“If not me, then do you mean Yan Kong?” Qin Wentian shrugged as he continued, “Actually even if you hadn’t said that, I would still think of other ways to continue studying with you. After all, there are still many things that are unclear to me. I’ve truly benefitted immensely this month, but I still feel that what I learnt was only the tip of the iceberg. Hence, I wanted to treat you to a meal to further our acquaintance with each other.” Bailu Yi glanced at Qin Wentian as surprise flashed in her eyes. Qin Wentian’s eyes were extremely clear, lighting up with a gentle smile that exuded sincerity. It was different from the gazes of other men who looked at her. Not only that, he was very honest with his requests, choosing to hide nothing at all.

“You don’t have any lecherous thoughts directed at me, right?” Bailu Yi suddenly asked.

“Cough, cough.” Qin Wentian choked on the wine he was drinking. Her words were simple, yet contained such great killing power. Qin Wentian had never thought that Bailu Yi would be so blunt, so he could only smile bleakly and reply, “Miss Bailu, I already have someone in my heart.”

“Oh?” Bailu Yi was still somewhat doubtful, “Is she beautiful?”

“Yes, exceedingly.” Qin Wentian nodded in reply.

“How about compared to me?” Bailu Yi laughed, causing Qin Wentian to be taken aback. He didn’t expect that this Teacher Bailu would also have such a side to her.

“Hmm, I think she is still more beautiful,” Qin Wentian replied seriously, causing Bailu Yi’s expression to falter. However, she soon recovered and replied, “Really? Then I have to meet her sometime in the future.”

“So does this mean that you believe me?” Qin Wentian started to relax.

“For now, yes, but if I find out that you’ve lied to me, you’d better be careful.” Bailu Yi gave him a threatening look, replying with a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes. Not only was this ‘innocent and pure-looking’ Bailu Yi extremely powerful, she was highly proficient in the Dao of Puppet Creation as well. Nobody dared to cross her in this region of the Moon Continent.

Soon after, the topic of their discussion shifted to Divine Inscriptions, with both of them deeply engrossed in the conversation, gaining insights from the words of the other. Qin Wentian was extremely satisfied with his meeting with Bailu Yi today. Since he was going to be studying and researching on Divine Inscriptions together with her, it meant that he already had one foot inside the inner echelons of the White Deer Institute. Thus, the first step in his plan to control the White Deer Institute had

just officially begun.

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After returning to the Leng Clan, Leng Ning kept staring at Qin Wentian, her beautiful eyes flickering.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Qin Wentian perspired.

“What did you and Bailu Yi talk about?” Leng Ning inquired curiously.

“Nothing much, just trying to form a better relationship with her. After all, we’ll be studying and researching Divine Inscriptions together in the future,” Qin Wentian replied, causing Leng Ning to grin widely, “Wait, are you saying that Bailu Yi will choose you?”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded.

Leng Ning stretched out her hand, placing it onto Qin Wentian’s forehead. Over this one month, they were all already familiar with one another and treated each other as friends. Hence, Leng Ning’s attitude was many times more casual than before.

“What are you doing?” Qin Wentian felt her hands on his forehead as black lines appeared on his face.

“Just checking to see if your brain’s been burned by a fever,” Leng Ning replied somewhat dazedly, retracting her hands. “However, you’re really lucky, to think that Bailu Yi agreed to have a meal with you. How strange.”

After speaking, Leng Ning returned to her room, with her mind still full of question marks.

However on the second day, Leng Ning’s eyes almost fell out of her sockets. After Bailu Yi brought them over to the Hell Arena, she alone stood in the front, no one dared to approach her. However, Qin Wentian was truly bold, he walked to the front and stood shoulder to shoulder with Bailu Yi, as both of them chatted cheerfully in a relaxed manner.

Leng Ning was totally stunned. Had the embodiment of innocence – Bailu Yi, been deceived by the flowery words of the braggart, Qin Wentian?

Yan Kong could only clench his fingers in shame and anger, his stare as intent as a poisonous serpent, locking onto Qin Wentian’s back.

Only Fan Le stared at his boss in complete worship and admiration. Not only did Qin Wentian form a good relationship with Leng Ning, his boss even managed to get his claws into Bailu Yi. Simply too powerful. But why was his fate so different? He didn’t lose out if they were being compared by looks, right? Fan Le gloomily touched his face.

Everyone was thinking about this very matter. Although Bailu Yi was a genius in both cultivation and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, she was merely eighteen, after all. It couldn't be that she really fell for Qin Wentian, right?

If she did, the person that would be chosen to study Divine Inscriptions with her, wouldn't that be Qin Wentian?

As this thought flashed in their minds, many people looked at Yan Kong with expressions of pity on their faces. Yan Kong's face burned. Evidently, he had deduced the same thing as well. He stared at Qin Wentian, his eyes growing colder and colder. Since that was the case, he couldn't be blamed for anything that might happen later. Qin Wentian was courting death!

AGM 236 - Hell Arena

The Hell Arena was located within the eastern region of the Moon Continent, situated on an island in the middle of a lake.

The place was swamped with streams and streams of people, leisurely walking towards the centre of the island. Ahead of them was a vast, spacious area with several gigantic spectator stands, reachable only via several flights of stairs.

“This place is so crowded,” Qin Wentian murmured in astonishment.

“The Hell Arena is one of the most famous landmarks in the Moon Continent. Let’s go up,” Bailu Yi spoke. They continued up the flight of stairs, before arriving at a curved-shape spectator stand. In front of the various spectator stands were three towering battle arenas, supported by sky-high stone pillars. An air of magnificence exuded from the massive structures.

“This place is known as the Hell Arena. The one in the middle is designated for combat between Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. The one on the left is designated for combat between Yuanfu Combatants, while the arena on the right is used for unique battles, such as combat between Divine Inscriptionists, or combat between Puppets,” Bailu Yi explained.

“Even Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns will partake in battles here?” Astonishment appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. On their way here, Bailu Yi had introduced the Hell Arena to him. This place was

undoubtedly the cruellest arena in the entire Moon Continent, as well as the most luxurious betting centre. For contestants, the price of losing, was death. Conceding was not allowed, and so one's life or death depended purely on one's level of power.

Even for those entering just to spectate, on-lookers would already have to pay a sum in Yuan Meteor Stones. Just from this alone, as well as considering the number of people present, one could imagine the fearsome level of income earned per day by the Hell Arena's management.

Qin Wentian nodded as he took note of Bailu Yi's words. Over here, the contestants were all masked, and referred to by their code name. This was to prevent any problems that may arise from a match's conclusion, such as acts of revenge by the loser's family and friends.

Hence, the contestants would be able to fight with no worries, in accordance to the rules set by the Hell Arena. Even if the families and friends of the loser wanted to find trouble with the Hell Arena, no other powers within the Moon Continent would dare to aid them.

At this moment, ear-shattering applause and raucous cheering rang out. Qin Wentian shifted his glance over to the left Arena. A masked man killed his opponent in a single move. Both of them had a cultivation base at the peak level of Yuanfu.

"Asura. This is his 138th consecutive winning streak, it's a new record!" The judge present in the left Arena announced Asura's battle record, causing the volume of cheering to explosively surge

in intensity.

Fanaticism. These people gave Qin Wentian a feeling of zealotry. This man with the code name 'Asura' had won 138 battles consecutively. From this, one could tell how strong he was.

“This combatant is so unlucky, he actually met Asura in combat. There won't be anyone else daring to step up for the challenge anymore,” someone exclaimed. Indeed, nobody stood forth to challenge Asura. After slaughtering his opponent in a single move, Asura remained in the arena, his gaze disdainfully sweeping through the crowd, awaiting new challengers. However, the combatants weren't stupid. Everyone knew that only one ending awaited you if you challenged Asura – Death. After several moments, when it was clear that no one dared to issue a challenge, Asura finally left the Arena via a tunnel. Nobody knew what his real identity was.

After Asura appeared from the tunnel, he removed his mask, revealing an expressionless face. It seemed that even the bloody matches held in the Hell Arena no longer had any tempering effect on him, and so there was no need for him to appear here anymore in the future. As for the compensation obtained from participating in the match, at his level he already treated wealth in the same way as floating clouds. It wouldn't affect his emotions at all.

If Qin Wentian were to see Asura unmasked, he would definitely recognise him. Asura was none other than the Heavenly Fate Ranking's number one, Hua Taixu!

“Asura, who is he?” Bailu Yi mused. Evidently, she was filled

with great curiosity towards the powerful and mysterious Asura. This person had already become the stuff of fables in the Hell Arena, winning a total of 138 consecutive victories. Not only that, after winning his first scheduled match on that day, he had never feared the challenges of others. Within the Yuanfu Realm, he was invincible, a true legend.

“There are people in the right Arena. It’s Hades and some other combatant. Hades is a third level Puppet Master, and has terrifying combat strength. The reason why I brought all of you here, is to witness a battle between Divine Inscriptionists,” Bailu Yi stated, turning to the group of learners. The learners moved towards one of the spectator stands that overlooked the right Arena, as they looked for empty seats. Bailu Yi sat together with Qin Wentian, fanning the flames of rumors that there was something going on between them.

“This will be a good show to watch, there’s actually someone that dares to challenge Hades,” someone remarked, as an excited expression appeared on his countenance. There were also some people who ran down to the betting counters preparing to gamble. Although Hades’ payout rate wasn’t high, there were still many among the crowd that chose to bet on his victory.

“Heh heh.” Sinister laughter issued from Hades’s throat. A moment later, a silhouette appeared beside him, floating in the air.

“Huh? A human?” Qin Wentian narrowed his eyes, but it couldn’t possibly be human as it had come out from an interspatial ring.

“Human-type Puppets. Hades’ techniques are too evil, he loves to use humans as the base for his Puppets,” Bailu Yi whispered. But then, a metallic silhouette also appeared beside Hades’s opponent. However, the frame of his opponent’s Puppet was extremely large. Hades’s opponent then actually ‘entered’ into the Puppet. Apparently, he could control its movements with ease.

“DIE!” Hades spat out in a cold voice, the human-shaped Puppet moved like a leaf dancing in the wind, as a blurry form blasted forth towards the metallic Puppet. Terrifying sharp swords slashed towards the metallic Puppet, but was easily repelled with a lift of the metallic Puppet’s arms. Although the movement looked clumsy and the reaction speed of the metallic Puppet was slow, each motion it made seemed to be filled with great strength.

As the swords came in contact with the metallic Puppet, fiery sparks could be seen trailing behind each slash on the Puppet’s metallic surface. In spite of this, no damage was done to the metallic Puppet. The metallic Puppet could also be considered a kind of defensive-type Divine Weapon that required an exorbitant cost to manufacture. It was famed for its monstrous attack and defence, and was a killing machine. Its only weakness was its lack of agility and slow movement speed.

“Reckless fool,” Hades coldly spat. After which, his silhouette transformed into a blur as he stepped back and forth on the ground, moving with amazing speed. His actions caused numerous Divine Inscriptions to form as they interweaved, shining resplendently while coiling around the metallic Puppet. Continuously forming Divine Inscriptions, harnessing the energy of Heaven and Earth, they exploded forth towards his opponent.

The metallic Puppet tried to avoid Hades's binding, and directly dashed towards Hades himself. However, Hades merely sneered as he stepped even faster, causing the Divine Inscriptions formed beneath his feet to glow even brighter. Roars of a demonic dragon shook the void as a shower of swords abruptly rained downwards, their slicing power directed at his opponent.

“So this is a battle among Divine Inscriptionists?” Qin Wentian felt that Hades in the Arena could do as he pleased, like a fish in water, controlling the energy of Heaven and Earth to battle for him.

ROARRR~ A terrifying snarl thundered, Hades advanced step by step, as an ancient and supremely gigantic dragon appeared beside him, mirroring his movements. The aura he exuded became stronger and stronger with each step he took. The controller of the metallic Puppet howled in rage, as fearsome fist shadows erupted forth, smashing towards Hades. The gigantic dragon rumbled, easily suppressing the fist shadows, while simultaneously, the human-shaped Puppet descended from the skies, wrapping its legs around the metallic Puppet's neck, and then piercing its eyes with its two sword fingers. “ARGHHH...” A spine-chilling screech rang out, as fresh blood spurted out of the metallic Puppet's eyes. Even though this Puppet Divine Weapon was famed for its defenses, it still needed its vision, and thus, its eyes became its weak point.

The conclusion of the fight was only to be expected, Hades pulled his opponent out from the metallic Puppet, and unceremoniously proceeded to slaughter him, claiming the metallic Puppet for his own. Many people felt a chill in their hearts, Hades's methods were extremely brutal, truly a ruthless character.

“Doesn’t this Arena set limits regarding the cultivation bases of the combatants?” Qin Wentian asked Bailu Yi.

“Nope, there’s no restriction. After all, this Arena is used for unique-type battles. If a Divine Inscriptionist enters combat, anything is permitted as long as his opponent is a Divine Inscriptionist of the same level, and uses only Divine Inscriptions or Puppets for their combat. If they are not confident in their own abilities, no one would choose to go up,” Bailu Yi replied in a low voice. After which, Bailu Yi actually stood up and walked in the direction of the entrance tunnel where interested combatants gathered.

Bailu Yi wanted to participate in a Divine Inscription battle.

“Interesting.” Qin Wentian laughed. In the following rounds, Hades consecutively defeated two more opponents, but he didn’t intend to stop and continued accepting challengers.

“Hades versus Flaming Rose,” the judge called out, as many people hooted in excitement.

Flaming Rose. Flaming Rose actually entered the battle. Not only that, the person she was challenging, was Hades! There were quite a few famous people whose names resounded throughout the Hell Arena. Hades and Flaming Rose both belonged to this group of famous people because they both had brilliant battle records. “Hades, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, with a battle record of sixty-eight victories and five defeats. While Flaming Rose, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, has a battle record of seventy-six victories and three defeats.” The judge announced

their battle records, pushing the crowd's atmosphere to a crazy high. Flaming Rose walked up the arena, wearing a cape the color of blazing red, appearing valiant and formidable-looking. Her body-hugging gown only served to further accentuate her figure, as a rose patterned mask covered her long hair and obscured her features.

“Wait, is that her?” Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian's forehead. That icy Bailu Yi had a code name titled ‘Flaming Rose?’

“Heh heh, I really want to see if the Flaming Rose is a beauty.” Hades's hoarse voice rang out as his Puppet dashed towards Flaming Rose.

At the same time, Flaming Rose unleashed her own Puppet. It was a female Puppet, and although it wasn't made from humans, its resemblance was uncanny. This Puppet raised its arms to block, as a gigantic shield appeared in front of her.

Flaming Rose sidestepped, as runic outlines of Divine Inscriptions manifested. Qin Wentian watched on with seriousness, and regardless of whether it was Hades or Flaming Rose, the Divine Inscriptions they engraved were all formed instantly. When it came to speed, neither combatant lost out to him in the slightest. Not only that, the series of follow up Divine Inscriptions they continuously linked were extremely terrifying, achieving an overall synergising effect.

“Sword Rain.” Qin Wentian observed the Divine Inscription beneath Flaming Rose's feet. A rain of swords pierced forth, tearing apart space as they flew towards Hades. Her Puppet only

focused on defence and was strong enough to hinder Hades's Puppet.

“Great Roc, Ancient Sword, Giant Axe, Thunderbolt...” Qin Wentian murmured as he saw what Flaming Rose inscribed, feeling somewhat awed. This was too profound, her attacks were connected in a continuous circle and could be described as never-ending. Qin Wentian eyes lit up as he studied both Hades and Flaming Rose. Currently, the tempo of their battle had reached such a frenzy that a storm of Divine Inscriptions surrounded them, the power from the energy of Heaven and Earth was so great that even the space around them was devoured. RUUMMMBLEEEEE! At the end, the Great Roc Inscription injured Hades. He immediately threw out a defensive Puppet, choosing to sacrifice it as he fled for his life at top speed.

“A battle between Divine Inscriptionists could actually reach such a level.” Qin Wentian was spellbound, still lost in wonder. The Grand Xia Empire was too goddamned intriguing!

AGM 237 - Code Name: Kirin

After Flaming Rose defeated Hades, she left the Arena. And just after a few moments, Bailu Yi returned to the spectator stands and discovered Qin Wentian sizing her up.

“What are you looking at?” Bailu Yi involuntarily asked, upon seeing his strange expression.

“Flaming Rose,” Qin Wentian whispered in her ear, causing Bailu Yi to glare at Qin Wentian fiercely.

“How much does the Arena compensate its Yuanfu combatants per match?”

“It depends on one’s battle record, as well as the actual circumstances happening then. Normally, those with exemplary battle records obtain a high amount of compensation for each victory won, and as for newcomers, their payout would naturally be much lesser than that. For example that Asura from earlier, the amount of winnings he’s able to obtain per victory is so high that it’s terrifying,” Bailu Yi explained.

“How about you? Such an outstanding battle record.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“About 100 Yuan Meteor Stones per victory,” Bailu Yi replied, thereby admitting her identity as Flaming Rose.

“Third-layer Yuan Meteor Stones?” Qin Wentian’s expression froze. The amount of compensation obtained per victory was way too astounding.

“Naturally.” Bailu Yi laughed.

“What an excellent way to make money.” A radiant light gleamed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. “I wish to try it out.”

Qin Wentian stood up and made his way towards the tunnel. Upon seeing such a scene, Leng Ning, who was behind him, involuntarily called out in a panic, “Where are you going?”

Qin Wentian turned and smiled at her. “Participating in the Hell Arena.”

“Are you crazy? If you need Yuan Meteor Stones I can pass some to you. Don’t be so reckless, going to the Hell Arena. Are you seeking death?” Leng Ning’s worried countenance turned cool again as she berated him. “Even if by luck you won a few rounds, the payout for newcomers is absolutely not worth the risk. Only true experts with outstanding battle records would be able to profit from this.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he heard the scoldings of Leng Ning. Although Leng Ning’s words sounded somewhat rude, it was all because she was concerned for him. The nervousness in her eyes couldn’t be faked.

“How do you know I will lose?” Qin Wentian smiled, his eyes twinkling.

“Teacher Bailu, help me convince this guy.” Leng Ning turned to Bailu Yi.

“Why are you even attempting to convince him?” Bailu Yi coldly replied. How could a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist die so easily? Even if he lost, he would definitely have some life-preservation method at hand.

“Hmph, off you go then. If you die it won’t be so noisy anymore,” Leng Ning fiercely cursed.

Qin Wentian said nothing, he merely smiled and continued walking to the tunnel. After entering, he exited to the space below the Hell Arena. This place was a connection of tunnels that led to a myriad of locations, exuding an aura of mystery.

“Newcomer or veteran?” a person inquired, upon noticing Qin Wentian.

“Newcomer.”

“Follow me.” He led Qin Wentian through a tunnel and came to a place with a variety of masks, capes, cloaks and the like.

“Choose whatever you want,” the person spoke. Qin Wentian glanced around and as he noticed a Kirin-style Mask, he couldn’t

help but recall the days he spent in the Dreamsky Forest. Smiling, he chose the mask along with a battle robe and cape. “Level of cultivation base and code name?” that person asked.

“Second level of Yuanfu, code name: Kirin,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Right. Newcomer, follow me and I will brief you on the rules.” After which, the man led Qin Wentian out from the cave. Only after Qin Wentian had learned the rules, did he then take his place in the Arena.

In front of him was another combatant who wore a bronze-colored mask with the code name: Bronze.

“Bronze, second level of Yuanfu, with a battle record of eighteen victories and two defeats; Kirin, second level of Yuanfu, newcomer,” the judge stated, causing the cheers of excitement to grow even louder. These people loved spectating the matches of newcomers the most, because no one knew their actual levels of strength.

“I love abusing newbies the most.” Bronze’s eyes flashed with a cold light, staring at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn’t reply. To him, the Hell Arena was only a place that would enable him to earn a large amount of Yuan Meteor Stones. Although he brought along quite a lot of Yuan Meteor Stones with him when he left Chu, the expenses needed on the journey had consumed quite a substantial amount. If he didn’t

find some method to replenish it, his future cultivation would surely be affected.

After the time it takes for a stick of incense to burn, the battle commenced after all bets had been placed.

Bronze stepped out as a sonorous sound echoed from his body. A heavy coercive pressure enveloped Qin Wentian, while a bronze corona of light surrounded Bronze's fist, an oppressive energy exuding from it.

“Will of a Mandate.” Qin Wentian's expression stiffened. This person could be considered a genius, to think that he comprehended a Mandate so quickly when he was merely at the second level of Yuanfu.

Bronze's battle record was brilliant, eighteen victories and only two defeats while Qin Wentian was a newcomer with nothing to his name. Evidently, only a limited few felt that Qin Wentian would be able to win. For the vast majority of the crowd, it was as though they could already see the scene of Qin Wentian's skull getting smashed by the might of Bronze's fist.

Qin Wentian clenched his hand, causing thunderous cracking sounds to echo as demonic Qi surged. The Divine Energy within his Yuanfu frenziedly circulated and covered his arms, coating his fist with layers of terrifying energy. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, transforming into a blurry shadow as he directly punched out, choosing to match Bronze's attack, fist for fist.

BOOOOOMMM!

Both of their fists collided in a showdown of strength. This method was the most direct, as well as the most decisive. Bone-cracking sounds rang out, Bronze felt his arm tremble violently, feeling as though it was about to break. Groaning in pain, another surge of energy flooded into his arms and as a deafening sound rumbled, his body was flung through the air before he landed heavily onto the ground, coughing out several mouthfuls of blood.

A pressure that felt as heavy as a mountain bore down upon the fallen Bronze. Bronze inclined his head only to see Qin Wentian looming over him, and he involuntarily trembled with fear as he shouted out, “I concede.”

Qin Wentian merely nodded his head, his cape fluttering with the movements of the wind. He didn’t go all out and deal the finishing blow.

“Thank you.” Bronze helped himself up as he clasped his hands and bowed to Qin Wentian, totally convinced in his defeat. There were too many ruthless characters in the Hell Arena that killed without blinking an eye. Fortunately, his opponent today had shown mercy.

“Kirin is the victor, will you continue accepting challenges?” the judge questioned.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. He was here to create a battle record.

“This Kirin is quite powerful, he defeated Bronze with ease.” The crowd mused in their hearts.

After which, Qin Wentian continued to accept challenges while the same words spoken by the judge echoed again and again in the ears of the crowd.

“Kirin, victory.”

“Kirin, victory.”

“Kirin, ten consecutive victories.”

“Kirin, fifteen consecutive victories...”

His winning streak caused a huge commotion as many turned their attention towards the Arena on the left. It was easy to win a few consecutive battles, but the difficulty would naturally escalate exponentially when reaching over ten consecutive victories. The people here, be it the combatants or spectators, were a hot-blooded group. Within the crowd of spectators, some experts felt the itch in their hearts after witnessing Qin Wentian’s consecutive victories, and even went on to challenge him.

Hence a strange occurrence happened in the Hell Arena that day. Among those who challenged Kirin, there were many who had no prior battle records, yet were all exceedingly powerful.

In spite of this, all the challengers ended up defeated.

Kirin's battle record currently stood at thirty victories, zero defeat.

"Hmm, is he Kirin?" Bailu Yi couldn't be certain if Qin Wentian was Kirin. After all, there were many with zero battle records who fought in the Arena, and each of them had their features obscured, so there was no way for anyone to tell who was who.

"He shouldn't be that powerful, right?" Bailu Yi exclaimed. After his 30th consecutive victory, there were no longer any challenges. Kirin could only choose to step down, causing many to sigh, feeling regret.

After a short moment, Qin Wentian returned to the spectator stand with a wide smile on his face. Thirty consecutive victories, he had made quite a tidy sum today.

"How was it, the feeling of being abused?" Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian, before commenting, "Which one were you? Ice Sabre? Cold Moon? Ancient Tree?"

The names Leng Ning mentioned all suffered defeat in the hands of Kirin.

"I'm Kirin." Qin Wentian laughed. Although the Hell Arena would keep the identity of the combatants secret, it didn't matter if the combatant themselves chose to divulge it.

Leng Ning rolled her eyes, this fellow was still boasting as per usual.

“You’re really lucky that Kirin’s character wasn’t ruthless. If not, how would you still be standing here? In future, don’t do this again, okay?” Leng Ning frowned.

Thirty consecutive victories, could Kirin’s combat prowess have already reached the realm where he could jump levels and fight evenly with combatants at the third level of Yuanfu?

“Okay, let’s go back, ” Bailu Yi stated. It was already late afternoon, the time for them to return.

On the way back, Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian still walked together at the front, causing Leng Ning to constantly have a smile on her face. This braggart was really an expert in the field of skirt-chasing.

“Are you really Kirin?” Bailu Yi glanced about before stealthily asking Qin Wentian, curiosity flickered in her beautiful eyes.

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian knew that Bailu Yi also had a naïve side to her. Upon hearing his answer, her eyes glowed with radiance as she stated, “You are truly mysterious, come to my White Deer Institute tomorrow, we shall study Divine Inscriptions together. Follow me, I will bring you to tour around the Institute later.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded. After all of them arrived at the academy, Bailu Yi turned and faced the group of learners, “The one-month time frame shall conclude at this moment. If you are interested in pursuing a higher level of attainment or doing further research on Divine Inscriptions, you can apply to enrol in our Institute. That’s all. Thank you.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi cast a glance at Qin Wentian, signalling him with her eyes as both of them walked into the White Deer Institute.

“Hold on.” A cold voice abruptly rang out. Yan Kong’s countenance was incredibly hideous to behold. Bailu Yi planned to leave before announcing the name of the person that would study with her? Back then, everyone assumed that he would definitely be the person chosen, so now Bailu Yi’s current actions made him feel severely humiliated.

“Is there something else you need?” Bailu Yi coldly asked.

“Miss Bailu, I thought you wanted to choose one among us to study Divine Inscriptions together with you?” Yan Kong politely inquired.

“I’ve already made my choice. Do I need to report my actions to you?” Bailu Yi remarked with dissatisfaction. Her meaning was extremely clear. Who did Yan Kong think he was?

“So who the hell did you pick?” Yan Kong glanced at Qin Wentian before forcibly calming himself down, yet the rest of the

group could clearly feel waves of anger gushing from him.

“Scram.” Bailu Yi made her stance clear.

“Tut tut, initially Miss Bailu said that she would pick the person with the highest attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to study together with her, but in the end she actually picked him?” Yan Kong’s sneer grew colder and colder.

“Miss Bailu, are you sure your decision is not affected by your emotions? Have you become so infatuated with him that you’ve lost your logic?”

“You...” Bailu Yi’s body trembled from anger at the disrespect in Yan Kong’s words.

“Let me take over.” Qin Wentian nodded towards Bailu Yi upon seeing how angry she was. His countenance gradually turned frosty. People like Yan Kong needed to be taught a lesson, otherwise they would never know when to give up.

AGM 238 - Suffering A Violent Beating

Seeing Qin Wentian taking the lead and standing up for her, Bailu Yi smiled and acquiesced. This scenario caused Yan Kong's countenance to grow even colder. It seemed that the rumors were true, Bailu Yi was infatuated with Qin Wentian. If not, there was no way the ice beauty of White Deer Institute would show such an expression in public.

Hatred and jealousy filled Yan Kong's heart.

Qin Wentian stepped forth to stand in front of Bailu Yi, looking at Yan Kong, "Do you really think that out of this entire group, your attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is the highest?"

Yan Kong stared at Qin Wentian with contempt in his eyes before replying, "Why? You want to try me?"

"Please guide me then," Qin Wentian spoke indifferently, advancing a few steps. At this moment, he had discarded his casual attitude and demeanor. Looking at his focused expression, it was as though Qin Wentian was surrounded by a palpable radiant halo of light.

Qin Wentian's change caused Leng Ning's heartbeat to quicken, was this still the boastful fellow she knew?

Brimming with self-confidence and a belief in the invincibility of youth, this was the feeling Qin Wentian was currently projecting.

“He sure looks confident but is his attainment really higher compared to Yan Kong?” Leng Ning was worried yet for some unknown reason, seeing Qin Wentian like this filled her heart with traces of anticipation.

“Hehe.” Yan Kong coldly laughed as his aura blasted forth. The surrounding crowd all retreated, giving Qin Wentian and Yan Kong space to duel.

At that moment, an Astral Soul blazing with golden light materialized above Yan Kong; this was a palm-shaped forging-type Astral Soul.

At the same time, Yan Kong’s palm also began to glow with golden light as outlines of runic imprints appeared, interweaving together as it transformed, all the while emitting a brilliant glare. As time passed, the runic outlines continued their weaving and gradually, a faint shadow of a dragon coalesced from thin air. Even though the shadow’s dragon-form was somewhat crude and simple, it was still a dragon-type Divine Inscription - an extremely rare and extraordinary Divine Inscription.

“Look closely.” Yan Kong laughed, as he slammed his palm into the ground. Momentarily, the Dragon Divine Inscription symbol disappeared from his palm and was transferred onto the surface of the ground.

“ROOARR...” A low-sounding draconic howl thundered as a golden dragon burst out, lunging towards Qin Wentian. As a

deafening sound echoed, the golden dragon slammed right into Qin Wentian's body, causing gaps to be torn in his robes yet not injuring him in the slightest.

“Yan Kong's attainment is at the very pinnacle of a second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, he's only a step away from the third-ranked.” The spectators' hearts all trembled at Yan Kong's talent. He should be able to reach the level of third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists within half a year.

Yan Kong crossed his arms as a cold smile hung on his lips. He could already see the scene of Qin Wentian being defeated. How would Bailu Yi explain her decision then?

“Are you finished?” Qin Wentian brushed the dust from his robes as he spoke, causing Yan Kong's expression to falter. “Then, it's my turn now.”

BBOOOOMMMMMMM!

Qin Wentian slammed his foot onto the ground. An instant later, a white-colored Roc-type Divine Inscription was etched onto the surface of the ground, as the faint shadow of a huge Roc erupted forth, speeding towards Yan Kong.

“So faint? For a moment, I still thought you were at least at my level.” Yan Kong laughed uproariously when he saw the faint shadow of the white Roc nearing him.

However, even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian stomped on the ground again, causing the faint shadow of the Roc to ‘solidify’.

Boom, boom, boom! Qin Wentian stepped on the ground in a unique rhythm, causing the faint shadow of the first Roc to become corporeal and morph into reality. With each step, several other Rocs began to materialise as they erupted towards Yan Kong. Yan Kong could only hurriedly dance about, waving his arms while inscribing at a crazy speed, frantically trying to block the attacks. “Wait, what???” The jaws of the spectators dropped as their expressions all froze on their faces. The Roc-type Divine Inscription under Qin Wentian’s feet was re-organising its runic line structure?

Leng Ning had her fist tightly clenched as her heart pounded madly. She stared at Qin Wentian with an expression of amazement and wonder on her face.

Finally, after the re-organisation was complete, the previously etched Divine Inscription on the ground enlarged itself several times in size, transforming into the picture of a gigantic Roc so huge that its wings blotted out the sky. A menacing aura exuded forth from the newly formed Inscription, yet Qin Wentian’s countenance was as indifferent as before, akin to the drifting clouds and passing winds.

Abruptly, the earlier manifested Rocs all trembled as they turned into flashes of white light, zooming backwards, and then becoming a part of the gigantic Roc. With a shrill snarl of rage, the surrounding space trembled as the claws of the Roc tried to

forcefully grab Yan Kong's head, intending to smash it into pieces.

Yan Kong's countenance underwent a drastic change, as he explosively retreated. With a howl of rage, both his hands folded various hand-seals, causing a fearsome palm imprint to blast out and then collide directly with the gigantic Roc. The impact brought forth terrifying sounds to resonate in the air.

The gigantic Roc's corporeal form gradually grew indistinct, yet Yan Kong appeared to be in an extremely sorry state.

The surroundings were totally devoid of sound, as the gazes of everyone were riveted onto Qin Wentian. Even Bailu Yi was astounded, Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was even higher than what she had expected. This was also the first time Bailu Yi had seen Qin Wentian's true abilities. Could this fellow really be a monstrous genius in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions?

"A third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, his Divine Inscriptions were able to suppress a Yuanfu expert. His rank of attainment is surely at the third level!"

"That fellow is actually a third-ranked Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster."

Only now did the crowd understand how wrong they were. What infatuation? Obviously Bailu Yi had long noticed Qin Wentian's talent. These people were using the small hearts of despicable men and made their speculations while wearing colored-glasses.

Needless to say, all of them were feeling ashamed now.

The moment they validated the fact that Qin Wentian was a third-ranked grandmaster, all of their jealousy had vanished into thin air.

“Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.” Leng Ning froze before she exclaimed in incredulous disbelief. Her countenance was extremely fascinating to behold, as her heart continued palpitating madly.

Third-ranked! This braggart was actually a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist...

“Wait, what am I saying.” Leng Ning suddenly blushed, Qin Wentian had always been a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster, he was no braggart.

“That bastard!” Without knowing why, Leng Ning stomped her foot in agitation. No wonder this fellow always seemed to be unperturbed, was he doing it on purpose? Grrr.

But when she remembered that she had told Qin Wentian she would marry him if he was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, the blush on her face further deepened as she snuck a few glances at him. How embarrassing was that...Qin Wentian calmly looked at Yan Kong as he indifferently commented, “Didn’t you say your attainment among us was the highest?”

Yan Kong turned pale from the cutting sarcasm. Not long ago he

was still strutting about, proclaiming he was the strongest, yet now, he was humiliated in front of so many people.

“You want to kill me?” Only to hear Yan Kong instantly shift topics as a foreboding aura emanated forth from him. A cold glint of light flickered in his eyes as he dashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Yan Kong, you are shameless.” Leng Ning’s countenance became incredibly unsightly as she felt the killing intent of Yan Kong. This Yan Kong was way too high-handed. He lost to Qin Wentian’s Divine Inscriptions and actually wanted to deal with him right after just to salvage the broken remnants of his false pride? Yet based on his Yan Clan’s influence, even if he did injure Qin Wentian, no one would be able to do anything about it.

“Golden Dragon Seal.”

Yan Kong struck out with his palm as dragon-might emanated forth from it. An aura of extreme sharpness bore down on Qin Wentian, the mandate Yan Kong had comprehended was the Mandate of Metal.

Metal of the Five Elements, was terrifyingly sharp and domineering. The first level of insight of the Mandate of Metal, was Penetration, which reinforced this terrifying, destructive attribute to each of Yan Kong’s attacks.

When Qin Wentian saw Yan Kong’s sneak attack, a terrifying light gleamed in his eyes as the demonic Qi around the area surged. As his Astral Energy gushed within his Arterial Pathways, a

crimson light shone from his palms as the blood-seals in his body thrummed.

“Falling Mountain Palms!” Qin Wentian sent out his palms in answer. Currently, Qin Wentian had already completely understood the essence of this innate technique; he had already reached its perfection realm. A terrifying mountain peak materialised as it slammed downwards, further augmented by the Mountain-type Divine Energy within his Yuanfu, as well as enhanced by the first level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Strength.

As the Golden Dragon Seal collided together with the Falling Mountain Palms, it shattered into a million pieces amidst a deafening thunderous reverberation. An instant later, only the blur of a flickering silhouette could be seen moving at extreme speed.

BOOM! Yan Kong was slammed into a towering stone pillar. A single hand pressed on the front of his chest. Qin Wentian stood to the side of Yan Kong as a look of utter dominance flashed in his eyes.

“This...” The hearts of everyone spectating involuntarily pounded, while Leng Ning drew in a breath of cold air. Was this still the Qin Wentian she was familiar with? That boastful, yet ever-smiling, simple and well-mannered youth?

With a violent toss, Yan Kong was flung to the ground. When he tried to rise, he only saw Qin Wentian coldly staring at him as he remarked coolly, “Apologise to Teacher Bailu.”

Yan Kong wiped the traces of blood from his lips as the light of hatred flickered in his eyes. He ignored Qin Wentian and started to stand up.

Boom!

Qin Wentian inverted his hand and sent out another palm strike, knocking Yan Kong back to the ground. The force of the palm strike caused Yan Kong to spit out several mouthfuls of blood.

“Apologise,” Qin Wentian stated simply. Yet this simple word seemed to contain within them a tyrannical force and oppressiveness that couldn’t be masked.

Back then he already knew Yan Kong harboured ill intentions towards him. It was just that he had only recently arrived at the Moon Continent and couldn’t be bothered about Yan Kong. After all, he still had many things he needed to do. To him, Yan Kong was only a small-time character, not worthy of any notice. Yet Yan Kong had to trample on the limits of his patience. Since that was the case, Qin Wentian would have to give him something to remember.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU’RE DOING?” Yan Kong screeched, he tried to get up once more.

Boom! Even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian stomped his foot directly onto Yan Kong’s back, trampling him ruthlessly into the ground.

screamed, he couldn't stand it any longer. Today, he had no choice but to submit.

“Teacher Bailu, I, Yan Kong, have offended you with my words. I deserve to be punished, I'm sorry.” Yan Kong forced the words out through gritted teeth. This amount of shame felt even worse compared to him dying.

“Why did you insist on being abused even though you knew that you had to apologise sooner or later?” Qin Wentian slowly removed his foot while revealing a faint smile. The coldness that had pervaded the air moments before, dissipated. That terrifying youth from moments ago disappeared as the casual, well-mannered Qin Wentian was back again. However, no one would forget the scene they had witnessed earlier. It was an incident that had carved an indelible mark in their minds!

AGM 239 - White Deer Cavern

Yan Kong crawled his way up, coughing to cover his awkwardness as he departed.

To date, since the moment he was born, Yan Kong had never been this humiliated before. He would definitely remember this debt.

Leng Ning walked to the side of Qin Wentian, staring at him with her beautiful eyes yet with a light smile on her lips. She teased, “Leng Ning greets Mr. Grandmaster.”

Qin Wentian took note of her mischievous countenance as he lightly knocked on her head. “I didn’t lie to you, right.”

“Yes, you didn’t lie to me, I was the one in the wrong. I should never have doubted Mr. Grandmaster.” Leng Ning laughed as she continued, “However, who would have thought you were really at this level from all the big words you spoke? Why didn’t you exhibit a little of your knowledge back then?” “Wait, you mean you wanted me, out of anger or frustration from your doubting me, to inscribe third-ranked Divine Inscriptions just to brag about my actual strength?” Qin Wentian shrugged. His words caused Leng Ning to grin. True, if Qin Wentian had really done so back then out of indignation, wouldn’t that be a little too cocky?

“Hmph fine, everything is my fault.” Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian. However inwardly, she was ecstatic. This braggart was actually a real third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. Even at this

point in time she didn't dare believe it, and upon recalling the words she had once said to Qin Wentian, Leng Ning couldn't help but be embarrassed.

“Haha, you can go back first. I still have something I need to do here,” Qin Wentian remarked before he walked to Bailu Yi's side. She glanced at Qin Wentian, and then nodded her thanks.

Earlier, Qin Wentian had helped her brutally beat up Yan Kong.

“Well this matter occurred because of me, so I should be the one to settle it.” Qin Wentian laughed, appearing extremely unconcerned. The two of them walked shoulder to shoulder as they stepped into the White Deer Institute.

“You have to be more cautious in the future. Yan Kong will definitely remember this and may find chances to create trouble for you.” A hint of worry flickered in Bailu Yi's beautiful eyes. It would be nigh impossible for Yan Kong to forget his earlier humiliation.

“Mhm, noted.” Qin Wentian nodded. This was also the reason why he didn't cripple or kill Yan Kong. If he had really done that earlier, Yan Kong's clan would definitely not rest until he was dead. So, he merely humiliated Yan Kong, and didn't believe that Yan Kong would be so shameless to the extent where he ignored his pride, getting elders of his clan to seek revenge for him. If he really did so because he was defeated by someone of the same generation, Yan Kong would never be able to lift his head up high again in the future.

Leng Ning fell into a daze as she stared at their departing backs. White Deer Institute's most talented genius in the younger generation was undoubtedly Bailu Yi. Cold and proud like frost from Heaven; walking side by side together with the blazing sun that was Qin Wentian, they contrasted each other, yet somehow seemed to complement perfectly. For some reason, faint traces of disappointment took root in Leng Ning's heart.

“What am I thinking?” Leng Ning shook her head. Did she really want to marry that ‘big-headed’ fellow?

Bailu Yi brought Qin Wentian into the White Deer Cavern, this was also the first place he entered as he stepped into the White Deer Institute on his very first day. However, back then he was only allowed to study the Divine Inscriptions engraved on the first stone walls and was not allowed to venture further inside.

But now, Bailu Yi personally led him into the depths of the cavern. The first cave dwelling within the cavern consisted of many stone walls and monuments. Different varieties of Divine Inscriptions could be seen engraved upon them, resembling dazzling jewels that were pleasing to the eyes of Divine Inscriptionists. Despite the number of Inscriptions, each Inscription's runic outlines were perfectly clear and exquisitely carved. Obviously, they originated from the hands of a grandmaster.

“This place consists of many Divine Inscriptions, and they originated from our very own Elders in the Institute. As long as one can comprehend and control the power of these Inscriptions,

they will definitely become a top-level Divine Inscriptionist. At the very least, they wouldn't be lacking Divine Inscriptions to complement the forging of weapons," Bailu Yi explained, before continuing the tour deeper into the White Deer Caverns.

In the second cave dwelling, gigantic slabs of stone displayed pictures of two Divine Inscriptionists in battle. It was as though every picture on these stone walls recorded battles of Divine Inscriptionists.

Qin Wentian stood before one of the gigantic stone walls, as he stared at the outlines engraved upon it. Abruptly, he could feel a surge of destructive energy frenziedly gushing towards him. It was as though this Divine Inscription wanted to leap out from the stone wall it was engraved upon.

"Marvellous." Qin Wentian's heart trembled with excitement.

"Let's go take a look further in," Bailu Yi led him into the third cave dwelling. This cave dwelling was even larger compared to the previous two. Qin Wentian could feel that the Divine Inscriptions in here contained within them a mysterious aura. Multiple typhoons whirled through the cavern, filling the third cave dwelling with sharp gales of wind, each gale like the edge of a blade.

"Dao of Formations." Qin Wentian understood. Closing his eyes, he basked in the razor-sharp sensation, he had seen many different kinds of Divine Inscriptions before, but the ones before him seemed to be almost alive, incessantly 'dancing' about, eventually becoming a Formation.

Qin Wentian abruptly flicked out a single finger right at the heart of the Divine Inscription, causing the gales of wind to die down. Bailu Yi walked towards him, smiling as she asked, “How was it?”

“You are not worried about bringing me here?” Qin Wentian laughed. The White Deer Caverns were undoubtedly considered a treasured land to Divine Inscriptionists.

“To embark further on the path of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, it’s sometimes necessary to depend on insights comprehended by our predecessors. Several of the Divine Inscriptions here originated from many grandmasters of previous generations that cultivated at this Institute.” Bailu Yi smiled, “It’s never a good idea to hoard knowledge for the sake of hoarding knowledge. I believe interacting with you will definitely prove beneficial in order to advance both our attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.”

“There’s still one last cave dwelling. Follow me closely, step only where I step lest you are trapped within a Formation.” Bailu Yi led the way, and soon after, they arrived at the fourth cave dwelling. There were several Puppets within; human-form Puppets, Divine-Weapon-form Puppets; beast-form Puppets and so forth.

“Seems like I will have to depend heavily on the White Deer Institute in the future, you cannot turn your back on me, alright?” Qin Wentian laughed. Here, the knowledge regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had opened up a huge door of information in his mind.

“As long as you are willing to stay here, I won’t even mind covering all your meals.” Bailu Yi laughed as well.

“Okay, don’t regret it.” Qin Wentian stared at the fresh and pure countenance of Bailu Yi, feeling that she was growing more and more adorable every second he looked at her.

What made Bailu Yi exceptionally astonished was that Qin Wentian had spoken seriously. From that day onwards, he never took a single step out of the White Deer Cavern. And other than cultivation, he spent the rest of his time researching and comprehending Divine Inscriptions. This caused Bailu Yi’s heart to tremble. Initially, she had always thought of herself as extremely hardworking, yet after she saw Qin Wentian’s almost frantic efforts, she could only smile bitterly. She knew that in terms of effort, she couldn’t even be remotely compared to him.

There were times when Bailu Yi stood for half a day behind Qin Wentian, yet he didn’t even bother to glance at her. This degree of focus and concentration gave her a huge blow in terms of her ego. In addition to being a genius, she was also a supreme beauty and therefore always surrounded by a fawning crowd; this was the first time she was ever ignored. Yet this also caused Bailu Yi to be deeply moved. There were no natural born geniuses. Even if someone was blessed with talent, only with effort and diligence would he be able to nurture and maximise his potential. All the legendary figures whose names that could shake the Nine Continents, which one of them didn’t have a resolute martial heart? All of them exhibited similar traits to the young man that stood in front of her.

Sitting beside Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi gazed at the engrossed

young man. It was as though she was looking at a legendary character embarking on his pathway to greatness.

The intensity of Qin Wentian's efforts also influenced her. Day by day, Qin Wentian was improving at a crazy, almost unbelievable speed. And currently, he could already rival her. If they were to compete directly using only Divine Inscriptions, he would not lose out in the slightest.

Naturally, this also spurred Bailu Yi to work even harder.

"What are you thinking about? Do you want some fruits?" In the fourth cave dwelling, upon seeing Qin Wentian deep in thought about something, Bailu Yi passed a plate of fruits over to him.

"The Dao of Puppets is truly, incredibly profound." Qin Wentian glanced up, and when he saw that beautiful countenance of Bailu Yi, his spirits involuntarily brightened as he took a piece of fruit from the plate.

"Naturally." Bailu Yi laughed. "Have you comprehended anything after so many days?"

"Do you wish to hear about my insights?" Qin Wentian asked. Bailu Yi nodded. "Yeah."

"To you, what defines a Puppet?"

"Hmm, Puppets are Puppets. What do you mean?" Bailu Yi froze

for a second.

“From my perspective, Puppets are the same as Divine Weapons.” Qin Wentian smiled, “Puppets could fall under human-form, Divine-Weapon-form, beast-form categories, yet they only differ in terms of external appearances. Other than some evil methods that use real humans as the base, all other Puppet exteriors are forged by blacksmiths. Their abilities depend on the Divine Inscriptions engraved, control of them is done via linking of spiritual consciousness during refinement, while their source of power originates from embedding Yuan Meteor Stones. This was the difference between Puppets and Divine Weapons.”

“Puppets are merely another advanced form of Divine Weapons. With the appropriate formations, one could draw upon and convert the energy in the Yuan Meteor Stones to become the originating energy of Puppets, thus the level of difficulty in creating one is many times higher in comparison. Naturally, the stronger the level of formation, as well as materials used for the exterior, the more powerful the Puppet would be.”

“However, human-form Puppets are the strongest because the power they are able to exhibit is greater. But naturally, the price and difficulty in creating them will also increase accordingly.” Qin Wentian laughed.

A look of comprehension dawned on Bailu Yi’s face as she nodded in response, “I’ve never thought of it this way before, but after your explanation, it does make sense. Divine Weapons are really similar to Puppets.”

“The Creator’s designs are extremely fascinating. Have you ever thought before that the runic outlines of Divine Inscriptions resembled the arterial pathways, energy channels and meridians of a human’s body? The inner structure of our bodies allows us to bring forth the might of innate techniques, so putting it in another perspective, isn’t this greatly similar to the Divine Inscriptions inscribed upon Divine Weapons and Puppets?”

Qin Wentian continued, “Not only that, for those of us with forging-type Astral Souls, the greatest advantage is that we can create Divine Inscriptions within our bodies before manifesting it. If that’s the case, if every droplet of Astral Energy within our bodies were tempered and converted by Divine Inscriptions, wouldn’t that simply mean that Astral Energy, in some form or another, are also Divine Inscriptions?”

The quiet words of Qin Wentian gave Bailu Yi an immense rush of impact, it shook the foundations of everything that she had ever known. She had cultivated her Dao of Divine Inscriptions according to the guidance of her elders, and had never seriously studied and contemplated them before. This was also part of the reason why she wanted to study with this young man beside her.

There’s something to be learned from everyone, and because she had cultivated according to the insights of her elders, her foundations had been fixed at a young age. How could any notion of doubt towards their teachings ever appear in her mind?

Yet because of Qin Wentian’s words, she began questioning the ‘fixed truths’ which she had always took for granted.

A fascinating glow of light shone in Bailu Yi's eyes as she regarded Qin Wentian. After which, she smiled, "Thank you."

"There's a commotion outside, let's go and take a look." At this moment, Bailu Yi stood up and proceeded to walk out of the cave dwelling. Qin Wentian followed and soon, they arrived at the entrance of the White Deer Cavern. However, they soon discovered that the cause of the commotion was because of a veiled maiden trying to enter the cavern. She was otherworldly, so beautiful to the extent that even her obscured features couldn't conceal her beauty.

"What happened?" Qin Wentian hurriedly stepped forth upon noticing that it was Qing'er.

Finally seeing Qin Wentian, Qing'er's clear and melodic voice rang out, "I didn't see you for several days and thus I was worried. I wanted to go in to look for you."

Hearing her words caused Qin Wentian to be stunned, and he felt touched in his heart. So, this aloof maiden had never left his side.

"Since you are fine, I'm leaving then." Qing'er turned and walked away, disappearing from Qin Wentian's field of vision so swiftly, as though she was never there!

AGM 240 - Reverse Inscriptions

After Qing`er departed, Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian with a bizarre expression in her eyes. That otherworldly maiden from before was an exceptional beauty. Although her countenance was obscured, just by standing next to her, Bailu Yi felt as though she had lost her own luster.

This fellow was becoming increasingly mysterious.

“Little Yi, who is he?” At this moment, an old man that previously guarded the Cavern directed his question at Bailu Yi. He knew that Bailu Yi was the one that had brought Qin Wentian to enter the depths of the White Deer Cavern, and usually he would not disturb or oppose her matters. But this was different, there was someone who wanted to barge into the Cavern because of Qin Wentian, so the old man had no choice but to question her.

“Uncle Liang, he’s my friend, Qin Wentian,” Bailu Yi replied.

“Little Yi, I won’t interfere in matters concerning your personal life, but do take note of your actions. You should know that there are many people within the clan that are monitoring you closely. Now, you’re interacting way too much with this man beside you, leading to many rumors running rampant among the Institute.”

“Uncle Liang, I understand,” Bailu Yi replied, somewhat helplessly. Uncle Liang nodded and didn’t inquire further, choosing to depart instead.

“I’m sorry, I caused you trouble,” Qin Wentian apologised in a low voice.

Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian as she nonchalantly replied with a laugh, “What trouble? There’s nothing between us, right? And so what, even if there is?”

“Ah...” Qin Wentian froze as his eyes flickered. Gazing upon her pure-looking and compelling features, that snowy jade-white skin as well as those full, buxomy twin mountain peaks, this description was really apt – angelic features along with a devilish figure, she was smoking hot.

“What are you looking at? I’m just listing an example.” Bailu Yi stomped her foot as she glared fiercely at Qin Wentian, before turning and returning to the White Deer Cavern. That earlier expression on Bailu Yi’s face caused Qin Wentian to lose focus, she was truly a fine specimen.

“Shit, what am I doing?” Qin Wentian knocked on his head, speechless. He suddenly thought of Qingcheng, and the smile on his face dimmed compared to its earlier brilliance. Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian turned his gaze towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall.

Was she doing fine? It had been quite a long time since he last saw her.

Peng! Within the Pill Emperor Hall, the sounds of a mini explosion echoed from within a pill concoction cauldron. Mo

Qingcheng's exquisite features had on an expression of helplessness. For some reason, her heart was feeling extremely restless today, leading to her being easily distracted.

“Junior Sister, what happened?” Bai Fei glanced at Mo Qingcheng. Mo Qingcheng had a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, by right, her talent regarding alchemy was off the charts, and her concoctions would rarely fail.

“I wish to go out for a walk.” Mo Qingcheng abruptly left the chamber, causing Bai Fei's expression to falter. Quickly hastening her steps, she followed Mo Qingcheng out. The soft and gentle rays of sunlight shone onto Mo Qingcheng, adding a halo of gentleness to her beautiful countenance. She was so breathtakingly beautiful that her looks caused others to be breathless.

As she stared at Mo Qingcheng, Bai Fei couldn't help but feel ashamed of her own inferiority. Previously, she was someone extremely prideful, but ever since Mo Qingcheng entered their sect, her self-confidence had slowly withered away. A halo of light seemed to perpetually emanate forth from Mo Qingcheng, somehow transforming her demeanor into something sacred and saint-like. And as of now, no one even dared to look directly at her. “Maybe, only that man would be qualified to be her prince charming,” Bai Fei mused in her heart. During this period of time, there were several people from the older generations that brought up the topic of marriage engagement to the Pill Emperor Hall, yet they were all unceremoniously rejected by Luo He. The number of rejections piled up to the point whereby a rumor started – only Hua Taixu would be able to match up to Mo Qingcheng's radiance.

Hua Taixu did indeed pay a visit to Luo He, however, he said nothing even after he saw Mo Qingcheng. But somehow, rumors still propagated.

“I’m going out for a walk,” Mo Qingcheng’s voice broke Bai Fei’s musings.

“Wait, let me seek permission from Master first.”

Mo Qingcheng silently sighed, she only wanted to take a stroll outside to lessen her restlessness, was this not allowed either?

It had already been so long, he should have left Chu too, right? She wondered where he was right now.

Upon thinking of him, a pure, radiant smile lit up Mo Qingcheng’s face, their memories together filling her heart with currents of warmth.

His silhouette was like a ray of light, and regardless of how cold she was, that ray of light would definitely be able to melt the ice and snow surrounding her heart.

.....

Qin Wentian was still deeply immersed in studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Today, he was in a dreamscape of his own creation, studying the Diagram of the Mountains and Rivers he obtained from the dream will of that green-robed middle aged man

within the Dark Forest. Every stroke of the brush within the Diagram created a Mountain and a River, and even cast the four seasons. That green-robed cultivator he had met was definitely someone who had an exceedingly high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

The Diagram of the Mountain and Rivers encompassed all land under the Heavens, consisting of a myriad of different kinds of Divine Inscriptions, shimmering in and out of existence as Qin Wentian studied it. Upon noting the disappearance of the Inscriptions, Qin Wentian froze as he was struck by a sudden thought.

Awakening from the dreamscape, he opened his eyes, and saw Bailu Yi's beautiful ones staring right at him, "Wow, I didn't think Mr. Hardworking would sometimes take naps during training too."

"Bailu Yi," Qin Wentian suddenly called out, his tone causing Bailu Yi's expression to falter. She curiously stared at Qin Wentian, "Huh? What's the matter?"

"Do you know of Reverse Inscriptions?" Qin Wentian breathed in excitement.

"Reverse Inscriptions?" Bailu Yi was bewildered.

"You should know that the Divine Inscriptions on Divine Weapons and Puppets have to be perfectly inscribed, akin to a work of nature. It's tremendously difficult to destroy. You also said

before that during Puppet battles, the Puppets themselves wouldn't feel pain, nor fatigue, and so they're opponents that are extremely tough to deal with. Even if you damage part of it, the Puppet itself would still be extremely difficult to handle. But, if I could somehow sense the composition of the particular Divine Inscription inscribed upon the Puppet, if I was proficient enough, couldn't I then just use this understanding to reverse its effects, internally destroying it with ease? If this was the case, regardless of Divine Weapons, Puppets or Formations, I could freely cripple them, no?"

Qin Wentian's eyes shone with a brilliant light. Bailu Yi stood there, stumped before she recovered. "But, if you want to sense and instantly inscribe a Reverse Inscription to negate it, the difficulty of this feat is many times tougher compared to just inscribing Divine Inscriptions."

"Haha, Bailu Yi, think about it. How did you learn to inscribe Divine Inscriptions in the first place?" Qin Wentian suddenly asked.

"Naturally, from the basics. Through understanding and comprehension, copying already inscribed Inscriptions until I familiarised myself with it, thereby deriving mastery through countless practice, step by step," Bailu Yi replied.

"In that case, why can't you do the same for Reverse Inscriptions? Start from the basics and learn how to counteract effects of the simplest Divine Inscription before working your way up, broadening your knowledge, step by step?" Qin Wentian boldly shared his theory, causing Bailu Yi's heart to tremble with an

unknown emotion. Her beautiful eyes stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian. He was truly a monstrous genius. His way of thinking was too bold, some may even deem it crazy.

What touched Bailu Yi was that every time Qin Wentian had an idea or insight, he would tell her about it, causing her perspective on the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to advance as well.

Seeing how Bailu Yi was staring at him, Qin Wentian suddenly grinned, “Am I really that handsome?”

“Don’t be cocky.” Bailu Yi laughed. After which, she withdrew a few books from her interspatial ring and passed it to Qin Wentian. “These are for you.”

“What are these?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

“You will understand after you read them, just some simple notes regarding Divine Inscriptions.” Bailu Yi smiled. “I won’t disturb you during these few days, so study them well, I shall be just outside. If you need anything, just call for me.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi walked out. Qin Wentian flipped through one of the books, browsing through the contents within. There were several portions highlighted and further embellished on with Bailu Yi’s handwriting, containing the insights she gained. She passed Qin Wentian a total of four volumes; Divine Inscriptions (Basics), Divine Inscriptions (Battle), Divine Inscriptions (Formation) and Divine Inscriptions (Puppet).

The moment began to read the books, Qin Wentian couldn't extricate himself. Using the span of several days, he finished them all in one go.

After finishing the books, Qin Wentian was very clear on one point. Bailu Yi had obviously lied to him. What simple notes? These were definitely all secret manuals that were recorded by Bailu Yi.

He stood up and left his place of study, and as he passed through the third cave dwelling, he caught sight of Bailu Yi. "Are you done?" Seeing Qin Wentian walking out, Bailu Yi smiled at him.

"Were you acting as a lookout for me?" Occasionally people would walk past that area, yet there had been none in the past few days.

"I don't know what you're talking about," denied Bailu Yi.

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes before walking to her side and passing the books back to her. He stared intently into her eyes, causing Bailu Yi to blush and avert her eyes. However, she couldn't help but muster up her anger and glared at Qin Wentian, "What are you staring at?"

Qin Wentian went silent for a moment, taking in Bailu Yi's adorable appearance before replying, "Thank you."

Bailu Yi coughed, as she continued, "Stop acting so mushy, I need

your help for something. During this period of time, there will be an exchange between Divine Inscriptionists held in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent. Can you come with me?”

“Sure,” Qin Wentian directly agreed, without asking what the exchange was about.

“Don’t agree so fast, I have to obtain the championship, okay.” Bailu Yi laughed. With Qin Wentian’s help, her confidence in obtaining first place was naturally much greater than before.

This exchange that Bailu Yi spoke of, was not only held in the Eastern City, but simultaneously in other famous places within the Moon Continent as well. Ultimately, those who obtained victory would have the chance to follow a few transcendent powers into a secret treasure land for Divine Inscriptionists. It was rumored that the secret realm contained various high ranked Inscriptions; fourth-ranked, fifth-ranked and even ancient ones. Not only that, it was rumored that extremely terrifying fourth-level Puppets could be found in there, ones that could even suppress Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Thus in the Eastern City, not only was the White Deer Institute making its own preparations, the Yan Clan, Leng Clan, and all other major clans intended to participate in the exchange as well. Even transcendent-level powers such as the Hua Clan and Pill Emperor Hall were preparing to take part.

“Right, we will do our best to obtain first place.” Qin Wentian laughed. Currently, he felt increasingly confident regarding his own attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. His

understanding was many times higher compared to how he was a few months ago. "I'll go to the Leng Clan to take a look," Qin Wentian added. Chu Mang, Fan Le and Little Rascal were still there, as well as Leng Ning. Qin Wentian wondered how she was now. Hopefully, she wasn't too depressed by the actions of her clan. During this period of time, he was too engrossed in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Finally, he could now be considered to have some achievements in it.

"I'll send you out." Bailu Yi nodded. The two of them walked out of the White Deer Cavern as she personally escorted Qin Wentian out of the White Deer Institute.

Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian didn't know that at this moment, a row of middle-aged figures were standing on the roof of a towering pavilion, surveying them. Among them, there was one whose features strongly resembled Bailu Yi's. This was none other than her father, who was currently feeling an immense headache.

"That lass seems to be exceptionally close with that young man. She has not left his vicinity ever since a few months ago," someone spoke, causing a bitter smile to appear on the face of Bailu Yi's father. As his daughter matured, it was all right and proper if she had a boyfriend, but this Qin Wentian was of unknown origin, which was also the reason for his headache.

He understood his daughter very well. Even though she might seem cold and unapproachable on the outside, she was actually an extremely kind and pure little girl. Could Qin Wentian be a Lothario? Her feelings must not be cheated so easily.

“Nevermind, let her do what she wants, it will do no harm. If he isn’t suitable, then we will act accordingly,” Bailu Yi’s father replied.

“Considering her level of talent, you sure are open-minded. To think that I was still prepared to be the middleman and link her up with one of the four characters in our Moon Continent,” someone at the side casually added, causing Bailu Yi’s father’s eyes to narrow. Evidently, he understood which of the four characters that person was referring to. Of the top thirty-six in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, four of them could be found within the Moon Continent. All four were young men that originated from powers with great backgrounds. All four were undoubtedly and exceptionally outstanding, especially the one ranked at the top. Like a blazing sun, his radiance overshadowed all that were compared to him. However, there were whispers concerning him and the Pill Emperor Hall’s new disciple, whispers of discussions proposing a marriage engagement between the both of them. The new disciple whose dazzling beauty had caught the eye of many, it was no exaggeration to say that her looks had the power to topple kingdoms and empires!

AGM 241 - Bad Intentions

During this period of time, Leng Ning's life in the Leng Clan could be said to be miserable, even to the extent of being extremely agonising.

Ever since Yan Kong was defeated by Qin Wentian, he immediately reported this to his uncle. Naturally he wouldn't say that he was the one in the wrong but rather, the 'reserved' bride of his uncle had an extremely close relationship with some other man.

Hence, Yan Kong's uncle, Yan Tie, immediately sent people to the Leng Clan, ordering them to keep Leng Ning under house arrest. Not only that, the place of her imprisonment would not be the Leng Residence, but the Yan Residence instead.

Such an attitude caused the already unwilling Leng Ning to be even more afraid to accept the order. She knew that once she stepped into the Yan Clan, it would be akin to stepping into a nightmare. She didn't know what that monster would do to her, and how could she, as a young lady, dare to venture into the dwelling of a monster?

What made Leng Ning even more depressed was that every day, her Clan pressured her to accept the order. Even her father tried persuading her every now and then. Her movements and freedom were tightly controlled, causing Leng Ning to despair. She had even contemplated suicide. In any case, since going to the Yan Clan meant death, rather than dying from the monster's torture, she might as well end it all on her own terms.

Some of the Leng Clan servants empathized with Leng Ning, sighing in their hearts. Such a beautiful young woman was to be wasted because of lust from a disgusting old freak. This was too unfair, and too cruel. Leng Ning deserved better than this.

At that moment, Leng Ning's dad appeared again at her courtyard. Looking at his daughter, he said, "Leng Ning, the exchange is coming soon, why have you not gone over to the Yan Clan yet?"

Leng Ning's countenance was ice-cold. Staring at her father, 'Hehehe, the exchange? To gain a few slots granted by Yan Tie, the Clan has chosen to sacrifice me?"

"Leng Ning, what are you talking about? What do you mean sacrifice? Yan Tie is an esteemed third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. There are many who want to marry him, but were rejected. If you truly become his concubine, your status would immediately skyrocket. This is such a rare opportunity. Why do you have to be so recalcitrant?" Leng Ning's cousin, Leng Lin, smiled sarcastically from the side.

"Wow, a god-sent opportunity? Why don't you go in my stead? Why did you push this onto me then?" Leng Ning coldly laughed.

"Well. I've already found my special someone." Leng Lin leaned against the young man standing by her side. Her face was filled with superiority, tinged with arrogance and pride.

“Leng Ning, you should know how important this trial is to our Leng Clan. Not only that, our Leng Clan no longer has any Divine Inscriptionist experts to support us. If we want to obtain a decent ranking, we can only borrow Yan Tie’s power,” Leng Ning’s father continued persuading her.

“Ridiculous, since we don’t have any expert Inscriptionists, what can we do even if we obtain a decent ranking? We would still be relegated to supporting roles. When have the greatest benefits obtained from the trial not been taken away by the transcendent powers? When would it even be our Leng Clan’s turn? We wouldn’t even get any scraps from it. What’s laughable is that our Clan has ended up begging others for help and are even selling me off, all just to send a few people to enter the trial... You guys are all truly shameless.”

Leng Ning’s heart was completely dark, she no longer considered herself part of the Leng Clan. Fan Le was right, why stay in such a clan? The sooner she left, the better. There was no more hope here.

“Leng Ning.” At that very moment, the sound of a voice suddenly drifted over. Leng Ning trembled, she recognised this voice. The cold look in her eyes instantly vanished, replaced by a smile, as she turned and ran in the direction of the voice.

“What are you doing?” Leng Ning’s father shouted.

“It’s none of your concern.” Leng Ning ignored her father. Beside her, a snowy puppy was sprinting along as well, towards the entrance of the Leng Residence.

Qin Wentian actually felt somewhat depressed. After he arrived at the Leng Clan, the guards barred his way despite knowing that he was a friend of Leng Ning. This incident caused Qin Wentian to faintly sense that Leng Ning's current situation wasn't that good.

A white blur of shadow leapt into his chest. Qin Wentian ruffled the fur on Little Rascal's head while smiling, "Did you miss me?"

"Yiyiyaya!" A voice echoed out in his mind, Little Rascal kept rubbing its head on Qin Wentian's chest, looking extremely adorable.

A beautiful figure momentarily appeared before him. This person was none other than Leng Ning, traces of fatigue were apparent on her face as she regarded Qin Wentian with a smile. "How are you faring at the Institute? It must be great spending so much time with Teacher Bailu, right?"

"Still okay, I guess." Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, maintaining a nonchalant expression. This caused Leng Ning to roll her eyes at him, even spending so much time with a great beauty like Bailu Yi was 'still okay' to him?

"How about you?" Qin Wentian asked, gazing at her fatigued countenance, feeling some guilt in his heart. He had been too engrossed in researching and studying Divine Inscriptions during this period of time and had forgotten about Leng Ning's situation.

"Not too bad, I guess, just that I'm not used to not hearing

someone bragging around me.” Leng Ning smiled.

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze as he saw Leng Ning’s father, as well as the couple they met from before, appearing behind Leng Ning. Their countenances, especially Leng Ning’s father, were incredibly unsightly to behold. Qin Wentian understood then, that the smile on Leng Ning’s face was forced.

“Heh heh, I didn’t expect that you’d still dare to show your face.” Leng Ning’s father laughed coldly when he saw Qin Wentian. The source of Yan Tie’s rage was none other than this young man before him, as well as the fact that he was rumoured to have an extremely close relationship with Leng Ning.

Question marks appeared in Qin Wentian’s mind, why wouldn’t he dare to show his face here?

“Cousin, because of this fellow, you refused to marry into the Yan Clan?” Leng Lin walked up with a smile on her face. “As for you, after offending Yan Tie, you hid away for so long yet still dare to reveal yourself now?”

Only now did Qin Wentian understand. The old freak Yan Tie, was the monster Leng Ning had told him about back then.

As for offending Yan Tie, this matter should have something to do with Yan Kong. That despicable fellow didn’t dare seek his revenge alone and had chosen to inform his uncle instead. Leng Ning was inevitably dragged in as collateral damage.

Qin Wentian didn't bother looking at Leng Lin. In fact, he felt somewhat sad. Leng Lin's personality had been shaped from being brought up in such an environment.

"What are your thoughts on this?" Qin Wentian directly asked Leng Ning. He ignored Leng Lin, who stood to the side, causing her to frown in displeasure. This person was too arrogant, how dare he behave in such a manner while standing in her clan's premises.

Leng Ning's beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian. Even though she had some thoughts in her heart, she ultimately decided against it. The Yan Clan was too powerful, even if Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, how could he be compared to that old freak, who had several more years of attainment? She knew that Yan Tie was an extremely hard to deal with character, and didn't want to drag Qin Wentian down with her. In any case, this matter had nothing to do with him.

"He and Bailu Yi are a match made in heaven." Leng Ning sighed. After which, she lifted her head and smiled at Qin Wentian. "You guys should move out, this place is getting too chaotic, so it's no longer suitable for you all to continue staying here."

"Hehe, cousin is quite intelligent after all." Leng Lin sneered. It seemed like Leng Ning didn't want any tragedy or misfortune to befall her friends, which was why she was breaking all forms of relationship between them. In any case, no matter how unwilling Leng Ning was, she had to go. If she didn't, the misfortune would surely fall upon her, Leng Lin, instead.

"This lass..." Qin Wentian involuntarily sighed when he noticed

how Leng Ning was avoiding his gaze. Even though her words may be harsh at times, her heart was only filled with kindness.

“Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, right?” Qin Wentian murmured under his breath as he walked up to Leng Ning, pulling her hands. His actions caused Leng Ning to freeze as she stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian.

A radiant, sun-like smile blossomed on his face. “Things are not as complicated as you imagined.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian stared at Leng Ning’s father as he spoke, “Leng Ning belongs to me now. If Yan Tie wants her, get him to talk to me.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian placed him out of his mind. Such a father was a failure. Pulling her dainty hand along, Qin Wentian made his way towards Leng Ning’s courtyard.

Brilliant lights flashed continuously in Leng Ning’s eyes. Seeing the radiant smile on Qin Wentian’s face, her heart pounded madly.

Somehow this fellow was still the same as before, bragging as usual without a care in the world.

But at this moment, he seemed so dependable to her.

“If I could be his girlfriend, how marvellous would that be.” Leng Ning thought in her heart. But soon after, realizing her thoughts,

her face involuntarily heated up. She must have gone crazy, why would this notion appear in her mind?

Leng Ning's father, Leng Lin and her boyfriend stood there, at a loss for words. This fellow was too arrogant, was he treating himself as the lord of this place?

If Yan Tie wanted Leng Ning, he had to talk to Qin Wentian directly? Could he even bear the responsibility of speaking those words?

“Eh, how long do you want to hold my hands for?” After returning to her residence, Leng Ning glared at Qin Wentian.

Only then did Qin Wentian relinquish his hold, rubbing his nose awkwardly.

“Hmph, you are too straightforward, you haven't asked whether I agreed to it or not.” Leng Ning snorted, yet she didn't seem to be the slightest bit unhappy. Evidently she was just kidding, if Qin Wentian really asked her to be his girl, Leng Ning would definitely agree.

“Well, I guess you can choose to reject,” Qin Wentian stated, while looking at her.

“You...” Leng Ning was speechless, upon seeing a smile that was not a smile on his face. Did this rascal not understand the hearts of women? He should give women some face so they can exit the

stage, right?

This man was too much of a rascal, too conceited. Leng Ning gritted her teeth in frustration.

“Fine fine, just treat it like I’m too presumptuous. You can just dump me after this matter is settled.” Qin Wentian understood that Leng Ning was still a young woman after all. Asking a guy to pretend to be her boyfriend? How many girls would dare to initiate such a conversation? Even if they weren’t shy, they would still be wary about giving the guy the wrong idea.

“Hmph, alright then.” Leng Ning smiled with satisfaction.

“Oh Leng Ning, didn’t you once say that the original candidate was supposed to be Leng Lin? This matter is easy to settle then, since your clan could change the candidate to you, it shouldn’t be a problem to change it back to Leng Lin.” Qin Wentian shrugged, feeling somewhat unhappy when he thought of Leng Lin’s rude tone of words.

Leng Ning’s eyes flickered with amusement as she heard Qin Wentian’s words. After which, she grinned and looked at Qin Wentian, “You are so baddd.”

And yet, she was inwardly delighted. Yes, this was indeed an exceptionally excellent idea!

AGM 242 - Yan Tie's Decision

Leng Ning's dad and her cousin continued to hound her. After all, every day she refused to go to the Yan Clan, was a day's equivalent of additional pressure put on her father by the Clan. Because his cultivation wasn't outstanding, Leng Ning's father's status in the Clan was fairly low. This was also why the Leng Clan chose to sacrifice his daughter.

Power determines status, while status determines how people treated you.

And as for Leng Lin, if Leng Ning still refused to go, the worry in her heart would never subside. After all, she was the original candidate chosen.

Leng Ning had a smile that was not quite a smile, on her face when she noticed her father and Leng Lin walking her way. Although her impression of Qin Wentian was that of a braggart, somehow, staying by his side gave her a sense of security. Maybe it was because of the confidence he exuded, appearing as nonchalant and as casual as the drifting wind and clouds.

However once something enraged him, he would definitely bring fear and regret to the perpetrator. One example was Yan Kong.

“What a ‘beautiful’ couple,” Leng Lin spoke in a weird tone, while sneering, “Leng Ning, you had better think this through carefully. If Yan Tie was really infuriated, even if your little lover had ten lives, it would still be insufficient.”

“And what has this got to do with you?” Leng Ning retorted, her tone causing Leng Lin to be stunned. Leng Ning seemed to have grown a backbone, she wasn’t as easily controlled as before.

“Naturally, it has something to do with me. After all, I’m only thinking of your happiness. Being able to marry into the Yan Clan, this is evidently good fortune.” Leng Ning’s eyes flickered with barely concealed impatience.

“Are you sure it’s such great fortune to be able to marry Yan Tie?” Qin Wentian stared at Leng Lin, as he asked the question with an extremely serious expression.

Leng Ning furrowed her brows. “Of course.”

“If that’s the case, I feel much better now. I was initially worried that you would be unhappy, but now that I know you consider marriage to Yan Tie as such great fortune, we’ll have to sincerely congratulate you then.” Qin Wentian laughed, causing a glint of coldness to flash in Leng Lin’s eyes. She couldn’t help but reply, “I’m not the one getting married into the Yan Clan. Leng Ning is the candidate.”

“Ah, I don’t have the fate to enjoy such great fortune. I’ll have to leave this wonderful opportunity to my cousin, you then.” Leng Ning nodded, a cheery smile on her lips. Seeing Leng Lin’s countenance, she understood that Leng Lin kept pressuring her because of the unease in her own heart.

The young man standing beside Leng Lin was frowning, as a baleful air emanated forth from him. Qin Wentian and Leng Ning's attitude made him terribly unhappy. They wanted his woman to marry into the Yan Clan? Weren't they humiliating him?

"Do you understand the meaning of the idiom 'a loose mouth may cause a lot of trouble'?" The young man stared at Qin Wentian, as a cold smile hung on his lips.

Qin Wentian stared back at the young man with an amicable smile, but the tone of his reply contained the notion of chopping nails and slicing iron, "Since Leng Lin believes it's an advantageous match, we will get the Yan Clan to switch the candidate back. In any case, I feel she's more suitable. Oh, by the way, can you guys leave now? You're disturbing us."

"Hehe." Leng Lin coldly laughed, leaning upon the arm of the young man. Qin Wentian didn't know the meaning of death.

The smile on the young man's face grew even frostier. After which, he turned and led Leng Lin away, glancing at Qin Wentian with contempt. "Remember what you've said today. I will pass on your words to the Leng Clan."

Upon reaching the entrance of Leng Ning's courtyard, the young man continuously stepped out, as runic outlines formed on the surface of the ground. With a swing in his steps, the Divine Inscription caused a long lance to materialize and abruptly, with a powerful kick, he sent that extremely sharp lance zooming explosively through the air towards Qin Wentian.

“Hu...” Leng Ning’s father breathed, a peak-tier second-ranked Divine Inscription, the runic outlines were inscribed at a level close to perfection.

Qin Wentian swept his palm outwards, easily brushing the long lance aside. A peak-tier second-ranked Divine Inscriptionist only had a power equivalent to the peak of Arterial Circulation. How could it injure him?

Third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists corresponded with the Yuanfu Realm.

“Hmph, your strength is not too bad. But do you know the level of that Divine Inscription?” The young man folded his arms, incomparably arrogant, with Leng Lin coldly laughing at his side. To reach the second level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions at such a young age, this young man’s future was boundless. His talent was immeasurable, and once he stepped into the level of third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, her status in the Leng Clan would naturally soar.

With a snort of contempt, the young man flicked his sleeves and turned, intending to leave. However at that moment, before he could even take a single step, the sounds of feet stomping the ground echoed out, causing him to freeze in astonishment. A sharp slicing sound resonated, as well as a feeling of impending doom. The young man hurriedly turned again, lifting his hands to unleash an attack. However, he only saw a terrifying gigantic Roc slamming into him. As the sounds of their collision rang out, he was involuntarily forced backwards, as his robes were lacerated,

leaving a bloody scar on his body.

Finally, the young man managed to dispel the projection of the gigantic Roc. Lifting his head, he glared at Qin Wentian, his countenance turning pale upon noticing that Qin Wentian had already inscribed another Divine Inscription. A second projection of another gigantic Roc manifested.

“You even had the gall to call that childish drawing you inscribed earlier a Divine Inscription?” Qin Wentian stared at the young man, causing his countenance to undergo a drastic change. Staring at Qin Wentian in shock, his mind was filled with incredulous disbelief. How was this possible?! Qin Wentian was able to inscribe third-ranked Inscriptions?

He understood very clearly how high his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions were, and the reason for him appearing in the Leng Clan was in fact, not because of Leng Lin. His true aim was to grab an open spot to enter the upcoming Divine Inscriptionist exchange.

Leng Lin turned green, involuntarily shivering as she numbly took in what she saw.

“It’s over...” Leng Lin stared at the smile on Qin Wentian’s face, as she suddenly felt her body turn cold. Leng Ning had actually found a third-ranked Inscriptionist to be her boyfriend. If that was the case, how could the Clan bear to give her to Yan Tie? Qin Wentian was young, his potential wasn’t yet exhausted, so if they still insisted on their decision, wouldn’t that mean offending him?

Back then, because of the existence of her second-ranked Inscriptionist boyfriend, the Leng Clan decided to change the candidate. But now... to think that the situation was reversed once again. Leng Lin was trembling violently. Only now did she understand the meaning of Qin Wentian's earlier conversation with her.

"Scram," Qin Wentian spat out a single word. The young man could only drag the inarticulate Leng Lin away.

Leng Ning's father stood there, in total stupefaction. Gazing with awe at the young man before him, was this his daughter's boyfriend? "Hu..." Drawing in a deep breath, a smile appeared on his face as he spoke to Leng Ning. "Ning'er, you should know that I had my own reasons for doing what I did. Your father has no status within the Clan. I have no power to object to any of the upper echelon's decisions." "Can you go away?" Leng Ning didn't want to continue talking to her father.

Leng Ning's father's expression faltered before he nodded to Qin Wentian, leaving the area. "Power? Status? What excuses, he didn't even have the courage to stand up for his own daughter. The pressure given by the Clan is one thing, but even if his talent is low, with the resources provided, he should still be able to achieve considerable power if he put in more effort in cultivation. Blaming everything else except himself, how laughable." Qin Wentian patted Leng Ning's shoulder, trying to console her.

Leng Ning turned her red-tinged eyes towards him. Seeing Qin Wentian, she broke out into a smile.

“Thank you for being here.” Leng Ning felt warmth coursing through her heart. She had never experienced this feeling of being protected by others.

“No problem, I’m a grandmaster after all.” Qin Wentian grinned, causing Leng Ning to roll her eyes again. “Stop being cocky, you brat.”

“Oh, now that you have exhibited your talent as a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, I’m afraid my clan will want you to participate in the trial under our name.” Leng Ning suddenly thought of the exchange.

“The exchange.” Qin Wentian mused. Bailu Yi had brought this up to him that time. However, there was no way he could agree to participate under the Leng Clan, since he had already promised Bailu Yi.

“Yeah, this exchange for Divine Inscriptionists was organised by a transcendent power named ‘Star-seizing Manor’ who lives in our Moon Continent. Those who obtained the top three ranks in the exchange would be allowed to enter a secret realm where a trial will be conducted. Each of those that qualified can bring people to enter the secret realm with them. The first ranked would have ten slots, second ranked would have eight slots, while the third ranked would have three slots.”

“Not just in the Eastern City, other major cities in the Moon Continent will also hold this exchange, allowing the transcendent

powers to select followers to enter the secret realm. This is why the Leng Clan wanted to take this chance, hoping that the Yan Clan would give a few slots to them. The Yan Clan can be considered one of the most famous clans within the Eastern City, and will either win one of the top three ranks, or be selected by one of those that wins,” Leng Ning explained. Matching this info with what he heard from Bailu Yi, Qin Wentian gradually understood more about this matter.

The Leng Clan, because of a slim chance to obtain a few slots to the secret realm, had chosen to sacrifice Leng Ning to the Yan Clan. There shouldn't be any problem if he helped Bailu Yi win and then give a few of the slots to the Leng Clan.

And indeed, as he predicted, in the next few days, there were several people from the Leng Clan that came to pay a visit to Qin Wentian. This incident caused Leng Ning to clearly see their coldness and warmth, the two extremes of emotions in humanity.

“Wentian ah, our Leng Ning has always been a very obedient kid since she was young. Not only that, she's really beautiful as well, and now that she's found someone as outstanding as you, I can truly hand her over with no more worries.” Leng Ning's grandfather beamed with a smile, appearing extremely friendly. However, Leng Ning had told Qin Wentian earlier that this grandfather of hers, had never even smiled at her. He would only pay attention to the grandchildren with outstanding talent. Leng Ning was naturally shunted off to the side.

When the Leng Clan wanted Leng Ning to marry Yan Tie, this grandfather of hers had strongly approved of the decision. In his

eyes, Leng Ning was nothing but a tool.

“Yeah,” Qin Wentian feigned civility as he replied.

“I’ve already sent people to parley with the Yan Clan, there’s no need to worry.” Leng Ning’s grandfather smiled happily. However right then, a person rushed over with considerable haste, causing Leng Ning’s grandfather to frown unhappily. “What’s the matter?”

That person glanced at Qin Wentian and Leng Ning, but didn’t reply.

“Wentian and Leng Ning are not outsiders, you can just say what you want to,” Leng Ning’s grandfather stated.

“Yes sir.” That person nodded. “Yan Tie refused to exchange candidates, he said he only wanted Leng Ning. And as for Qin Wentian, the Leng Clan had better draw their boundaries clearly and have nothing to do with him. If not, Yan Tie should not be blamed for their retaliation.”

Old Leng’s countenance abruptly changed. That kindly gaze in his eyes faded away, replaced by a flickering light. It was unknown what he was thinking about.

What the hell was Yan Tie doing? The Leng Clan had already given him plenty of benefits, why would he not agree to an exchange?

“There’s no way to negotiate this?” Old Leng icily asked.

“No sir, Yan Tie was absolutely livid when I brought the news to him. In fact, he told us to send Miss Leng Ning over as soon as possible, if not... we won’t like the consequences. Not only that, he said to tell someone to prepare and wait for death.” That servant bowed his head, while Leng Ning’s grandfather grew incredibly unsightly to behold. These words were indeed something that Yan Tie would say. As for the someone, he was obviously referring to Qin Wentian.

There must be something else going on between Yan Tie and Qin Wentian. The Leng Clan had to choose between one of the two.

Qin Wentian was a young third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist; his future was boundless.

Yan Tie was a matured, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist with an abundance of experience; his current level of attainment definitely surpassed the current Qin Wentian. If they chose Qin Wentian now, it was equivalent to them giving up any chance to attend the trial. Furthermore, they would be forced to expend their resources to protect Qin Wentian from Yan Tie’s wrath. Yan Tie’s response had made his intentions clear; Qin Wentian’s death would be by his hand.

“I will take my leave first.” Leng Ning’s grandfather forced a smile as he bid them farewell. From his behavior, Qin Wentian could already deduce Old Leng’s thoughts on this dilemma. And for

Yan Tie to suggest he should prepare for his own demise? Was that old freak even capable of such a feat? He'd like to find out how powerful that old freak really was!

AGM 243 - Sudden Attack!

The relaxed heart of Leng Ning, tightened once again. Her beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian as she sighed, “The Leng Clan will never prioritise friendship, all their decisions are motivated by pure benefit. Yan Tie is forcing them to make a choice and in the end, I believe... my clan will still appease Yan Tie.”

“Don’t worry, everything will be over before you know it,” Qin Wentian consoled Leng Ning.

“I’m okay, just that I’ve somehow dragged you into this. I’m afraid that Yan Tie won’t spare you.” Leng Ning felt guilt in her heart.

“No worries, I’m willingly doing this. After all, it feels really good to have such a beautiful girlfriend.” Qin Wentian pinched Leng Ning’s cheeks as he laughed, causing her to glare fiercely at him. “Lecherous fellow.”

“But I’m merely using my authority as your boyfriend.” When Qin Wentian felt the smoothness of Leng Ning’s cheek, flames couldn’t help but flare up in his heart. He hurriedly removed his hands, afraid that he would soon lose control. Qin Wentian was helping Leng Ning as a friend, he didn’t want to play at make-believe and then somehow turn it into reality.

“I’ll go out for a walk.” Qin Wentian turned and left. Leng Ning stared at his departing back as she mumbled in a low voice, “Even if I allowed you to abuse your authority, I don’t think you would

dare to do so either.”

Black lines appeared on Qin Wentian’s face as he hurried his steps, pretending that he hadn’t heard what she said. Initially he just wanted to tease the girl a bit, but who would have thought that Leng Ning would turn the tables on him instead. How depressing.

“I’ll go with you.” Chu Mang walked over when Qin Wentian was just leaving, and the two of them left the Leng Clan. “Big Bro Chu Mang, where do you want to go?”

Although Chu Wuwei told Chu Mang to follow Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian still remained very respectful to Chu Mang. From the bottom of his heart, he felt true admiration towards Chu Mang’s talent as well as the effort he put into cultivation.

“I want to go to the Hell Arena,” Chu Mang replied. “I like it there, it can cause my combat prowess to soar rapidly.”

Qin Wentian smiled, the Hell Arena was indeed an excellent place to temper one’s combat strength. The battle pressure over there was extremely beneficial in helping one to break through.

“Right, let’s go there together then.” Qin Wentian continued asking, “Big Bro Chu Mang, what are you intending to do after you master your cultivation?”

All the way from Chu to the Grand Xia Empire, Chu Mang had never slacked off. He definitely had a reason for putting in so much

effort in his heart.

“I want to be strong enough, strong enough to help my elder brother to cultivate. I don’t want him to die, he cannot die, I want him to live forever.” Chu Mang’s voice was filled with an incomparable determination, causing Qin Wentian to be moved. A strong sense of conviction radiated out of Chu Mang at this moment.

His cultivation was for the sake of Chu Wuwei. Even if he himself died, Chu Wuwei must live on.

Maybe even Chu Wuwei himself had no idea that when he told Chu Mang to live on peacefully after his death in the future, these words only further strengthened the conviction in Chu Mang’s heart.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian halted his steps. A group of people had just appeared in front of them, and one of those people, was none other than Yan Kong.

There were quite a few people standing beside Yan Kong. There was one youth with a skinny-looking frame, who was extremely hideous to behold. His triangular eyes also gave people an extremely sinister feeling.

“That’s the guy that dared to touch Uncle’s woman. I don’t even know how far their relationship has progressed,” Yan Kong spoke to the youth while pointing at Qin Wentian, a cold smirk painted on his face.

Back then, when Yan Kong was humiliated by Qin Wentian, he completely ignored the silent agreement among the younger generations and went to complain to his uncle. He wanted to use Leng Ning to hurt Qin Wentian.

He would never forget the humiliation he felt that day. He wanted Qin Wentian's death.

“Hee hee, my master told me that after the Leng Clan girl is sent over to our residence, he will gift her to me for my enjoyment. After I'm tired of her, I shall refine her into a Puppet. Such a beautiful Puppet truly causes me to be filled with anticipation. A beautiful thing that will never age, she shall accompany me forever.” That sinister youth's triangular eyes gleamed with an evil light.

Qin Wentian's countenance was painted over with cold anger. They were indeed a bunch of bastards, the Yan Clan had never viewed Leng Ning as a human. Sending Leng Ning there to be played with before being refined into a Puppet?

An ice-cold killing intent gushed forth from Qin Wentian. That sinister looking young man? He would no longer exist after today.

“Heh heh.” Yan Kong could already imagine scenes of Leng Ning being tortured by this young man. There were no traces of pity in his heart. If they wanted to blame someone, Qin Wentian and Leng Ning could only blame themselves for not having eyes and offending him.

“Qin Wentian don’t worry, I won’t kill you. Instead, I will cripple you and capture you alive. I want you to see with your own eyes how your woman is played and tortured, before being refined into a human Puppet.” An extremely wretched expression twisted Yan Kong’s face. He had never hated anyone this much before.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, other than this person, kill the rest for me,” Qin Wentian spoke. Chu Mang nodded his head, as the aura of a fifth-level Yuanfu Cultivator erupted forth. A terrifying pressure pervaded the air, a golden bow appeared in Chu Mang’s hand as the will of his Mandate instantly locked onto the opponents nearer to him.

“Mandate.” The countenances of Yan Kong and his group changed. An instant later, rumbling sounds thundered as all of them unleashed their Astral Souls and Mandates in preparation.

“Swoosh.” The sharp tip of an arrow broke apart space, resembling a streak of golden lightning, stealing the lives of people it shot through. This was the first level of insight for the Mandate of Arrows, Insta-shot.

Two cultivators slumped over dead, with Astral Arrows penetrating through the middle of their brows. Death in a single shot.

“Fast, how can his attack be so fast? Is he already at the Advanced Boundary for the first level of insight?” Yan Kong’s countenance paled. If Chu Mang’s will of Mandate locked onto him, he would

definitely die. It was impossible to evade it.

The first level of Mandates could be further classified into the Initial Boundary, Advanced Boundary, Transformation Boundary and Perfection Boundary.

The Initial Boundary of first level insights for the Mandate of Arrows could allow one's arrows to be coated by a kind of attribute named 'insta-force', causing one's arrow speed to heighten dramatically. The Advanced Boundary granted an even more monstrous increment in terms of speed, causing one's arrows to resemble a lightning tearing across space.

Without giving away any traces of their presence beforehand, an expert in the Dao of Archery could effortlessly kill people a thousand miles away!

"Fight him in close-combat. Quickly, activate the formation," Yan Kong frantically commanded. He was worried that Chu Mang would target him with archery. If that was the case, he would be dead almost instantly.

Indeed, as the surrounding cultivators rushed Chu Mang and suppressed him with violent attacks, no more arrows were shot.

ROAR! Chu Mang howled, and abruptly, a golden-colored greataxe appeared in his hands. His physique somehow grew larger, as the terrifying aura of another Mandate emerged.

“BEHEAD!” Chu Mang roared. The first level insight of the Mandate of Axe was, Beheader. Eradicating everything with brute strength, this was the second Mandate which Chu Mang had comprehended, and similarly, it had already reached the Advanced Boundary.

Bzzz~ The body of another cultivator was split into two by Chu Mang. His force was so great that it imposed a ‘lockdown’ on the surrounding space, giving his target no chance to dodge. Yan Kong stood there, astounded by Chu Mang’s strength. This peak fifth-level Yuanfu Cultivator, how could he be this powerful?

Abruptly, runic outlines appeared in the middle of thin air, Qin Wentian’s countenance sank, he felt as though he had stepped into another space.

“Formation!” Qin Wentian studied the formation in detail. So, this formation was already pre-set up, he didn’t notice it prior to its activation because its energy fluctuation was masked by some technique. He had been too careless.

After the formation was activated, a smile appeared on Yan Kong’s face. “Good, now I want to see how he will die.”

Within the formation, Qin Wentian noticed that the outlines of Yan Kong and that sinister-looking youth had grown blurry, it seemed as though they were right here, yet very far away. There was no way to harm them.

“Kneel and beg me. I may still consider letting you die an easy

death, instead of one filled with torture.” Yan Kong contemptuously stared at Qin Wentian.

“Big Bro Chu Mang,” Qin Wentian called out.

“I’m fine, just that this space feels a little weird,” Chu Mang replied.

“Just defend for now,” Qin Wentian added. After which, he saw the sinister-looking youth waving his hands as numerous black-colored lances, each made from bones, erupted his way.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, reaching out with his senses, contemplating the brilliantly circulating runic outlines of a formation’s Divine Inscription.

BOOM! He stomped on the ground as numerous small mountains appeared to surround him, defending against the onslaught of the bone lances.

“He truly is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.” The sinister youth’s gaze grew cold. With another wave of his hands, the bone lances rained down from the Heavens, as the attacks increased in numbers and speed, emitting a terrifying, swishing, ear-piercing sound.

“Formation Breaking Method; as long as I can understand the core of the formation, I can destroy it.” Qin Wentian recalled the information he had read in Bailu Yi’s notes. One of the volumes

referenced Formation Methods, and it stated that even though formations could undergo a myriad of changes, as long as one understood the core of it, they would be able to negate it effortlessly.

“There.” Qin Wentian sensed the location of the formation’s core.

The core of the formation was difficult to detect, and even more difficult to destroy.

Qin Wentian didn’t immediately act to negate the formation. He continued defending against the shower of bone lances while a frown creased his face. This disciple of Yan Tie was already so powerful, how powerful might Yan Tie himself be then? No wonder he was so arrogant.

“He still refuses to kneel. Very well, pierce his arms and legs and cripple him. I want him to watch as you pleasure Leng Ning.” Yan Kong glared at Qin Wentian. The humiliation from back then, he wanted to repay the debt ten-fold.

However, it was as though Qin Wentian hadn’t heard his words. His closed eyes, abruptly snapped open as a sharp gleam of light flickered within. Qin Wentian stabbed forth with his finger, as the formation trembled, causing the bone lances to break apart.

“Negate!”

Qin Wentian growled, as the reverse-form of its runic outlines took shape in the space in front of him. Rumbling sounds rang out as the earlier formation broke apart, leaving Yan Kong and that sinister-looking youth standing there, thunderstruck. As the formations crumbled, Chu Mang brandished his speed as he exploded forth with crazy momentum. Sweeping his axe forwards, another cultivator was easily slain by his hands.

Qin Wentian stepped forth only to see the sinister-looking youth rubbing his interspatial ring and a human-formed Puppet appeared. Qin Wentian's eyes narrowed as a scene flashed through his memories.

“Hades.”

This sinister-looking youth was actually the evil cultivator that had been defeated by Bailu Yi during their duel in the Hell Arena.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, kill him!” Qin Wentian shouted out, as he defended against the Puppet's attack. Chu Mang nodded in response as a golden bow coalesced in his hands. Instantly, Hades only felt a sensation of being ‘locked-on’, as his eyes widened in terror.

“DIE!” Chu Mang roared, as he simultaneously fired three arrows. The arrows transformed into streams of light, directly penetrating through the brain of the escaping Hades. The momentum from the arrows caused him to be further propelled some distance, before he ultimately slumped onto the ground, dead.

The blood drained from Yan Kong's face upon witnessing that abrupt death, he was in so much terror his countenance had gone as white as a sheet of paper!

AGM 244 - Yan Tie's Rage

“Shit he’s dead, he’s dead!” Yan Kong stared in horror at his defeated comrade. Hades had actually fallen.

Yan Kong’s heart was pounding frantically as terror seized him. On the outside, Hades was the disciple of his uncle Yan Tie, but he knew his secret. Hades was also his uncle’s real son!

His uncle, Yan Tie, was a perverse freak that valued absolute secrecy, there was no way he would truly pass down all his techniques and insights to another. Even as a nephew, he was treated somewhat better compared to the others, but only slightly. Hades was born out of one of his sexual trysts with a woman, but the woman only possessed immense hatred for Yan Tie and her son. She was forced to give birth, and then committed suicide shortly after.

This matter caused Yan Tie to become even more perverse; he didn’t dare let Hades know that he was his real father. Instead, he lavished him with all forms of luxurious treatment and fiercely doted on him, accepting him as a disciple and grooming him into a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist.

This matter was revealed to Yan Tie by his father, and he was warned never to divulge the secret. Yan Kong could well imagine how terrible the retaliation wrought by his perverse uncle would be, if he found out that his only son was dead.

Not only that, his life was currently under the control of Qin

Wentian.

After Hades's death, the Puppet stood there blankly, as its controller had died. Chu Mang slaughtered the others with tyrannical force while Yan Kong could only tremble in fear when he saw Qin Wentian making his way, step by step, towards him.

“How do you wish to die?” Qin Wentian's killing intent gushed out, enveloping Yan Kong within it. Yan Kong was so terrified that his legs lost strength as he stumbled backwards and fell, sitting on the ground. “You can't kill me, if you kill me the Yan Clan will go all out to seek revenge. You and your friends would all accompany me in death.”

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, he knew Yan Kong's words were true. This place was the Moon Continent, and not Chu. The Yan Clan was a major clan in the Eastern City and should have several Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns within it. If they were to seek revenge for Yan Kong, it would definitely be extremely troublesome, he may even have to leave the Moon Continent if things came to that.

Sadly, there were still things he had yet to accomplish, such as subjugating the White Deer Institute. If he had control over the full power of the Institute, he wouldn't even hesitate and would directly slaughter Yan Kong right away.

Qin Wentian came to a decision, even if he didn't kill Yan Kong now, he would make him pay a price.

A cold light gleamed in his eyes as an ancient halberd appeared in his hands. He stared at Yan Kong sitting on the ground, and his halberd burst forth, piercing towards Yan Kong's lower body.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Yan Kong howled, closing his eyes. His whole body trembled violently as he wetted his pants. When he opened his eyes again, he only saw the ancient halberd embedded in the ground inches away from him.

“I don't wish for there to be a next time. If you try to find trouble for me one more time, then don't blame me for showing no mercy,” Qin Wentian icily stated, retrieving the ancient halberd as he walked away. The battle here today was witnessed by too many people, if he killed Yan Kong, this matter would swiftly reach the ears of the Yan Clan. If he wanted to kill Yan Kong, he would have to find another place to do it instead.

Yan Kong was still trembling, he had been inches away from death. When he noticed that he wetted his pants, his countenance turned incomparably ugly to behold. Although he was truly frightened by Qin Wentian, he would never forgive him. This was the second time in his life he had ever been humiliated. Not only that, the person who had done so was a commoner with no background. How could he tolerate such a person stepping over his head.

And just after Qin Wentian left, the Puppet that was staring blankly moments ago suddenly moved. Slowly, it ambled its way to Yan Kong's side, coldly staring at him. This caused goosebumps to appear all over Yan Kong as sweat perspired madly from his forehead.

“Uncle...” Yan Kong’s voice quavered. There was only one possibility for why this Puppet could still move after its controller had died. His uncle must have added something more to it, to watch over Hades.

Since this was the case, his uncle must already know that Hades was dead.

Yan Clan, Eastern City, Moon Continent.

Above the numerous buildings, a hideous looking old man flew through the air, his face blackened with anger. A terrifyingly sinister and evil aura gushed out from him, as low-sounding growls issued from his throat.

“Son, that bastard that killed you... I shall tear out each sinew and smash his bones before refining him into a Puppet to avenge you.”

“It’s all my fault, son... I didn’t protect you enough.”

Yan Tie was howling in grief and madness, causing those below him to tremble upon hearing the dreadful wails. He was going crazy from the death of his son.

They were all very clear about Yan Tie’s character. In the Yan Clan, he didn’t even have to give face to elder-level characters. In his heart, there was only his son, which was why he was willing to

spend a large amount of effort to groom and nurture him. But now... his son was killed. May God take pity on the target of his revenge. This time around, Yan Tie was truly incensed.

After several breaths of time, Yan Tie appeared beside Yan Kong. Upon seeing Yan Tie, Yan Kong immediately knelt down, “Uncle, Kong`er has let you down, I didn’t know this would happen.”

Seeing the madness in the eyes of this perverse uncle of his, Yan Kong felt even more terrified compared to when he was almost killed by Qin Wentian. If this monster was really to go crazy, not even his father would be able to save him.

“Who did it?” Yan Tie’s hoarse voice sounded out. His tone was so cold that it caused people to shiver involuntarily, as though the coldness could pervade their bones.

“The person who gave the command to kill my Senior Brother was none other than the young man with an extremely close relationship with Leng Ning, the guy who I told you about earlier. And as for that big lunk with him, I didn’t expect him to be this powerful...” Yan Kong explained with trepidation.

“Where are they now?” Yan Tie icily asked.

“I have no idea. But even if they run away, it’s impossible for Leng Ning to escape.” A wretched expression glimmered in Yan Kong’s eyes. Indeed, after hearing his words, Yan Tie cackled crazily. “Come, let’s go to the Leng Clan.”

“Yes, uncle.” Yan Kong nodded, as he led Yan Tie towards the Leng Clan.

Qin Wentian, Leng Ning, both of them were going to die!

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Qin Wentian would never have expected that Hades was the son of Yan Tie. The reason why he didn't kill Yan Kong was to give face to the Yan Clan, thereby securing some peace and time for him to do what he had to do. Sadly, things usually occurred contrary to one's expectations.

Qin Wentian and Chu Mang arrived at Hell Arena. Back then when Qin Wentian studied Divine Inscriptions together with Bailu Yi, Chu Mang had long been a frequent visitor in the Hell Arena. His code name was 'Boorish Fellow' and had a battle record of 63 victories and 1 loss.

This made Qin Wentian exceptionally curious, who would Chu Mang have lost to?

“Is the person who defeated you really strong?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Yeah, he's very strong. He had already comprehended three kinds of Mandate, and all of them are at the Advanced Boundary. Not only that, his Astral Souls and innate techniques are all extremely powerful as well. As of now, I was unable to defeat

him.” Chu Mang paused for a moment before continuing, “That person appeared only after my 50th consecutive victory, and not only that, he’s a newcomer with no prior battle records. I suspect that he may be someone specially arranged by the Hell Arena.” “Mhm?” Qin Wentian’s eyes shone, he didn’t expect that Chu Mang would have this suspicion.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, why do you say so?” Qin Wentian asked curiously.

“After he defeated me, he didn’t continue to accept other battles. Not only that, there were many people who booed him down the stage. I gathered that the booing were from the losers. Although the Hell Arena is an arena, first and foremost, it’s still a gambling den. They probably wanted to earn back the Yuan Meteor Stones they paid out to me after my 50th consecutive victory, targeting those gamblers that rode on my momentum. Thus, I feel that the challenger was specifically arranged by them because in those circumstances, if I lost, they would have recuperated everything they paid to me and even made an additional killing.”

Chu Mang added, “Of course, this is all my speculation. I have no idea if this is true or false.”

“Big Bro Chu Mang’s thoughts make sense.” Qin Wentian mused. After which he smiled, “What a crafty Hell Arena, I concur. They must have arranged that challenger especially for you.”

Chu Mang couldn’t help but laugh when he saw Qin Wentian agreeing with his hypothesis.

“The Hell Arena is dishonest. Don’t worry, Big Bro Chu Mang, I shall get even with them for you. Watch me later.” Qin Wentian laughed. Chu Mang also chortled. “Okay I will watch and see then.”

“Leave it to me.” Qin Wentian nodded as he entered the tunnel for registration again. After waiting for some time, it was finally his turn.

When Qin Wentian appeared in the Arena, his appearance caused a wild bout of intense commotion. Although he had only appeared once before, his battle record of 30 consecutive wins wasn’t something easily duplicated. With ‘Kirin’ appearing today, the audience all knew that they had a good show to watch.

And as expected, Kirin swept over all challengers with ease. Regardless of his opponents, he crushed them with absolute strength, ending each battle within ten breaths of time. Not long after, Kirin’s battle record stood at 47 consecutive victories, 0 losses.

The old timers within the audience all turned their attention upon the left Arena where Kirin was. Crafty looks flickered in their eyes, they knew that the Hell Arena would make their move at any moment and as such, almost all of them betted heavily on Kirin losing.

Kirin’s winning odds were extremely high because of his consecutive 47 victories. Although the odds of him losing were

small, if they played it right, they would definitely profit from it.

However Kirin continued winning, and his battle record now stood at 50 consecutive victories.

“What? Is this a plot by the Hell Arena?” Many people were cursing in their hearts. Feeling dissatisfied, quite a few powerful experts among the audience went up to challenge Kirin. However, in the blink of an eye, the 50 consecutive victories now became 56 consecutive victories.

“Is there no one that can defeat him?” Many people became agitated, the payout rate for Kirin’s loss was even higher, standing now at 1:80.

At this moment, a challenger with the code name ‘Fat Boy’ appeared in front of Qin Wentian. His battle record stood at 15 victories, 6 losses and could only be considered average. Seeing Kirin against such an opponent, the majority of the audience naturally placed their bets on Qin Wentian. However, there were still a few that wanted to test their luck, and betted heavily on Fat Boy instead.

“Hehe after this, your winning streak shall be broken by me.” Fat Boy grinned, causing Qin Wentian to be somewhat stunned. Someone with a battle record of 15 victories and 6 losses actually dared to say something like this? This was the confidence of a supreme expert.

In spite of this, a wide smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. It

seemed that the Hell Arena had finally made their move!

AGM 245 - Tell Him, I'm In Love With Him

Qin Wentian stared at the challenger, as amusement flickered in his eyes. "Seems like you're really confident."

"Confidence comes from strength." Fat Boy laughed. He didn't usually take action but every time he did, the Hell Arena would pay an extremely high price for him. His battle record was evidently faked.

"Let me see your strength, then." Qin Wentian smiled. However, even before the sound of his voice faded, he could already feel a strong gust of wind surging around him.

This gust of wind permeated the atmosphere, enveloping the entire stage within. Fat Boy continued standing at his original spot, as though everything was under his control.

"Mandate of Wind." Qin Wentian immediately understood. This was the will of a Mandate, the first level insight of the Mandate of Wind was simply wind, the ever-present energy of the wind.

The wind gusted stronger and stronger, fluttering Qin Wentian robes as the sound it emitted grew increasingly terrifying. The wind-force was strengthened to the extent whereby Qin Wentian felt that he would be sliced apart just standing there. Stellar Martial Cultivators that have comprehended a Mandate were many times stronger compared to those who had not. For example, Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force at the Initial Boundary allowed his strength to double. If he fought with someone on the same level

who had not comprehended a Mandate, his opponent would definitely be slaughtered.

Abruptly, Fat Boy's silhouette disappeared from sight, it was as though he had melded himself into the wind. Qin Wentian could only see flashes of shadows moving at great speed all around him. Fast, he was extremely fast. Fat Boy's silhouette that had fused with the wind seemed to be ever-changing yet ever-present. Within an instant, Qin Wentian sensed a devastating force sweep over him. It was a multitude of fist shadows, transformed into a single straight line. The explosive energy contained within bore down on Qin Wentian. Even before the fists reached him, the wind from those fists had already slammed into Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian sidestepped, executing the Nine Heavenly Garuda Movement Technique. His footwork was marvellous and exquisite, leaving behind only after-images of himself as he retreated with insane speed. Simultaneously, he sent out his Falling Mountain Palms causing a mountain peak to materialise, falling from the sky to crash against the fist shadows, in an attempt to block their attack. However, the mountain peak was shattered into pieces by the staggered fist shadows of Fat Boy, it was as though the fist shadow attacks had no limit to them.

Boom! Qin Wentian sent out another palm strike to defend, and was forced backwards from the impact. He could faintly sense that the ever-present fist shadows converging on him contained a terrifying amount of power within.

“Is this the Mandate of Fist? What is the first level insight for it?” Qin Wentian stared at Fat Boy. It was extremely rare for someone

at merely the second level of Yuanfu to comprehend dual Mandates, and even more so that the Mandates were all at the peak of the Initial Boundary, just half a step away from the Advanced Boundary.

“The first level insight of the Mandate of Fist is Layered-Strike, the fist shadows are superimposed, stacking over each other and becoming omnipresent.” Fat Boy sounded supremely confident, “Winning so many consecutive victories can already be counted as amazing, your Mandate of Force when used in conjunction with your innate techniques could indeed allow you to defeat many people. Regretfully, you still have to lose here today.”

“Oh, is that so?” Qin Wentian smiled. All of a sudden, Fat Boy only felt a wave of drowsiness encroaching on his consciousness, he felt as though he was about to fall into a deep sleep.

“What? What is this, why do I feel so sleepy?”

He had never felt such a strong sensation of fatigue before. The confidence he mustered earlier all seemed to be leaking away and he was no longer as imposing as before.

First level insight of the Mandate of Dreams, Sleep-Immersion.

The will of this Mandate causes one to want to fall into a deep sleep, its effect when used during combat, is extremely overpowering.

“Hey, check out my speed too.” A voice suddenly sounded right into Fat Boy’s ear. He then bit his lips and let out a howl of rage. His tyrannical fist shadows compounded upon each other as he lashed out, like the never-ending waves of a tsunami. However, he only saw Qin Wentian joining his palms together, piercing forwards, resembling a supremely sharp sword.

“BREAK.” A fearsome pressure bore down on Fat Boy, as the impact from the force flung him out of the Arena, causing him to slam onto the ground below it. It seemed that he was unable to topple Kirin, and thus his undefeated streak continued. If the Hell Arena wanted to stop Qin Wentian, they would have to send someone even more powerful than him.

“I’ve lost,” Fat Boy mumbled, as he bowed to Qin Wentian, thanking him for showing mercy before departing the Arena.

“57 consecutive victories.” The eyes of the spectators all narrowed. At the point where Fat Boy and Qin Wentian fought, they could already deduce that Fat Boy was someone sent by the Hell Arena, causing those who betted on Qin Wentian’s loss to feel extremely hopeful. However, that hope was dashed now.

Kirin’s momentum seemed to be unstoppable, it was as though he was unrivalled in the second level of Yuanfu. Many wondered if he would be able to achieve 100 consecutive victories.

“Kirin, victorious. 57 consecutive victories, 0 losses,” the judge announced, as ear-shattering applause rang out. This battle record was almost impossible to achieve.

The code name, Kirin would undoubtedly become famous in the Hell Arena. “Do you wish to continue?” The judge looked at Qin Wentian.

“Sure,” Qin Wentian indifferently replied, and he scored three more victories, bringing his winning streak to 60 before he left.

Kirin’s battle record was now standing at 60 victories, 0 losses and he had accomplished this in only two sittings. It was as though the Astral Energy within his Yuanfu would never be used up.

Qin Wentian glanced at the audience, and a smile broke out on his face upon noticing Chu Mang flashing a thumbs up at him.

“Want to leave?” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Let’s return,” Chu Mang agreed.

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Within a great hall in the Leng Clan, a group of people gathered together.

At that moment, Yan Tie had already arrived. He was standing outside, barely concealing the murderous urges within him. If it were any other person, the Leng Clan would have already dealt with them. After all, the Leng Clan could also be considered a

major Clan, so how could they allow someone at the Yuanfu realm to make trouble inside their Residence?

“How should we solve this?” an elder of the Leng Clan asked.

“If we don’t settle this well, we can forget about having a slot in the upcoming trial. Not only that, Yan Tie will definitely transfer his hate onto our Leng Clan, so even if we find someone else to enter the exchange on our behalf, they will surely die by Yan Tie’s hands.”

This person was none other than Leng Lin’s father. Previously, when the Clan almost decided to send Leng Lin back to Yan Tie again, he almost died of a heart attack. Luckily, Yan Tie was adamant on only wanting Leng Ning.

However, Leng Ning actually managed to get a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist as her boyfriend. How lucky was she?

“Based on your opinion, how should we handle this matter?” the one in the lead asked.

“The person who died was the disciple of Yan Tie, but from his reaction, it’s evident that their relationship was an extremely close one. That Qin Wentian will undoubtedly die by his hands in the future. Since we want to appease his anger, we might as well capture Qin Wentian as a gift and give him, together with Leng Ning, to Yan Tie. I don’t think he would reject us if we offer him such good conditions.”

“But if we do this, won’t the reputation of our Leng Clan be tarnished?” Leng Ning’s father interjected. Leng Ning was his daughter after all, so even though he was a coward, blood still ran thicker than water.

“Hmph, this whole matter was caused by your daughter and you still dare to interject? If not for your insistence, we would have given Leng Ning to Yan Tie long ago. If not, how could there be such a situation today?”

Leng Ning’s father froze as he felt cold stares directed towards him. Sighing in his heart and shaking his head, he could only give up. Without power, there was no status.

“Who do we send to negotiate with Yan Tie?” the person in the lead asked.

“Let me go, then,” Leng Lin’s father volunteered.

“Wait, do you guys really want to throw away the pride of our Leng Clan because of Yan Tie? Not only that, are you all sure you want to kick away a young third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster?” Leng Ning’s father was still trying his best to alter the council.

“The one who died is Yan Tie’s disciple right?” the leader asked.

“Yes.” Leng Lin’s father nodded.

“If that’s the case, if Yan Tie wants revenge and our Leng Clan stops him, do you think the entire Yan Clan wouldn’t help him?” the leader asked again.

Leng Ning’s father could only shake his head in denial. Even the Yan Clan had to depend heavily on Yan Tie, so if he wholeheartedly wanted revenge, they would support him without a doubt. “Although that third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist is extraordinary, the price to protect him is too great, it’s not worth it.” The leader indifferently continued, “Since this is the case, we will sacrifice Leng Ning. Get someone to monitor her movements and start making preparations to capture the third-ranked Inscriptionist. We shall gift both of them to Yan Tie.”

Thus the Leng Clan had decided to abandon Qin Wentian and mend their relationship with Yan Tie.

Not only that, they would also help Yan Tie in capturing Qin Wentian. Since they had already offended Qin Wentian, they might as well go all the way and make sure that he would have no chance of revival.

“Great idea.” Many of the elders agreed. Leng Ning’s father could only stand at the side, with despair in his eyes.

He was initially very happy that Leng Ning got to know a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. If that was the case, his status would surely rise up in the clan. Not only that, Leng Ning was his daughter after all, so if possible he naturally hoped for the best when it came to her.

But now, that hope was shattered. The Leng Clan had decided to forsake Leng Ning and Qin Wentian.

Long before Yan Tie arrived at the Leng Clan, Leng Ning already felt that something was amiss. Her instincts were telling her that what will be, will be. It seemed like this was her destiny, and she would never be able to escape the pull of her fate. Hence, even before the Leng Clan's elders gathered in the council, she had already made her decision to sneak out of the Leng Clan.

Outside the Leng Clan, Leng Ning and Fan Le were sprinting madly away. But suddenly, Leng Ning halted her steps.

Fan Le turned and stared at her, "Come with me, let's go find my boss."

"You can leave, don't worry about me any longer."

"NO." Fan Le's body was trembling from agitation. "Leave with us, my boss will surely have a solution. Believe in him."

Leng Ning's eyes were brimming with tears as she frantically shook her head. "This is my destiny. Tell him this, without him, I would have long entered the Yan Clan and become the woman of that monster. He was the light at the end of my tunnel. But in spite of everything he's done to protect me, it appears that my destiny has already been fixed, with no hope of escape. But, I truly am grateful to him. Tell him not to return here. And tell him... to forget me. I'm not worth the risk of him taking revenge for me."

She turned away, running back to meet her fate, her tears falling like rain from the skies.

“YOU CAN'T GO BACK THERE!” Fan Le bellowed.

“LEAVE ME!” Leng Ning screamed, despair evident in her voice. Fan Le stood there dumbly, agony twisting his heart. Little Rascal, who was in his arms, began wailing relentlessly.

And at that moment, Fan Le saw Leng Ning's silhouette pause, and then turn to face him. Despite the tears falling unchecked, her eyes contained hints of a poignant smile within them. “Tell that braggart this, I've fallen in love with him.” And with those words, Leng Ning turned again, this time with a smile on her face, and sprinted back to the Leng Clan. That last smile of hers was as radiant as the blazing sun, its beauty forever branding itself onto Fan Le's heart.

AGM 246 - Wilted

Fan Le's eyes reflected his agony and the intense struggle he was experiencing. That chubby frame of his trembled, he detested this feeling of helplessness immensely.

Leng Ning's choice reflected her will to die. She had no intentions to live on any longer, not once had she entertained the thought of becoming that old freak's woman.

Fan Le had been acquainted with Leng Ning for only a few months and although their relationship couldn't be considered a deep one, their daily interactions had already built up a solid friendship. And now, especially when Fan Le had the inkling that Leng Ning may die, this revelation caused his heart to shudder violently with fear, and with unbridled rage. It was as though a fire was burning in his heart.

“ARGHHH!” A low sounding roar echoed out of Fan Le, a testament of his impotent fury. He turned and walked to a two-storied building nearby, staring through a window at Leng Ning's departing figure. However in the next moment, he witnessed a row of Yuanfu cultivators from the Leng Clan descend upon Leng Ning. Apparently, her escape had been discovered.

“LENG NING!” Leng Lin's father hollered, the clan had left him in charge of this matter.

Leng Lin also stood by his side, laughing coldly. “Slut, this is all your man's doing. You can't blame the clan for this, and no one

will save you now.”

“Leng Ning, you truly deserve death,” another person cursed.

A coldness she never felt before flooded Leng Ning’s heart. Was this group of people really her family?

Eventually, her gaze landed on the skinny, hideous-looking old man standing to the far left. His sinister look convinced her that without a doubt, this man, was most definitely Yan Tie.

“Leng Ning, the Clan has decided to give you to Yan Tie. Your punishment shall be decided by him,” Leng Lin’s father spoke.

“Pathetic and disgusting.” Leng Ning swept her gaze at him, icily continuing, “A major Clan such as ours has actually decided to sacrifice one of their own, all just to beg for some illusory favour which may or may not come true. Utterly pathetic, I feel ashamed to be born as one of you.”

After speaking, Leng Ning turned to walk away. However, a cold, malicious glint of light flashed in Leng Lin’s father’s eyes. With a single step, he formed his hands into the shape of claws as he moved instantly towards Leng Ning.

However, Leng Ning’s actions then took everyone by surprise. A dagger appeared in her hands, about to be plunged inside her heart. Since she had already made her decision, how could she be afraid of death? It would be a form of relief, instead.

Leng Lin's father narrowed his eyes, his palms flashed with a golden light and forcibly stopped Leng Ning. Grabbing the hand that held the dagger, he sent out another palm strike at Leng Ning. How dare she?

Leng Ning didn't try to avoid the blow, nor attempt to defend herself. She allowed the palm strike to land on her body, the impact causing her to cough out a massive mouthful of blood. She grabbed hold of Leng Lin's father's arms, not intending to let him go.

"You are courting death!" Leng Lin's father roared in anger. He twisted Leng Ning's hand that held on to the dagger and as the sounds of breaking bones rang out, Leng Ning's arm was violently twisted off. Yet, she didn't let out a single sound, and instead retaliated by aiming a savage kick towards his crotch.

"Scram," Leng Lin's father spat out, sidestepping the kick and forcefully lifting Leng Ning up before slamming her onto the ground, the impact causing the surface to crack apart.

"Don't dirty her, I still want to play with this woman." The baleful aura in Yan Tie's eyes was sky high. With his words, only then did Leng Lin's father relinquish his hold.

Leng Ning crawled up, her right arm hanging uselessly at her side, staring intently at the faces around her. It was as though she wanted to engrave them all into her memory.

“I, Leng Ning, can only lament the fact that I was born into such a despicable clan.”

She added coldly, “But let me tell you this, Qin Wentian is a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist that has already obtained the recognition and approval of the White Deer Institute. Not only that, there is nothing going on between us. We are only friends and not at all what the rumors have been spreading. On the contrary, Bailu Yi is in love with him, and suggested that they study Divine Inscriptions together. If you don’t believe me, you can easily investigate this, or simply just ask Yan Kong.”

After which, she shifted her gaze to Yan Kong, as she continued, “Yan Kong thought that he could obtain the recognition of Bailu Yi, but she only had eyes for Qin Wentian. Feeling humiliated, he wanted to take revenge and thus made a move against Qin Wentian. If you want to account for the death of Hades and the rest, look to him to settle it.”

The eyes of those from the Leng Clan and Yan Tie swivelled to Yan Kong, causing his countenance to turn ashen.

“Lies, even though Bailu Yi recognised Qin Wentian’s talent, they are merely acquaintances studying Divine Inscriptions together. Don’t try to use this method to protect him.” A wretched expression appeared on Yan Kong’s face.

“Hehe, Qin Wentian didn’t return to his lodgings at the Leng Clan for several months, interacting with Bailu Yi on a daily basis. Do you think that someone as proud as her would do so if there wasn’t the slightest amount of affection in her heart? Yan Kong,

stop lying to yourself. Since my Leng Clan wishes to sacrifice me, I can only submit. But if the Leng Clan wants to make a move against Qin Wentian merely to please Yan Tie, they have to think carefully about it. Can you guys really withstand the flames of anger of the White Deer Institute resulting from the aftermath?”

Leng Ning coldly laughed, as the expressions of those from the Leng Clan all changed. They could sense that Leng Ning was telling the truth.

“If Yan Tie wants to deal with Qin Wentian, let him do so if he’s capable of it. But if the Leng Clan wants to join in the fun, let me tell you now that Qin Wentian, as a third-ranked Inscriptionist, will be attending the exchange with Bailu Yi. Think carefully about his status within the White Deer Institute. Not only that, if he defeats Yan Tie in the exchange then I’d like to see how you’d all swallow down your regret.”

Leng Ning didn’t know what the actual relationship between Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi was, and she also didn’t know that Qin Wentian would be attending the exchange together with Bailu Yi. She only wanted to frighten them off from making a move against him.

And as for herself, even before meeting Qin Wentian, she had already decided that if her Clan still forced her to marry Yan Tie, she would commit suicide. Hence, she was already prepared. There was nothing frightening about death, compared to the alternative.

“The man Bailu Yi has fallen in love with would definitely be someone extraordinary. But does the Leng Clan want to make a

move against him merely to curry favour with Yan Tie? Even a thousand regrets would be insufficient for this folly. I curse you all, the entire Leng Clan will fall in the hands of such buffoons.”

After finishing what she wanted to say, a short sword appeared in Leng Ning’s hand. Yan Tie furrowed his brows as he cried out, “Stop her!”

Even before the sound of his voice faded, Leng Ning’s short sword had already sliced across her throat, causing fresh blood to spray out like a fountain.

The Leng Clan members were momentarily dumbfounded at her actions. They quickly recovered from the shock and rushed forward, but it was already too late.

Leng Ning’s eyes were still open, and her quiet words resounded in the cold air, a tone of finality in them, “Leng Clan, prepare to regret the choices you’ve made. For this clan without principles, so unappreciative of the things you have lost, your destruction is imminent.”

“You...” Leng Lin’s father lightly trembled. Leng Ning’s body slumped down to the ground, facing the skies. She saw the snow-white clouds drifting peacefully above, giving her a sense of pureness, and peace.

Over those white clouds, it was as though she could see a handsome-looking silhouette, smiling down with seemingly casual confidence.

“Braggart...” Leng Ning murmured in her heart as her eyes gently closed. The nightmare was finally over, there would be no one forcing her to marry that monster against her will ever again.

Fresh blood dyed Leng Ning’s robes crimson, the sounds of her curse echoed in the minds of her Clan members as they stared at her corpse. Their hearts were troubled with indescribable emotions.

Leng Ning’s death was akin to a wake-up call for them, bringing them back to their senses.

The Leng Clan would regret the decision they had made that day, and would ultimately face its destruction. This was the curse of a young lady, her final words spoken as her life faded away.

“Do you think you’ve escaped just because you’re dead?” Yan Tie glared at the corpse of Leng Ning as an evil light gleamed in his eyes. “Even in death, I’m still going to refine you into a Puppet. WHO WILL PAY FOR THE DEATH OF MY SON? So what if that man is Bailu Yi’s beloved? HE HAS TO DIE! DIE!”

Yan Tie’s words caused the minds of those present to rumble. His son? Hades was his son? Wasn’t Hades just his disciple?

Only now did they fully understand, Hades was Yan Tie’s disciple, and also his son. No wonder Yan Tie was so crazed in his quest for revenge.

“ENOUGH!” A shout drifted over, and suddenly Leng Ning’s father was seen reaching for his daughter. Kneeling down, cradling her body, he stared at Yan Tie in rage, “She wasn’t the murderer and she’s already dead. You still want to refine her into a Puppet? CAN YOU STILL CALL YOURSELF A HUMAN?”

Seeing how Leng Ning’s father intended to walk away with her corpse, killing intent could be seen flickering in Yan Tie’s eyes. “IMPUDENT, COME BACK HERE.”

Leng Ning’s father swept an icy glance at Yan Tie before ignoring him and continued walking away. His daughter had died. As a father, how could he not be heartbroken?

Being a member of the Leng Clan, he had done many things he was ashamed of with regards to Leng Ning. But now, he truly felt remorse eating his soul, the pain of it was almost unbearable. Yet Yan Tie couldn’t even spare his daughter even after she had died?

“Heh heh.” Yan Tie’s sinister laughter echoed. Abruptly, a Puppet appeared beside him, which then proceeded to chase after Leng Ning’s father.

Leng Ning’s father placed her on the ground before turning to clash with the Puppet. However at that instant of impact, he was easily repelled. Yan Tie slowly made his way over, as he stood before Leng Ning’s body. “Don’t expect to find peace, even in death. As for Qin Wentian, as well as that big lunk who uses arrows, I will make their lives worse than death. I want to hear

them begging me for mercy before refining them into my Puppets.”

From afar, Fan Le’s Empyrean Flames Bloodline was boiling. His face was contorted with rage, as the flames of his bloodline burned brighter and brighter, almost to the point of eruption.

RUMBLEEE~ His aura soared to the skies, and within the space of that moment, Fan Le actually broke through. Under the intense stare of the fire flickering in his eyes, a bow and quiver of arrows coalesced, bathed in the radiance of the golden flames.

“Leng Ning, I will avenge you,” Fan Le’s voice rumbled. A thunderous sound rocked the void as the entire building began to burn. Yan Tie and the rest, who stood in the distance, could feel the source of impending heat rushing their way. Lifting their heads, they saw nine golden arrows transform into terrifying streams of light, fired at them with lightning speed.

“Hmph.” Yan Tie coldly snorted. He disdainfully sent out his palms, blasting forth with a black-colored palm imprint that knocked aside the arrow aiming at him. However, at the same time, the other arrows shifted their trajectories too. The arrows speedily sliced through the air, and the sound of their flight seemed to resemble wails mourning for Leng Ning’s death.

Bzzzzz. The arrows rained down, penetrating the ground surrounding Leng Ning, enveloping her within a shower of arrows. A terrifying heat generated as fearsome embers devoured her body, reducing it to ashes.

“WHO WAS IT?” Yan Tie howled in madness. After which, he sighted the faint silhouette of a fatty mounted on a demonic beast for just an instant, before both man and beast dashed away, disappearing in a flash of golden light!

AGM 247 - Heart's Inferno

Qin Wentian didn't know of the incident that occurred in the Leng Clan. However, he had a feeling of extreme unease in his heart, and was unable to fully calm down. He didn't know why he would suddenly feel this way, and it was as though his emotions were infected by another.

Qin Wentian also didn't know his reason for feeling this way was due to his link to Little Rascal, and therefore his state of emotions was affected by what Little Rascal was feeling.

Qin Wentian was no longer in the mood to spectate the other matches in the Hell Arena. After exiting the arena with Chu Mang, the two of them departed immediately. Indeed, the Hell Arena was truly akin to Heaven for those that were powerful enough. The rewards that were paid out to combatants increased alongside the number of victories earned in their battle records, this was truly a place where Yuan Meteor Stones could be earned easily.

For Stellar Martial Cultivators, other than their innate talent and personal efforts, they would certainly cultivation resources as well. Yuan Meteor Stones can be used throughout the world, also serving as a universal currency. The majority of cultivators who weren't from major established clans would have to depend on their own efforts to earn them.

“Where are we going?” Chu Mang asked.

“This place is nearer to the White Deer Institute, let's make a trip

to the Institute first,” Qin Wentian replied. He wanted Bailu Yi’s help with gathering some information reports on the Yan Clan. For example, how strong the Yan Clan was exactly, how many Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns they had, their status in the Moon Continent as a whole, as well as how strong Yan Tie was and so on. These were all information he needed to know.

The guard at the Institute’s entrance was extremely polite to Qin Wentian. After all, they had witnessed Qin Wentian walking together with Bailu Yi. Naturally they wouldn’t choose to offend him for fear of incurring the wrath of their young Miss.

Upon noting the arrival of Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi’s frosty countenance melted into a smile. “You’re back.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, “I wish for your help to procure some information reports. Not long ago the Yan Clan tried to assassinate me and one of them was the Hades you fought before in the Hell Arena. He is the disciple of Yan Tie, the one that refined humans into Puppets. Eventually, I asked Big Bro Chu Mang to kill him. I wish to know how deep his relationship with Yan Tie was, and Yan Tie’s personal level of power.”

“Hades was killed?” Bailu Yi frowned. “Yan Tie’s public reputation was extremely awful, everyone termed him as a demonic freak. His character is sinister and ruthless, crafty and perverse, yet his attainments in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions are exceedingly high. As for his personal level of cultivation, he is not considered particularly strong and is merely at the fifth level of Yuanfu. Despite this, he could easily kill combatants of the same level by depending on his attainments in Divine Inscriptions.”

“Expert Divine Inscriptionists are extremely rare compared to powerful Stellar Martial Cultivators. In the Eastern City of the Moon Continent, Yan Tie can be considered a top-tier third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. His character is extremely bizarre, and even the clan lord of the Yan Clan can’t control him. But for some reason, he doted on his disciple excessively, even to the extent of passing all his techniques to him. Now that you’ve killed his disciple, Yan Tie will definitely retaliate in madness.”

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, it seemed that killing Hades was a mistake on his part. However, he wasn’t worried about Yan Tie’s retaliation. Qing`er was still in the shadows protecting him.

“How long before the exchange starts?” Qin Wentian asked again.

“About forty more days, you have to work hard, okay?” Bailu Yi smiled as Qin Wentian nodded in response. However, suddenly the sounds of ‘yiyiyaya’ rang out in his mind, the tone of the yelps seemed to be filled with a burning emotion that Qin Wentian couldn’t identify. He sensed that Little Rascal was already on its way to him.

Lifting his head, Qin Wentian stared in the direction of where he sensed the yelps were coming from and moments later, the transformed Little Rascal and Fan Le could be seen flying through the air. Fan Le’s eyes were bloodshot, as a terrifying heat containing immeasurable violence could be felt emanating from him.

“What happened?” A vague sense of premonition tugged on his heart. Bailu Yi waved her arms at the guards that appeared upon seeing Fan Le and Little Rascal, signalling for them to return to their posts.

“Bzzz.” Little Rascal turned back to normal as that little body leapt into Qin Wentian’s arms, letting out incomprehensible growls. Qin Wentian gently stroked Little Rascal’s snowy white fur as he looked at Fan Le.

“Leng Ning is dead,” Fan Le murmured, and the temperature around him surged even higher.

BOOM! Qin Wentian felt explosions going off in his head. Leng Ning had died?

“No...” Qin Wentian shook his head. This was impossible, she was still fine when he left the Leng Residence. How could she have died?

However, Fan Le’s eyes were telling him that this was all real. Leng Ning was already dead.

Cracking sounds echoed as Qin Wentian clenched his fists, the lines on his face contorted as his eyes grew increasingly colder. A terrifying chill gushed forth from him, causing Bailu Yi to unconsciously take a step back, shivering. That peaceful looking youth was truly incensed at this moment.

“Yan Tie and the Leng Clan forced her to her death,” Fan Le continued, “Yan Tie’s disciple died so he went to the Leng Clan demanding for Leng Ning. The Leng Clan decided to give Leng Ning to him and made plans to capture you. Leng Ning wasn’t willing to be humiliated and thus, she chose death.”

The flames of fury boiled in Qin Wentian’s heart, his eyes emitting an aura of death even colder than ice, seemingly capable of murder.

“Leng Ning was a member of the Leng Clan. If Yan Tie’s disciple has died, he should look for me to settle the score instead. And as for the Leng Clan, for all their status of a major Clan, did they really decide to gift Leng Ning to Yan Tie to appease him?” Each of Qin Wentian’s words were bone-chillingly cold and the aura he exuded felt so demonic, to the extent that he no longer appeared to be human, but a demon incarnate instead.

“That was the Leng Clan’s choice. Not only that, they also wanted to sell you out, to renegotiate terms with Yan Tie.” Fan Le locked gazes with Qin Wentian, and in that instant, the simmering rage that flickered in both their eyes made them look extremely similar to each other. “Leng Ning knew that the Leng Clan would never spare her, so she allowed me to escape but chose to stay behind instead. She knew that no one in the Leng Clan would protect her from Yan Tie, and if she had chosen to come with me to look for you, the fury of both the Leng and Yan Clan would surely fall to you.”

“Leng Ning was afraid of being a burden to you.” Every sentence uttered by Fan Le was like a dagger piercing into Qin Wentian’s

heart. “Thus, she decided to return. She said this to the Leng Clan, that you are the beloved of Bailu Yi and will participate in the Divine Inscriptionist exchange, representing the White Deer Institute. She wanted to scare the Leng Clan off from making a move against you. Now that’s she dead, the Leng Clan will no longer have a reason to look for you. Because of you, she chose not to escape.”

“Because of me?” Qin Wentian’s pain soared to a crescendo. That silly girl he met a few months back had chosen to give her life up for him?

“She said that this was her destiny, and it would have ended up the same way even if you had never appeared in her life. She didn’t want you to be burdened by her and thus she decided to accept her destiny’s arrangement. She also said...she had already fallen in love with you!” “She was in love with you.” Fan Le’s words pierced straight into Qin Wentian’s heart.

A gut-wrenching killing intent blasted out from him.

“Where is her body?” Qin Wentian asked, as he bore the pain.

“Yan Tie wanted to humiliate her by refining her corpse into a Puppet, hence, I burned it into ashes,” Fan Le replied in a low voice as he continued, “I want Yan Tie to die, as well as those from the Leng Clan that made this decision.”

“They will die.” Qin Wentian drew in a huge breath, gazing at the empty space ahead. It was as though he could see Leng Ning’s

smile, scolding him for being a shameless braggart.

Bailu Yi walked to Qin Wentian's side, looking into his eyes as she sighed, "You have to be calm if you want revenge."

Qin Wentian stared at her innocent face, her pure eyes sparkling like crystal, as though she could see through his thoughts.

"Stay in the Institute from now on. Regardless of the Yan or Leng Clan, they won't dare to cause trouble here," Bailu Yi continued.

"I'm going to kill Yan Tie." Qin Wentian stared at Bailu Yi as he replied.

"Yan Tie is on the brink of insanity now, there is bound to be several experts beside him. And with the time of the exchange nearing close, the Yan Clan will definitely take Yan Tie's safety seriously. If you really want to kill him, do it at the exchange," Bailu Yi continued, "As for the Leng Clan, the reason behind their decision to forsake Leng Ning to appease Yan Tie, it was also for the sake of the exchange. If you kill Yan Tie there, the hope of the Leng Clan will shatter."

Bailu Yi's beautiful eyes were extremely clear, after which, she pulled on Qin Wentian's arm. "Follow me."

Qin Wentian remained motionless, Bailu Yi turned her gaze back to look at him. Her beautiful eyes seemed capable of melting the hearts of men. "Do you want revenge or do you want to die in a

moment of impulse? At the very least, the Leng and Yan Clan can be considered the major powers of the Moon Continent's Eastern City."

Qin Wentian let out a long breath before allowing Bailu Yi to pull him along.

She led him to the mountain at the back of the Institute. There were countless patches of lush green grass, tranquil lakes, as well as a pleasant mountain breeze; the whole atmosphere seemingly had the effect of calming people's hearts. He suddenly realised that on this long path that he had embarked upon, chances were high that he would meet many people and encounter many things. This world of cultivation was pervaded by gratitude and grudges, love and hatred. Some of those people may become his good friends, but would he even be capable of protecting them all? Just like Leng Ning, he thought that he could help her. But in the blink of an eye, she was already dead...

Qin Wentian gazed at Fan Le beside him. It should be extremely dangerous for him today as well.

Bailu Yi sat not far away from Qin Wentian, she could understand the emotions Qin Wentian was now feeling. Hot-bloodedness was something all young men had, and how could one remain calm when their friends were killed for the sake of protecting them? How could he not be angered? Not want revenge?

However, this was all useless. Power was the only thing that mattered.

Qin Wentian sat there, the terrifying aura he exuded gradually vanished as the flames of his anger seemingly dissipated. However, this was only temporarily hidden, it didn't mean that his rage and thirst for revenge had disappeared.

The light wind gusted, blowing upon Qin Wentian's face, fluttering his hair and robes. His eyes remained closed, as he simply sat down among the lush patches of grass.

This lasted for seven days.

After the seven days, the last hints of violence from his aura had totally faded away, as he emanated a feeling of calmness and peace instead.

He pondered over many things...

Opening his eyes, his gaze was bright and clear, appearing somehow different compared to before.

Qin Wentian lifted his gaze, staring at the drifting clouds in the sky. It was as though he could see Leng Ning's smiling face, similar to how Leng Ning had seen him before the point of her death.

That innocent, straight-forward maiden was gone with the fleeting wind, yet even death wasn't capable of wiping her out from his memories.

Within Qin Wentian's body, his blood was circulating with increased momentum, forming a vortex within. The countless blood-colored seals in his bloodline thrummed, each of them emanating a crimson glow that contained a primordial-like, terrifying tyrannical energy.

However at this moment, that brutal and tyrannical intent within his blood seemed to be calm and at peace. Because in the centre of the vortex, strands of yellowish golden blood were slowly meshing together, transforming into something that resembled the flickering flame of a candle.

This candle flame seemed extremely weak, yet it had the power to calm the raging primordial power of his bloodline limit, causing this originally, chaotic internal world brimming with tyrannical intent, to become incredibly peaceful. This flame, was none other than Heart's Inferno!

AGM 248 - Death List

Qin Wentian quietly stood there on the patch of grass. In that moment, he gradually felt a marvellous and intriguing sensation. His perception seemed to be magnified several times over.

He could clearly sense the pulsing of his blood, clearly feel the circulation of every strand of Astral Energy, could clearly hear the cries of the insects being hunted by the birds, as well as the light sigh of the gusting wind.

Evidently, he was sensing the transformation that was happening inside his body. The tyrannical intent of his bloodline became tranquil and quiet, circulating protectively around the candle flame as though celebrating its creation.

It was exceptionally difficult to imagine that the tyrannical power source of his bloodline limit, would actually be so docile in the presence of the candle flame. Not only was it docile, it seemed to defer to it, like how subjects defer and submit to their King.

Strands of golden threads could be seen surrounding the candle flame. This caused Qin Wentian to feel somewhat bewildered. Were these golden strands the traces of power of his bloodline limit?

And that candle flame, what was it? Why would it cause his perception to undergo such a significant evolution?

Not only that, as the golden strands came into contact with the

candle flame, the glow of the candle flame grew stronger and stronger. The tyrannical power of his bloodline started to roar once again, frenziedly circulating, as though welcoming the arrival of something forthcoming. Gradually, Qin Wentian's body began to glow with an unmatched radiance.. The blood in his heart lighted up, his three Yuanfu lighted up, and every mote of Astral Energy in his body glimmered with a resplendent shine.

It was as though the three Yuanfu Oceans within his Yuanfu, were enveloped by a mysterious presence. Currently, his Astral Energy was thrumming and circulating with a violence greater than before.

Qin Wentian sat down crossed-legged as he felt the changes in his body. He could faintly sense that the recently born candle flame was a newly awakened, special type of power, that was currently transforming his body and senses.

Little Rascal could also feel Qin Wentian's transformation. A golden light gleamed in its eyes as it made its way to Qin Wentian's feet, lying there quietly.

"Mhm?" Bailu Yi and Fan Le gazed at Qin Wentian. They could sense that he was in a special state of mentality of sorts, in the process of undergoing a radical change. Even his aura was changing and there seemed to be a faint glow emitting off his body, causing people to feel a sense of fascination.

"What a mysterious fellow," Bailu Yi mumbled under her breath. This fellow had monstrous innate talent in Divine Inscriptions and extremely powerful combat prowess. Not only that, his thinking

and insights caused her to be constantly amazed, especially in the field of Divine Inscriptions. Not even the elders of her Clan could match up to him in terms of conceptualizing, and he even came up with the bold hypothesis for Reverse Inscriptions.

What made Bailu Yi even more speechless was that despite his talent, he devoted a truly astounding amount of effort into his cultivation and practice. He had a strong thirst, and wanted to get stronger and stronger. This kind of person would definitely be a character to be reckoned with in the future.

Qin Wentian naturally didn't know what Bailu Yi was thinking about. At this moment he was totally immersed in his body's transformation, revelling in the sensation of that mysterious energy cleansing his body of impurities.

Qin Wentian remained in this special state for a total of three days. The light mountain wind breezed by, and he felt an overabundance of energy seeping out from him, gently permeating the atmosphere.

Bailu Yi's eyes flashed with astonishment. "He broke through to the Third level of Yuanfu? I would never have thought he would manage to suppress his rage and killing intent, and break through under such circumstances."

Qin Wentian finally opened his eyes. He had just stepped into the Third level of Yuanfu, and he could feel all three of his Yuanfu simultaneously expanding.

In addition, Qin Wentian could also feel that he had qualitatively transformed. This kind of feeling was extremely difficult to describe; it was mysterious, and felt exceedingly marvellous. He knew that even his perception had evolved to yet another level.

It was as though something had been unlocked in his mind. Questions that were previously difficult to answer when he'd been browsing through Bailu Yi's manuals, were suddenly fully comprehended by him.

Not only that, those peak-tier third-level Divine Inscriptions that he struggled to understand and inscribe, all made sense to him now.

He evolved in some way. Everything was different from before.

The birth of the candle flame, the appearance of the Heart's Inferno, understanding the mind, finding one's true self.

As long as he willed it, he could pick up sounds from miles away, including the innermost voice of his heart.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze upon Bailu Yi before smiling, "Thank you."

"Why are you thanking me? You were acting on impulse back then, but since you have calmed down now, why be so hasty to take revenge?" A meaningful smile appeared on Bailu Yi's countenance, her eyes flickered with a gleam of fascination as she

sensed Qin Wentian's transformation.

This fellow had somehow become even more good looking, exuding a unique presence. At this moment, she felt as though Qin Wentian was cloaked in illusion, and there seemed to be an inscrutable glow of light about him that she couldn't clearly see through.

"Me, handsome?" Qin Wentian grinned when he saw how Bailu Yi kept gazing at him.

"Yeah." Bailu Yi absent-mindedly nodded her head before she froze and 'woke up'. An adorable shade of red appeared on her cheeks, and that shyness when complemented together with her innocence made her beauty exceptionally striking.

Bailu Yi glared fiercely at him, unconsciously exhibiting the demeanor of a little girl. She silently cursed herself for her lack of control, how embarrassing to be caught staring at a guy by the person himself.

However, Qin Wentian didn't mind at all. He let out a casual laugh before gazing into the horizon. Although he had levelled up, he knew that his present strength was still far from being enough.

A cultivator at the Third level of Yuanfu could only be considered as part of the lower-tiered cultivators in the vast Grand Xia Empire. Only after breaking through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm would you be considered as a person of substance.

Furthermore, he didn't have a major power backing him. He could only depend on himself, which made it even more important for him to become even stronger.

"It's time to increase the tempo of controlling the White Deer Institute," Qin Wentian mused. Leng Ning's face appeared in his mind. His feelings for Leng Ning weren't love, but her death had somehow become his greatest source of motivation. Other than hatred and rage towards the Leng Clan and Yan Tie, he also blamed himself for being powerless, blamed himself for thinking he was powerful enough to control everything. In the end, the harsh reality was that he hadn't been able to aid Leng Ning in the slightest.

"Bailu Yi, can you help me out a little?" Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi as he asked.

"Yeah." Bailu Yi nodded lightly.

"Investigate Leng Ning's death for me. I want the names of everyone in the Leng Clan that contributed to her demise, and also... the whereabouts of Yan Kong and Yan Tie. I need a copy of in-depth information regarding everything about the Leng Clan and Yan Clan," Qin Wentian explained.

"Fine." Although the time in which they were acquainted couldn't be considered long, Bailu Yi could feel how determined Qin Wentian was. Once he put his heart into something, Qin Wentian would definitely follow through and would do it well. Just like his engravings of Divine Inscriptions, they were all exceptionally outstanding.

“I will command my men to see to it right away,” Bailu Yi replied.

“Thank you.” Qin Wentian had a smile of gratitude on his face. Bailu Yi didn’t owe him anything, on the contrary, she had helped him immensely ever since he came to the White Deer Institute. She had even passed on to him some of the secret manuals regarding Divine Inscriptions belonging to her clan for his own comprehension. He was truly thankful to her.

“Are we not friends?” Bailu Yi laughed.

“Naturally, we are.” Qin Wentian nodded.

“Then why are you still saying thanks to me? In any case, you have also helped me a lot. Just your perspective on Divine Inscriptions alone has greatly broadened my horizons.” Bailu Yi laughed before she turned and left to command her men.

A radiant smile could be seen flickering in Qin Wentian eyes as he looked at Bailu Yi walking away.

“Divine Inscriptions,” Qin Wentian mumbled. Stretching out his finger, he gathered motes of Astral Light and abruptly, runic outlines formed and floated upwards, shimmering in the sky. Gradually, the shadowy form of a gigantic Garuda manifested.

With a wave of his hands, a raging typhoon gusted by. The

gigantic Garuda brimmed with fury as it soared skywards.

As for Qin Wentian, he closed his eyes once again.

A day later, when Bailu Yi returned, her entire body shuddered slightly upon feeling the aura exuded by Qin Wentian. He seemed to be shrouded within a mysterious blood energy, emanating a force that commanded absolute obedience, as though Qin Wentian hailed from the Primordial Era.

It was as if she was looking at a primordial entity, far up above the Heavens. As the entity gazed back at her, she felt so tiny and inconsequential.

Around Qin Wentian, there were gargantuan-sized runic outlines inscribed upon the ground. Nay, it would be more accurate to say that they were no longer in the form of runic outlines, because a massive, completely formed body had already been born from it.

A humongous black-colored Roc flapped its wings behind Qin Wentian. Its immense stature was completely filled with a fearsome might, and the coldness in its predatory eyes was so real it was as though this manifestation was a tangible body and not something illusory.

“Is this demonic beast something that Divine Inscriptionists are able create?” Bailu Yi’s heart pounded with disbelief. As for Fan Le and Chu Mang who stood by the side, they had long experienced what Bailu Yi was feeling. Even someone as strong as Chu Mang could feel the threat this creation posed to him.

The terrifying Roc gradually faded away, transforming back into runic outlines. Qin Wentian smiled as he saw the incredulous disbelief on Bailu Yi's face. "I made a breakthrough recently, so somehow my senses regarding Divine Inscriptions has sharpened tremendously. Now, I can easily comprehend and inscribe more complex third-level Divine Inscriptions."

Qin Wentian didn't reveal that it wasn't just Divine Inscriptions, his entire perception had undergone the same qualitative evolution.

"Is this a peak-tier third-level Divine Inscription?" Bailu Yi's beautiful eyes were fixated on the Divine Inscription's etching on the ground.

"Although I'm able to inscribe it, the time required takes too long for me to use it effectively in combat. I still need to undergo a longer period of training." Qin Wentian didn't deny it.

"With such fluidness in your inscriptions, crossing the line between illusory and reality, I have great confidence in the exchange this time round." Bailu Yi laughed as she spoke. She then brought out a few thick stacks of documents and passed it over to Qin Wentian. These were the information reports that he had requested.

Qin Wentian flipped open the cover page, his eyes staring at the numerous names written in there. These people all had something to do with Leng Ning's death.

Leng Ning's uncle, Leng Jian.

Leng Lin's father, with a cultivation base at the Seventh level of Yuanfu, was the person responsible for and one of the main masterminds behind that incident.

Leng Mao, the Leng Clan's primary disciplinary elder, with a cultivation base at the Ninth level of Yuanfu, was the leader of the elder's council that day.

Leng Lin, a young missus of the Leng Clan, with a cultivation base at the Second level of Yuanfu, and the original candidate selected to be given to Yan Tie. But because of her father's influence, as well as a variety of other factors, Leng Ning was eventually chosen as her replacement instead.

Each of the names written on the record were in some way or another responsible for Leng Ning's death. A smile akin to that of the grim reaper's appeared on Qin Wentian's face. The people whose names were listed here, had already been sentenced to death!

AGM 249 - Metamorphosis

In the White Deer Institute, over at the back of the mountain, terrifying arrows formed from Astral Light were being fired off unceasingly.

Chu Mang's body was filled with an extremely oppressive energy. As he pulled on the bow wielded in his hands, the 'beautiful' contours of his arm were the epitome of masculinity.

In front of Chu Mang, blurry after-images moved about with extreme speed, dodging the fired arrows.

"Faster, Big Bro Chu Mang, use the will of your Mandate." Qin Wentian leisurely dodged the fired arrows as he called out to Chu Mang.

"Okay, be careful." Chu Mang nodded. With a huge shout that made the mountains tremble, the will of the Mandate of Arrows gushed forth. The screeching of the fired arrows turned sharper as a terrifying energy coated them, causing them to instantly vanish from sight.

Qin Wentian stared intently at the source of the fired arrows, he only felt streams of light being shot towards him, at a speed so fast that it almost escaped his notice. Powerful and terrifying. When fighting in team battles, if there was an expert archer amongst the group, that opposing archer must definitely be killed first.

As Qin Wentian maximised his concentration, he felt as though

time had slowed. The traces of the fired arrow were slightly visible from the faint trajectory left behind, and could be felt upon sensing the motion of the wind.

Bzzz!

The terrifying arrows broke through the void, one of them brushing just millimetres away from Qin Wentian's ear. The alarming sound of air being ripped apart made Qin Wentian's heart tremble slightly. However, an expression of extreme excitement could be seen in his eyes. "Big Bro Chu Mang, it's not enough. Fire more arrows at me." Chu Mang was visibly excited as well. This was the first time someone had dodged his arrows after he used the will of his Mandate. As he let loose three arrows in one go, Bailu Yi and Fan Le stood dumbfoundedly at the side, watching with their mouths wide open. Such a fearsome speed, it was as though they could already see the scenario of Qin Wentian's head being penetrated through by the arrows. Yet in actuality, Qin Wentian managed to avoid the arrows by a hair's breadth, their hearts almost stopping from his near-miss and the considerable degree of danger.

This type of training was pure madness. Not only that, Qin Wentian and Chu Mang had no intentions of stopping. The intensity of the sparring between them boiled to an incredible degree. The terrifying shower of arrows continue to rain down as Qin Wentian stretched his senses and executed his movement techniques to its absolute limits.

"Crack!" Abruptly, Bailu Yi and Fan Le saw Qin Wentian's ancient halberd appearing in his hands and slicing the arrows to

pieces. At the same time, he dashed in the direction of Chu Mang. “This madman,” Fan Le scolded in a low voice.

Qin Wentian’s and Chu Mang’s frenzied sparring continued day after day, as though the word ‘fatigue’ couldn’t be found in their dictionaries. Although Qin Wentian was still sorely suppressed, Bailu Yi and Fan Le were shocked by the speed of his progress. Currently, the power of his attacks were many times stronger when compared to the past.

It even gave people a sense of misperception. Every halberd strike that he made seemed to be one with himself, as well as one with Heaven and Earth. Even a casual strike of his contained overwhelming strength.

At this moment, the four of them sat in a circle on patches of grass, with Little Rascal lying down in the middle; the scene when viewed in its entirety gave one a feeling of harmony.

“Your breakthrough caused you to undergo such a great metamorphosis. It’s as though you have undergone a qualitative evolution,” Bailu Yi commented.

“Just a little, I guess. My sensory abilities, however, are several times stronger when compared to before.” “Did you unlock ‘Kinesthesia’?” Bailu Yi asked.

“Kinesthesia?” Qin Wentian’s expression faltered as he glanced questioning back at Bailu Yi.

“Yes, Kinesthesia,” Bailu Yi explained upon seeing his bewilderment. “The mind and consciousness are correlated to the quintessence of the heart, by comprehending one’s inner self fully, as well as strengthening one’s perception of their external surroundings. The sensitivity towards usage and circulation of force is also improved, so as long as you see something, your mind and heart will work together to conceptualize it, aiding you greatly in your comprehension. Not only that, the external senses are greatly amplified as well.” “Yeah, that’s the sensation I had.” Qin Wentian nodded. Currently, he could feel that his senses towards force circulation were extremely acute, especially during combat. A hint of laughter flickered in Bailu Yi’s eyes as she regarded Qin Wentian. “It’s not surprising. It seemed like your heart was stirred up after Leng Ning’s incident, and forced you into a state of half-madness. Somehow, you managed to suppress it and unwittingly unlocked Kinesthesia. This kind of fortune can only be met by chance and not something that can be intentionally sought after. Unlocking Kinesthesia is something extremely rare, only seen once in a blue moon in Stellar Martial Cultivators. From now onwards, regardless of what you wish to comprehend, everything will be many times easier compared to before, because your heart and mind are now connected.” Qin Wentian nodded his head; it seemed that the power he had unlocked, was Kinesthesia. However, he still felt that the candle flame was not the result of this, it seemed to be another thing altogether. That candle flame formed from the golden strands could even cause the tyrannical power of his bloodline to submit. How terrifying was that? It was only that he still couldn’t fully understand what it was exactly at this moment.

“In normal circumstances, the majority of humans would use either their hearts or their minds when it came to comprehending things. You are really fortunate, the chances might not even be one in a million.” Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian in envy.

“If only I could unlock it too, then my archery would definitely become even more powerful,” Chu Mang lamented. “I think so as well.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. “Big Bro Chu Mang, I believe that you will definitely be able to unlock this state sooner or later. If you continue using your mind and consciousness to ‘feel’ the arrows, and shoot them with your ‘heart’, you will surely be able to succeed one day.”

“And Fan Le, don’t waste your talent, you should know the full strength of your power of intention. That power is something that normal cultivators can’t actively train for, if they do not also possess an innate aptitude for it. If Big Bro Chu Mang had your talent, then he would be able to shift the trajectories of his arrows in mid-flight, easily slaying cultivators even at the sixth level of Yuanfu. You have to interact more with him, exchanging pointers and gaining insights into archery.”

Qin Wentian looked to Fan Le as he spoke. Fan Le nodded, he had also changed after Leng Ning’s death. He no longer needed someone to supervise him, prodding him to work hard. He would put in the effort himself.

“Don’t start lecturing others. The exchange will start soon, so you should prepare yourself too, okay?” Bailu Yi rolled her eyes.

“Mhm, I will spend the rest of the remaining time researching Divine Inscriptions together with you.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head.

“Okay.” Bailu Yi smiled, she was filled with anticipation. Studying and researching Divine Inscriptions with Qin Wentian proved to be of immense help to her.

On the lush green patches of grass on this peaceful back mountain, Fan Le and Chu Mang practiced their archery, constantly improving themselves, while Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian studied and analysed Divine Inscriptions. As time flowed by, Bailu Yi grew increasingly shocked by Qin Wentian’s rate of improvement. Their time in ‘studying together’, had become Qin Wentian solely providing guidance to her.

“Do you want to research the art of refining Puppets?” Bailu Yi brought up the topic upon seeing that Qin Wentian’s attainment in combative Divine Inscriptions had reached a certain level.

“There’s no need to, since Puppets are essentially Divine Weapons. To me, there’s no difference, no need to intentionally waste time comprehending them.” Qin Wentian shook his head.

“Are you that confident?” Bailu Yi laughed as she continued, “Do you want to try fighting against my Puppet?”

“Sure.” Qin Wentian nodded, as he stood up and moved to an open location not far away. A crafty and mischievous smile appeared on Bailu Yi’s face. With a flash of light, a Puppet appeared and instantly dashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Feel clearly how strong a Puppet is.” Bailu Yi smiled. Her Puppet blasted forwards with a fist, which Qin Wentian met with a wave

of his hands, causing a squarish imprint to manifest in the air, slamming into the Puppet's fist. Straight after, he slammed his own palm into the body of the Puppet with a speed as fast as lightning.

However, the Puppet wasn't forced back in the slightest. Qin Wentian only saw a light emerging forth from a faint runic pattern embedded in its chest, as Bailu Yi laughed. "It doesn't know pain, don't be too overconfident." Qin Wentian nonchalantly shrugged. He then retracted his palm and formed his fingers close together. Similar to the third stance of his Great Dream Halberd Art, he abruptly stabbed forth with a single finger, imbuing it with energy of the 'Fractured Void', the attack sinking into the Puppet's chest. Rumbling sounds rang out as the Puppet's chest was ruptured, before it blasted backwards.

The entire scene caused Bailu Yi's smile to freeze upon her face, was she hallucinating? The Puppet soon recovered as it flew forwards again, sending out a multitude of fist shadows that metamorphosed into the form of a black dragon, leaping forward with rage.

"Thousand-Hand Imprint." Qin Wentian waved his hands, creating countless palm shadows that covered the skies, destroying the black dragon. Immediately, he punched out with a fist coated by the will of his Mandate, aiming for the arms of the Puppet, crippling it.

Bailu Yi felt pain in her heart as she surveyed the damage to her Puppet. She couldn't help calling out, "Cease fire!"

Upon her command, the Puppet returned to Bailu Yi's side. However, to her surprise, it suddenly issued a palm strike towards her. Yet it left only the howl of the wind, there was no power in that strike. Bailu Yi glared fiercely at Qin Wentian, "Smelly brat, what did you do to my Puppet?"

Qin Wentian couldn't help but smile as he took in her angry expression. This lady when angered, looked pretty adorable as well.

"If one truly understood the essence of something, he would also be able to understand the myriad of ways it could be applied. Puppets are born of Divine Inscription, and as long as the Divine Inscription engraved in it is a third-level Divine Inscription, I can easily use the principles of Reverse Inscriptions to negate it." Qin Wentian grinned as he explained, causing a bright glow to shine in Bailu Yi's eyes. It was easier said than done, but could it be that in that short time period of sparring, he already understood the layout of runic outlines of the Divine Inscription embedded in her Puppet?

"Do you mean that as of now, even third-level Divine Inscriptions are of no threat to you?" Bailu Yi questioned.

Qin Wentian shook his head, "Peak-tier third-level Divine Puppets can still kill me easily. How would I have the time to comprehend the embedded Inscription? Unless there's someone helping me to block the attack, which would give me enough room to negate the Inscription."

"I see..." Bailu Yi nodded, but as she remembered the damage

done to her Puppet, she fixed Qin Wentian with a severe stare, “How about my Puppet? How are you going to compensate me?”

“Let me help restore it.” His words caused Bailu Yi to be thunderstruck. “You can even restore the damaged Inscription?”

Qin Wentian didn’t reply, he walked towards the Puppet and indeed, after a while, the Puppet was restored back to its original condition before their sparring match. Could his words be true? If one truly understood the essence, one would understand the myriad number of ways to apply it!

Bailu Yi personally witnessed Qin Wentian instantly inscribe second-level Divine Inscriptions with a mere flick of his fingers. She mused in her heart, in this exchange, Qin Wentian’s fame would surely skyrocket and his name would definitely shake the hearts of other Divine Inscriptionists.

Yan Tie’s fate was sealed. He had no idea how monstrous a character he had unwittingly offended. On the surface, Qin Wentian appeared to have forgotten Leng Ning’s death, but Bailu Yi could sense that he was merely suppressing the hatred and anger he felt in his heart, ready to unleash at any given moment!

AGM 250 - Four Heaven's Chosen

In the Eastern City of the Moon Continent, there were many major sects and clans with their roots long established in history. However, the only one with enough power to be crowned 'King', was the clan known as the Star-Seizing Manor.

The Star-Seizing Manor was one of the transcendent powers of Grand Xia, located in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent. Within the city, even the most casual of statements issued forth by them had the ability to cause the earth to shake and the skies to rumble.

At this moment, a youthful silhouette stood on a stone platform within the Star-Seizing Manor. This youth had an extraordinary demeanor and was clad in long flowing robes. Somehow, he seemed to unconsciously exude an unusual air, an existence that was able to attract the stares and attention of others.

Yang Fan, from the Star-Seizing Manor, was a Heaven's Chosen from the younger generations, ranked 18th in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, with a cultivation base at the peak of Yuanfu. He could be considered as almost having no opponents when matched against those with similar cultivation levels.

Each name recorded in the Heavenly Fate Rankings were cultivators at the pinnacle of the Yuanfu Realm. Being ranked 18th meant that in the entire Grand Xia Empire, he was invincible, unless he fought against one of the seventeen names ranked before him. How could such a character not be dazzling?

In the Moon Continent, there were a total of four cultivators within the Heavenly Fate Rankings top 36th ranks. The four cultivators all belonged to one of the four respective transcendent powers in the Moon Continent. Yang Fan, was one of them, a Heaven's Chosen from the Star-Seizing Manor.

The other three rankers were:

Hua Taixu, a Heaven's Chosen from the Hua Clan, ranked 1st in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. When the other Chosen three were compared side by side with him, even they would lose their luster.

Zhan Chen, a Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, ranked 11th in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Zhao Lie, a Heaven's Chosen from the Sky-Ember Sect, ranked 28th in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The names of these four were extremely famous, and there was no one in the Moon Continent that didn't know of them. All of them were so powerful that people gave them a title, 'The Four Heaven's Chosen from the Moon Continent'.

"You've decided to go this time round?" Beside Yang Fan, a middle-aged man had his arms crossed behind his back, emitting an aura that made it evident he was a supreme expert.

"Go. I have to go." Yang Fan nodded, "That place is a unique treasure land. I definitely have to make the trip there."

“Indeed, it’s unique and extraordinary, but this also means that the degree of danger is higher as well. Back then, even Hua Taixu was injured when he entered that place. There’s something strange about the area, but it seems that the more talented one is, the more dangers one would face upon entering there,” stated the middle-aged man calmly.

“In any case, how could there be a place of absolute safety in that treasured land? Also, the obvious answer to your statement is that talented geniuses enter that place with their own aims in mind. Their cultivation hearts are many times more resolute when compared to others and they would intentionally venture deeper to actively seek for miraculous events and good fortune. The amount of danger they encounter would naturally be greater. On the other hand, the other weaklings would fear for their safety and lie low within that secret realm. Hence, the amount of danger they face would naturally be lower.”

Yang Fan’s voice sounded extremely calm. He knew he had to step inside that treasured land, to see what existed within it.

“Fine.” The middle-aged guy nodded in agreement. This was the attitude a chosen person of the Heavens should have.

“That place is extremely complex, and since Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns are barred from entering, we won’t be able to help you there. Nevertheless, the clan has long made their preparations to pave the way for you. In any case, we will hire a few grandmasters who have extremely high attainment in the Dao of Inscriptions to go with you. Do your best.” The middle-aged man unhurriedly

spoke, as a sharp glint of light flashed in Yang Fan's eyes. The other major clans and sects were all sharpening their swords, preparing for the exchange but in his eyes, how could they even be up to the mark? All four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent would be participating as well, the other major clans and sects might as well save themselves the trouble.

At most, they could only follow behind at the trial to pick up the remaining scraps. Even if there were experts within those groups of people, it wouldn't be sufficient to pose a threat to the transcendent powers

“Zhao Lie and Zhan Chen will also be participating, right? But I wonder if Hua Taixu will appear this time round,” Yang Fan mused. Hua Taixu was the person he wanted to surpass the most.

The top ranked position in the Heavenly Fate Ranking held a different connotation from the other 359 names listed. The radiance of the one at the top was undoubtedly the most blinding of all.

The others in the Heavenly Fate Ranking might gradually be forgotten over time, but no one would ever forget the name ranked as the first.

“Yang Fan,” the middle-aged man spoke again, “Have you considered a Dao Companion?”

“Not yet.” Yang Fan shook his head.

“You are already of age and can start considering the matter of a Dao Companion. Currently in our Moon Continent, there are quite a few excellent choices for you to pick from. Firstly Mo Qingcheng, the favoured disciple of Luo He, I heard even the Hua Clan have shown an interest in her. Other than that, there’s the younger sister of Bailu Jing from the White Deer Institute, Bailu Yi. She’s pure and gentle, in addition to having high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, not a bad choice at all. You can use this chance at the exchange to get close to her, I heard she will be attending it as well.”

The middle-aged man continued, “But of course if you are not interested, just cast aside what I’ve said. After all, cultivation is always the most important.”

“Bailu Jing,” Yang Fan murmured after hearing this name. The White Deer Institute was not so simple as well; Bailu Jing was also someone positioned quite high up in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

.....

In the Yan Clan, Yan Tie sat cross-legged while Yan Kong respectfully stood by his side.

Although Yan Kong had some status within the Yan Clan, he was terribly afraid of this uncle of his, ever since he was young. His uncle was too sinister and insidious. Not only that, there was no way for Yan Kong to evade responsibility for Hades’s death. Although his father had interceded for him, begging Yan Tie for mercy and even found him several beautiful women as compensation, Yan Kong was still worried that his uncle still

harboured hatred in his heart. “Are they still in the White Deer Institute?” Yan Tie coldly asked. The ‘they’ he mentioned naturally referred to Chu Mang and Qin Wentian. These two people were the culprits that killed his son. How could he allow them to live on?

“Yeah, I’m sure they’re afraid of Uncle and can only turtle themselves inside the White Deer Institute, not daring to show their faces,” Yan Kong replied, his words causing a glint of cold light to flicker in Yan Tie’s sinister eyes. “I want to see how long he can continue hiding. The exchange will be here soon, and if the rumors between them are true, Bailu Yi from the White Deer Institute will definitely bring him along.”

“Since that’s the case, I will make the White Deer Institute hand them over to me on the day of the exchange.” Yan Tie laughed malevolently as he added, “I will make them regret it if they decide to shield him.”

Yan Kong stood meekly by his side with trepidation in his heart. He had no doubts that the White Deer Institute would surely protect Qin Wentian. His uncle would dare to touch even the White Deer Institute? Yan Kong had to ensure that he wouldn’t be dragged down by this old freak’s insanity.

“The Leng Clan has sent yet another batch of gifts again,” Yan Kong continued. Yan Tie’s sinister smile became even colder. “Did the Leng Clan really think that I would give up revenge for my son just because Leng Ning is dead? How ridiculous, they still expect me to give them a few slots? Relay my command, accept all gifts and tell the Leng Clan to send even more. In addition, tell the Leng

Clan to send me their girls before the exchange begins. Reject all maids, I only want young women with the bloodline of the Leng Clan.”

“Vile monster.” Yan Kong cursed in his heart. Yan Tie’s heart was truly pitch black, offering the illusory carrot to prod the donkey that was the Leng Clan, and even taking the opportunity to fleece them even more, to the extent of laying his evil hands on the other young misses of the Leng Clan. Yan Kong wondered who would be the unlucky victim this time around.

He wondered what expressions the Leng Clan would make at the exchange when they realised Yan Tie had never intended to give them the slots in the first place.

Old freak, vile monster, these were all terms that people used to describe Yan Tie. As for his reputation? He couldn’t even be bothered with it.

.....Every major sect and clan were preparing for the Divine Inscriptionist Exchange Event, and naturally, the White Deer Institute was no exception.

“Qin Wentian, my White Deer Institute consists of a single Clan Lord, four Supreme Elders and nine Grand Elders. They are the ones in charge. The current Clan Lord is my paternal great-grandfather and the thirteen other elders are all my uncles or grand-uncles. The authority of the Institute is governed by my great-grandfather and the Four Supreme Elders. All matters, regardless of big or small, are decided by them and then executed by the nine Grand Elders.”

Bailu Yi explained to Qin Wentian about the overall structure of the White Deer Institute, although she didn't know of Qin Wentian's true identity. She was doing so because the exchange was nearing and should they wish to participate, each power had to send out three representatives. One person would take on the main role, while the other two would provide support. Bailu Yi naturally hoped that Qin Wentian would be the one in the lead position, hence, she was explaining the authority structure of the White Deer Institute to him.

Yet Qin Wentian was thinking of another matter. If he wanted to control the White Deer Institute, he knew that at the very least, he had to obtain the recognition of the Clan Lord and the four Supreme Elders.

To Qin Wentian, the exchange this time around was an opportunity. If possible, he had to make his name known to the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute. Only after he gained their recognition would he be able to control this hidden faction of the Azure Emperor Palace that had concealed themselves for over a few thousand years. If he simply flashed the Azure Emperor Token, those in the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute may defer to him and treat him kindly, but if he truly wanted to control them? It was unlikely.

“Let's go, all the elders are waiting at the institute. They already know of your existence, so you have to show them what you can do, okay?” Bailu Yi smiled at Qin Wentian.

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head.

“The ugly husband has to meet the parents-in-law sooner or later.” Fan Le grinned at the side, causing Bailu Yi to glare at him. Moments later, her innocent face had a tinge of shyness on it, Fan Le’s words seemed a little... suggestive.

“Let’s go.” Qin Wentian seemed long prepared for this moment. He was actually quite eager and filled with anticipation.

As part of the ‘hidden’ faction of the Azure Emperor Palace, how exactly strong was the White Deer Institute? He guessed he would only know after he gained total control of their power.

There were many people gathered in one of the training fields within the White Deer Institute. Over there, the various elders were already waiting while the other members of the Institute stood in rows, on the left and right. Their gazes were all fixed on the few silhouettes currently walking over to the training field’s entrance. Frowns lined the faces of many when they saw a handsome and exquisite-looking young man walking side by side with Bailu Yi.

Was the rumor true? Bailu Yi was infatuated with that guy?

Qin Wentian and the others entered the training field and walked towards the front. With his powerful sensory abilities, Qin Wentian could instantly perceive the countless gazes sweeping over him. There was coldness, and of sharpness in their judgemental gazes. Only a minority of those gazes were of goodwill and acceptance.

This caused Qin Wentian to smile bitterly; this all resulted from a misunderstanding regarding his relationship with Bailu Yi, leading to their current scrutiny of him. After all, Bailu Yi's status within the White Deer Institute was a highly revered and extraordinary one.

“Yi`er, why are you still dawdling about. Quickly come here,” Bailu Yi's father called out. After which, Bailu Yi surreptitiously sneaked a glance at Qin Wentian as a cheeky smile appeared on her face. What a big misunderstanding, she wanted to see how this fellow would resolve it!

AGM 251 - Grandmaster Ghaus

When Qin Wentian saw Bailu Yi unceremoniously ‘tossing him aside’ as she walked away, he couldn’t help but smile wryly in his heart. That man should be Bailu Yi’s father.

There was another young man standing beside Bailu Yi. This young man was robed in white, dotingly tousling Bailu Yi’s hair, like what a senior would do to an adorable junior. Bailu Yi glared fiercely at that young man before breaking into a smile. Evidently, they had a very close relationship between them.

And in that moment, the young man’s gaze abruptly shifted, riveting onto Qin Wentian. Just a look from the young man caused Qin Wentian to feel a sensation of extreme sharpness pressing down onto him, indicating that the combat prowess of this young man was extraordinary. At the very least, the young man was several times stronger when compared to himself at present.

“This person should be the elder brother of Bailu Yi.” Qin Wentian mused. If this guy was her boyfriend, how would he even have the chance to peacefully spend his days studying Divine Inscriptions at such close range with her? Moreover, the natural interactions between them reminded Qin Wentian of him and his sister, Qin Yao. He often liked to pinch Qin Yao’s cheek or tousle her hair, causing Qin Yao to glare irritably at him.

“Qin Wentian, Chu Mang, Fan Le of the junior generations pay their respects to the Elders of the Institute.” Qin Wentian and his two brothers bowed slightly to show deference.

There was no response. The only reaction that Qin Wentian could feel were waves of pressure boring down on him. However, his countenance remained calm and composed, and he quietly stood there with an attitude that was neither servile nor overbearing. Qin Wentian had weathered so many storms, how could he not have the slightest bit of strength of character.

“What have you come here for?” An elder looked towards Qin Wentian as he spoke. This elder had large eyes that seemed to contained great power within them. Usually, the target of his stares would feel immensely pressured.

“Junior has recently studied the Dao of Divine inscriptions in the White Deer Institute and thus encountered Miss Bailu’s grace and good favor, leading to an exchange of discourse in Divine Inscriptions with her, thereby allowing my attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions to soar rapidly. This Junior is confident enough in my own abilities and am willing to represent the Institute to participate in the exchange for Divine Inscriptionist in the Eastern City of the Moon Continent,” Qin Wentian stated.

“Ridiculous, do you think my Institute is lacking in talent? How could you, as an outsider, represent the Institute?” berated an old man. This person stood nearer to the side, indicating his status was somewhat lower and wasn’t one of the four Supreme Elders that had the authority to make decisions. But of course, he was still more than qualified enough to berate a junior out in public.

“The White Deer Institute is considered a ‘major clan’ that specialises in Divine Inscriptions. Their expertise and attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions far surpasses others. During the

course of exchange with Miss Bailu, Junior has truly learnt a lot and broadened my horizons. However, similar to cultivation, the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is boundless. I, Qin Wentian, have absolute confidence when I say that I'm willing to represent the Institute for the exchange but if the White Deer Institute chooses not to allow it because it feels that I'm not a member, just treat it as though this Junior has said nothing."

"What a good word, 'absolute confidence'. You mean no one in my White Deer Institute is more suitable than you?" The tone of the elder with the large eyes seemed to be filled with the buzzing of a predatory bird, containing a hint of a threat within his voice.

Qin Wentian locked eyes with the Elder, with no hints of fear in him at all. "That's right."

"Hmm?" The old man's eyebrows twitched as an aura of sharpness gushed towards Qin Wentian. The elder laughed menacingly, "'That's right? How impudent."

Qin Wentian felt the pressure. His body tightened as his heart clenched from it, but he still remained standing upright, straight-back and proud. If he couldn't even resolve this matter here, how could he eventually control the White Deer Institute?

That old man was evidently a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, but it wasn't only him, all elders of the White Deer Institute were Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns as well. Qin Wentian could feel how tiny and inconsequential he was in front of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, but so what about it? He would never forget the reason why he came here.

Bailu Yi's father, Bailu Shan held a hint of admiration in his eyes as he saw how unyielding Qin Wentian was.

However at this moment, Qin Wentian's lips curled into a faint smile. "Impudent? Senior, you have yet to understand my abilities, but termed me as impudent. Doesn't that make you impudent as well?"

After speaking, Qin Wentian inclined his head slightly, that perfectly composed countenance radiated an innate self-confidence that could clearly be felt when people gazed at him.

The elder with the large eyes involuntarily felt his heart tremble as he saw how calm Qin Wentian was. Such an extraordinary demeanor and confidence reminded him of his interactions with the few Heaven's Chosen he had met in the past. And now, Qin Wentian was projecting a similar presence.

"Hmph I want to see if you are an ignorant fool or truly a Heaven's Chosen. I'm truly curious to see what capabilities you possess." A light shone in the elder's eyes as he continued, "Bailu Yan, go test out his level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions."

"Right." A middle-aged man stepped out, standing before Qin Wentian. This person was one of the three chosen to represent the White Deer Institute for the exchange this time around, being one of the two supporting Bailu Yi.

“What do you want to compete in? Combat-oriented Divine Inscriptions? Formations? Or Puppets?” Bailu Yan stared at Qin Wentian with contempt. Truly the ignorant were fearless, Qin Wentian was too arrogant.

“Up to you,” Qin Wentian nonchalantly replied, his manner as casual as the drifting winds.

“Hehe, let’s just directly inscribe Divine Inscriptions then.” Bailu Yan coldly laughed as his palm slammed down towards the ground’s surface. Light rumbling sounds rang out as a brilliant glow emanated from a set of runic outlines, which appeared engraved on the ground.

“There’s no need to compete any further,” Qin Wentian lightly commented causing looks of puzzlement to be exchanged around the crowd, as they stared at Qin Wentian.

Bailu Yan halted his movements as he coldly laughed. “You’re admitting defeat just like that?”

“No, but you are not good enough,” Qin Wentian casually replied, causing the smile on Bailu Yan to freeze on his face. His countenance turned to rage. This fellow was truly impudent.

Not only Bailu Yan, many shared his sentiments within the crowd. Even Bailu Shan was frowning.

Bailu Jing who was standing at the side of Bailu Yi, had an

expression of interest on his face.

However at that moment, the crowd only saw Qin Wentian lifting his hand and blasting out with his palm. A moment later, a dazzling light erupted as runic outlines formed instantaneously in midair. Nay, not runic outlines, but rather, a complete picture.

The hearts of the crowd trembled, especially that elder with large eyes. He was staring dumbfoundedly with an expression of fascination.

“Is this sufficient?” Qin Wentian clasped his hands together, causing that dazzling light from before to fade away. He directed his serene gaze onto Bailu Yan as he asked.

“Impossible, not even a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist could inscribe Divine Inscriptions in midair without drawing support from a medium.” Bailu Yan felt as though a giant sledgehammer had smashed his heart. He couldn’t believe what he just saw.

“What you are unable to do, doesn’t mean it cannot be accomplished by others,” Qin Wentian unperturbedly replied, as he continued walking forwards. Every step he took birthed a Sword-type Divine Inscription beneath his feet. The sword intent caused a cacophony of sword keening to fill the air as they accompanied Qin Wentian with each step.

It was as though Qin Wentian took each step with a controlled rhythm. The sword keen grew louder and louder, the sword intent growing increasingly stronger along with it.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had already arrived at the stairs leading up to the platform. Stepping upwards, the cacophony of sword keens intensified as boundless sword intent swirled together, forming a sword filled with an overwhelming might. The weapons then transformed into a beam of light, tearing apart space, zooming explosively towards Bailu Yan.

Bailu Yan's countenance became increasingly unsightly, he retreated without pause as his arms waved about frantically, inscribing Divine Inscriptions to block the attack. Yet his attempts were futile, the beam of sword light effortlessly enveloped Bailu Yan within. With a howl of rage, Bailu Yan's Astral Souls exploded forth. The sounds of a terrifying impact rang out, as Bailu Yan's attacks caused the dome of light to finally break apart. In spite of this, the sword intent still lingered in the air, leaving behind Bailu Yan who looked to be extremely battered and exhausted, in an exceedingly pathetic state.

The crowd's stares shifted back to Qin Wentian, only to see him acting as though nothing out of the ordinary happened, standing to the side and dipping into a slight bow towards Bailu Yan, "Pardon me."

"Hmph." Bailu Yan flicked his sleeves and departed. He naturally felt unhappy in his heart for having lost to a junior, even though he now knew that Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was higher than his own.

"Indeed, you're not bad at all," spoke the large-eyed elder. "To be able to inscribe Divine Inscriptions in the middle of the air, I will

give you a chance. You and Bailu Yi will act as support during the exchange.”

“Acting as support?” Bailu Yi’s expression faltered, wasn’t the initial plan for her to be the main lead while two others supported her? With the appearance of Qin Wentian, she would naturally be willing to relinquish the lead position to him, but today the elder actually said that both of them were to act as support? Who would take the main position then?

“Yup, Little Yi, Grandmaster Ghaus will represent our White Deer Institute in the exchange this time round, we would have to trouble you to act as support for him instead.” The large-eyed elder smiled at her, as Bailu Yi’s expressions froze for a moment before she added, “Is Grandmaster Ghaus back?”

“The Institute had specially invited him for this event.” The words of the elder caused Bailu Yi to tremble slightly, to think that they would actually go so far as to invite Grandmaster Ghaus. It appeared that the Institute placed extremely high importance on the exchange this time around.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, how about coming out.” The large-eyed elder laughed. A few moments later, an old man clad in black slowly made his way forward. Upon arriving at the platform, he laughed, “Ghaus greets all the elders, I hope all of you are as well as before.”

“Back then, Grandmaster Ghaus had cultivated for a period of time in our Institute, resulting in our reputation growing even brighter. And now that Grandmaster Ghaus’s inscriptions have

already reached the Transformation Boundary of the third-level, we have to count on you for the exchange then,” the large-eyed elder courteously replied.

“It is my honor to represent the Institute.” Ghaus amicably laughed.

It was as though Qin Wentian was shunted to the side. The large-eyed elder then glanced at Qin Wentian, “According to our info, there will be several major clans and sects sending out powerful people to participate in this exchange. With the presence of Grandmaster Ghaus, our chances of victory would certainly be boosted immensely.”

“Do you have any objection?” the large-eyed elder asked.

Qin Wentian muttered to himself irresolutely for a moment, before smiling and replying, “No problem.”

After all, his objective today was to allow the members of the White Deer Institute to know of his name. Although he had displayed some of his capabilities, maybe it was because of his age that the Institute felt more inclined to place their trust in an older and more experienced Divine Inscriptionist. But this was fine as well, he had already achieved his objective and furthermore, if he could showcase even more of his true skill in this exchange, what did it matter who the positions of the lead and support were? The supporter may very well end up being the one carrying the team to victory.

Also, the White Deer Institute had evidently already made their decision. If he were to object, wouldn't that make it seem as though he had no sense of propriety.

The large-eyed elder rested his gaze upon Qin Wentian for a moment. After which, he smiled and nodded his head. Today, the members of the White Deer Institute had acquainted themselves with Qin Wentian. And by all accounts, it appeared their first impression of him was quite favourable!

AGM 252 - Dao Cultivation Ground Of A Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant

In the training grounds of the White Deer Institute, the crowd gradually dispersed. The large-eyed Elder invited Grandmaster Ghaus to go with him to rest, but his eyes lingered on Qin Wentian during their departure.

Bailu Shan similarly cast a glance at Qin Wentian before he departed. By then, Bailu Yi and the young man beside her walked over and smiled at Qin Wentian, “Excellent, our team this time round is really powerful. Oh, and this is my older brother, Bailu Jing.”

Qin Wentian nodded politely to Bailu Jing, only to see Bailu Jing contemplating him. Both their gazes locked as they studied each other.

“If it weren’t for the fact that my brother doesn’t like Divine Inscriptions, his attainments for that particular Dao would be even higher than mine. He prefers the Martial way and is currently one of the top hundred rankers in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.” Bailu Yi smiled as a thoughtful gaze appeared in Qin Wentian’s eyes. There was no need to doubt Bailu Jing’s strength, to be ranked within the top hundred of the Heavenly Fate Ranking was already the best proof.

“Brother, Qin Wentian is really powerful, in both the Dao of Divine Inscriptions and the Martial way. His achievements in the future would definitely not lose out to you,” Bailu Yi similarly praised Qin Wentian.

“I'm happy to hear that.” Bailu Jing laughed as he regarded his little sister. How could Bailu Yi not understand the look in his eyes. She could only roll her eyes and continue, “Brother, don't overthink things. Things between me and Wentian are not as what you imagined.”

“What did I imagine?” Bailu Jing continued teasing, causing Bailu Yi to fiercely pinch him. “I shan't talk to you any longer.”

“Haha.” Bailu Jing laughed, looking at his sister with a knowing smile in his eyes. “No matter your decision, I will support you.”

“I already said it's not what you're thinking.” Helplessness could be seen reflected on Bailu Yi's innocent face.

“Okay, okay, I understand.” Bailu Jing winked, smiling as he glanced at Qin Wentian, “Seems like you still need to put in more effort.”

After speaking, Bailu Jing turned and departed, causing Qin Wentian to be completely speechless. This elder brother of Bailu Yi was somewhat interesting as well, Qin Wentian could clearly see how much he doted upon Bailu Yi. As long as Bailu Yi liked someone, he would support her no matter who the guy was.

“Ignore him,” Bailu Yi stated to Qin Wentian, “Let's be well prepared, the exchange will soon begin.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly.

“The exchange this time round is different from the past. Each of the major clans have hired extremely tough to deal with Grandmaster Inscriptionists as their representatives, you guys have to be more cautious,” Bailu Jing suddenly added, turning back to them, which caused Bailu Yi to be somewhat stunned. Could it be that there was some special reasons behind the reason for hiring Grandmaster Ghaus?

“What's the difference between this exchange and the previous ones?” Bailu Yi asked.

“You spent these past few weeks hanging around him without even bothering to attend any of the Clan’s meetings, and you still have the cheek to ask me now?” Bailu Jing laughed, but soon after, he channeled his voice into soundwaves, merging them into a single thread that could only be heard by Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi. “There's news that the secret realm may very well be the Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.”

Bailu Yi froze, her heart pounding. The Dao Cultivation Ground of an Ascendant?

So there had actually been word of this. If this was the case, the exchange this time around to determine the qualifications of the participants to enter the secret realm, might very well cause an upending commotion.

“What, but...” Bailu Yi wanted to continue, only to see her

brother placing a finger on his lips, indicating that she was to keep silent. After which, he explained, “Most of the other major clans still have no inkling of this, and in addition, the trial for the secret realm might just be the beginning.”

After speaking, Bailu Jing turned and continued on his way. Bailu Yi looked to Qin Wentian and smiled bitterly, “I had thought that this exchange would be very simple, but according to my brother, some unexpected situations may occur.”

Bailu Jing intentionally or unintentionally didn't exclude Qin Wentian from his words.

“Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant,” Qin Wentian murmured.

“Ascendants are the title given to those supreme powerhouses at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm. If this piece of news were to be known by everyone in the Grand Xia Empire, the magnitude of the ensuing storm would be inconceivably huge. The transcendent powers would probably act first to secure their advantage,” Bailu Yi lightly commented as Qin Wentian nodded in agreement.

He had heard of many titles such as the Azure Emperor and the Pill Emperor. The word ‘Emperor’ in their titles most definitely referred to the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the pinnacle of Grand Xia Empire.

“Let's go, we have to be well prepared. Luckily Grandmaster Ghaus is extremely experienced, so our chances should be quite

good.” Bailu Yi’s countenance was filled with a mixture of heaviness and anticipation.

.....At this moment, there was indeed an undercurrent that existed within the Moon Continent. However, the various powers all kept relatively low profiles, and for those that received the news, they kept their lips sealed, doing their best to prevent the spread of this information. Although they knew there was the possibility that they wouldn’t be able to hide it, they still did their best. Even if the other transcendent powers of the Nine Continents were to receive the news in the future, by that time it would already be too late for them.

The exchange held in all the major regions of the Moon Continents, finally arrived.

The entrance to the Divine Inscriptions’ secret realm was controlled by the four transcendent powers in the Moon Continent. Hence, today’s exchange was jointly organized by the four powers.

As one of those transcendent powers, the Star-Seizing Manor was responsible for organizing the exchange in the Eastern Region.

And today, all participating sects and clans would be making their way towards the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor. Upon seeing the Manor’s majestic structures, the hearts of the participants were all filled with hints of envy. This was truly a place worthy of being termed a transcendent power’s residential area - the king of the Eastern Region. Normally, how would the participants even get the chance to step inside the Star-Seizing

Manor? It was only today that the Manor opened up their doors, allowing the participant access inside, albeit limiting the areas where they could enter.

The major powers of the Eastern Region - Yan Clan, Leng Clan, Scarlet Thunder Sect, Watermoon Mountain Villa, Demon Cult, they had all arrived at the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor. Over there, experts were as common as clouds.

The Yan Clan and Leng Clan stood side by side with each other. Both Yan Tie and Yan Kong were present today, and those in the surroundings could clearly sense the sinister and insidious intent flickering in Yan Tie's eyes.

"Grandmaster Yan Tie, I wonder if you are happy with the female we sent to you a few days ago," Leng Lin's father greeted Yan Tie, as he walked over to stand beside him, inquiring in a low voice.

"She tasted pretty good, how many more young misses does your Leng Clan have?" Yan Tie's eyes widened maliciously, as he smiled at Leng Jian. Leng Jian's countenance turned heavy, cursing this perverse old freak in his heart. Was this monster hinting that he wanted Leng Lin?

"Grandmaster Yan Tie, my Leng Clan has truly run out of beautiful young misses to send over." Leng Jian originally wanted to remind Yan Tie about his promise, but who would have thought that Yan Tie would be such a bastard, immediately asking the Leng Clan to send even more of their daughters over.

“Hmm? Isn’t your daughter one?” Yan Tie smiled coldly as he glanced at Leng Lin, his gaze causing her to shiver in fear.

“Grandmaster.” Leng Jian’s expression turned extremely unpleasant.

“One slot, one woman,” Yan Tie icily replied, causing Leng Jian’s expression to turn even uglier.

“Those from the White Deer Institute have arrived.”

In that very moment, a terrifying cold light abruptly erupted within Yan Tie’s eyes as he heard the words spoken. He shifted his gaze in the direction of the White Deer Institute, locking his eyes on two silhouettes.

Qin Wentian and Chu Mang, it was precisely these two people who killed his son. They actually still dared to appear in his presence?

Leng Jian’s gaze also followed Yan Tie’s. When his eyes landed on Qin Wentian, the expression on his face couldn’t help but sink. Qin Wentian actually came. Although he knew that Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, he didn’t know how high a level of attainment he’d reached. Naturally, he hadn’t expected Qin Wentian to actually participate in the exchange today.

“KILL!” An overwhelming killing intent erupted forth from Yan

Tie. Qin Wentian could clearly feel the murderous urges. A cold smile appeared on his face when his eyes shifted in the direction of the killing intent, as he took note of both Yan Tie and Leng Jian.

Similarly, an extremely fearsome glint of light flashed in Qin Wentian's calm eyes, akin to a bolt of lightning, as he stared in Yan Tie's direction.

Leng Jian was affected as well. He felt his body go cold as he grimaced. It seemed that this third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist wanted to slaughter him too, for the sake of avenging Leng Ning.

Those from the White Deer Institute had also arrived at the Star-Seizing Manor, and stood directly opposite, facing those from the Yan Clan.

Yan Tie closed his eyes, disregarding the attack. He appeared to be contemplating on how best to kill Qin Wentian and Chu Mang.

The northern area of the training grounds were reserved for the host. Over there, a majestic looking wall of over ten metres tall could be seen. A row of silhouettes then appeared, their gazes filled with sharpness as they stared down at the gathered crowd below.

“Yang Fan.”

The eyes of the crowd brightened as they saw the young man in the lead. This was none other than one of the four Heaven's Chosen, Yang Fan. Even he was here to spectate the exchange.

This time around, the purpose of this exchange was to select powerful Divine Inscriptionists to enter the secret realm, together with people from the Star-Seizing Manor. Naturally, as a reward, those chosen Divine Inscriptionists would have the right to bring people in together with them.

It was especially clear to the crowd what Yang Fan's appearance meant. For those entering into the secret realm this time round, those from the Star-Seizing Manor would be led by none other than him.

Qin Wentian contemplated Yang Fan. This person was around 22 years old, an extremely young age. The air of a supreme expert could clearly be felt emanating from him, projecting an extraordinary aura.

“This person is Yang Fan, ranked #18 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He's one of the four Heaven's Chosen, belonging to the Star-Seizing Manor in the Eastern Region of the Moon Continent.” Bailu Yi who stood beside Qin Wentian, explained in a low voice. She then continued, “The other three Chosen are Hua Taixu from the Hua Clan, ranked #1 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall, ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; and lastly, Zhao Lie from the Sky Ember Sect, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

“These people are all extremely famous throughout the Grand Xia Empire,” Bailu Yi introduced, as though she intentionally wanted to agitate Qin Wentian. She felt that Qin Wentian would definitely have the chance to be grouped with those in the

Heavenly Fate Ranking. She knew of the 60 consecutive victories that 'Kirin' had obtained for his battle record. Normally, Qin Wentian would spend his days sparring against Chu Mang, who was at the fifth level of Yuanfu. One had to know that Chu Mang had terrifying combat prowess, so he was no ordinary opponent.

The Heavenly Fate Ranking should be Qin Wentian's aim. And it wouldn't be enough for him to only be part of the rankers, he had to quickly climb his way to the top. The #1 rank was the only position that would do justice for someone of his exceptional talent!

AGM 253 - Friendly Reminder

There were two elders that stood beside Yang Fan. One of them had an extremely solemn countenance and had eyes as sharp as a sword.

The other looked somewhat frail and had a scholar's disposition. His black hair hung about his shoulders, and his eyes shone like a beacon in darkness. Upon seeing him, many in the crowd had expressions of admiration and respect on their faces.

“Grandmaster Fenrir.” Many Divine Inscriptionists bowed.

A brilliant light flashed in Bailu Yi's eyes as she explained, “Grandmaster Fenrir, a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. To think that the Star-Seizing Manor actually managed to invite him, it seems like they're truly attaching a lot of importance to the exchange this time round.”

“Has everyone arrived? Can all Divine Inscriptionists that are keen on participating make your way towards the training ground? Grandmaster Fenrir will be the judge for this exchange,” that solemn-looking elder faintly spoke. The volume of his words wasn't loud, yet they contained a penetrative quality to them.

“Grandmaster Fenrir as the judge...” The eyes of the spectators all gleamed as the participants stood at the platform.

Three people made up a team, and those present were all representatives of major powers in the Eastern City of the Moon

Continent. There were no factionless Divine Inscriptionists participating in the exchange this time.

This was a normal occurrence. Powerful Divine Inscriptionists had no need to participate alone. The major powers would offer sky-high prices to invite them. As all the participants took their place on the platform, many in the crowd drew in a huge breath. Many of those rarely seen Inscriptionists were actually showing their faces at this exchange today. The lure of the secret realm undoubtedly caused the major clans to throw caution to the winds, using astronomical prices in exchange for the aid of these powerful Inscriptionists.

“Ghaus, you are here as well.” A voice drifted over, and Grandmaster Ghaus turned. From the direction of where the voice originated from, there were three old men whose features greatly resembled each other. Upon noting the three of them, Grandmaster Ghaus involuntarily frowned in displeasure. How troublesome, these three eccentrics were actually participating too.

“The Li Clan’s three brothers.” Bailu Yi furrowed her brows, “The three of them are blood brothers, whose real names are unknown to many. However, they’re exceedingly famous in the Moon Continent because all three of them are third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists, and can even read each other’s hearts and intentions. As long as one of them starts to inscribe something, the other two would instantly know what it is and can immediately act to complement it.”

The eyes of the other major powers also narrowed upon noticing

the Li Clan's three brothers. Damn it, their hope of obtaining first place in this exchange was gone. Initially, most of them believed that Yan Tie's chances of victory were the highest, but it didn't seem like that was the case now. Ghaus was the representative for the White Deer Institute, Li Clan's three brothers for the Watermoon Mountain Villa, not to mention that the representatives for the Scarlet Thunder Sect and the Demon Cult were all extremely powerful as well.

Especially for both the Yan and Leng Clan, who had visible expressions of worry and agitation on their faces. The pressure on Yan Tie was too great, even being in the top three would be difficult to achieve.

"F*ck, damn it, it appears that the rumors were true. We have no choice but to miss this opportunity." Many cursed in their hearts.

However, Yan Tie didn't appear to be worried at all. He only had eyes for Qin Wentian. The Heavens were helping him indeed, since Qin Wentian was here to participate in the exchange, he would make it so that Qin Wentian would never leave this place alive. He had to find a chance to slay him during this exchange.

However, the rules regarding how one obtained victory in the exchange were unknown yet.

There were a total of nine teams that participated. Each team consisted of three people which equated to a total of twenty-seven participants. All of them represented the nine major powers of the Eastern City in the Moon Continent.

Grandmaster Fenrir stood on a high vantage point. An amused expression could be seen in his eyes as he gazed at the participants. “I once entered into the Divine Inscriptions’ secret realm. That place is a brutal testing ground, filled with many traps, layered with formations and powerful Puppets. In any case, despite the benefits gained, it is an extremely dangerous place. Only the most elite have the ability to return alive. Regretfully, I’ve exceeded the requirements set, if not, I would definitely enter that place again.”

Grandmaster Fenrir other than being a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign as well. Hence, it was impossible for him to re-enter the secret realm.

There were a total of eighteen refinement grounds and secret realms in the Grand Xia Empire. There were places where only cultivators at the Arterial Circulation Realm could enter, places where only cultivators at the Yuanfu Realm could enter and even places where only cultivators at the Heavenly Dipper Realm could enter. The Divine Inscriptions’ secret realm was evidently a place where the requirements were set at the Yuanfu level.

“There will be a total of three tests today.” Grandmaster Fenrir slowly walked out, standing in the air. With a wave of his hands, a shimmering gigantic portrait abruptly descended from the skies.

Rumble! A thunderous sound rocked the void, and within the portrait, the crowd saw a picture of a landscape filled with rivers and mountains become reality, pressing down upon the immense training platform, the vibrations from the impact trembling the ground.

“The trial in the secret realm has countless dangers hidden within. I have no way to emulate that degree of danger, but one thing is for sure, if you can’t even pass this first test I’ve administered – to identify hidden Divine Inscriptions within the landscape - you would be better off not entering the secret realm. The test is this, we will go in a round robin fashion until no one is able to identify any more hidden Inscriptions, before we conclude it.”

Fenrir continued faintly, “You guys can begin at any moment, as long as you can identify one, the hidden Inscription will automatically disappear.”

“Let me take first blood,” remarked Old Third from the Li Clan’s three brothers. After which, he pointed forth with his fingers as Astral Light sparkled, causing the runic outline of a phoenix to shimmer into existence, flying skywards into the clouds before disappearing from sight.

Yan Tie stood beside him, but since it was only the beginning, he didn’t want to make a move yet. Signalling his assistants with his eyes, one of them carried on and pointed in a certain direction, causing the faint shadow of a ferocious tiger to manifest before fading out of existence. After which, the other assistant provided by the Leng Clan to help Yan Tie also made his move.

Next, the representative from the Scarlet Thunder Sect made his move. The ones remaining were those from the Demon Cult and White Deer Institute. The representative team from the Demon Cult had a total of three members as well. What astonished many

was that the one in the lead was actually a youth! He sat there with his eyes closed, as one of the middle-aged figures acting as his assistant then walked out and identified an Inscription.

“My turn.” Bailu Yi moved, causing the runic outlines of a long spear to shimmer before it faded away from existence.

In the blink of an eye, all nine teams easily identified the Inscriptions, but gradually, after the time it takes for a candle to burn, the test became increasingly difficult and some people were already having trouble with identifying the hidden Inscriptions. Luckily, there were three members in a team, so if one failed to identify any, the other two could take his place as well.

After nine rounds, a total of 81 Divine Inscriptions had already been identified. Currently, it was the turn of the Han Clan from the Eastern City. However, all three of the Divine Inscriptionists in the team shook their heads in embarrassment. Apparently, none of them were able to identify any more Inscriptions and were thus eliminated from the competition.

“Our Han Clan withdraws from this exchange.” Below the training platform, an elder from the Han Clan coughed awkwardly.

Evidently, the preparations made by the Han Clan weren't enough.

Old Second of the Li Clan's three brothers stepped forth, as he struck out at the landscape with his palm. The location where his

palm strike landed, wavered about as a palm-type Divine Inscription surfaced, causing the region it was hiding in to crumble into pieces.

Next, Yan Tie personally acted, identifying a hidden Divine Inscription by himself. Apparently, his assistants were unable to identify any more, and so they had no choice but to step aside and leave it to Yan Tie.

After two more rounds, Bailu Yi was similarly stuck. Qin Wentian glanced at Ghaus only to see Ghaus sitting there calmly with his eyes closed, remaining unperturbed despite the fact that Bailu Yi was in his team. Seeing Bailu Yi in such a difficult position, Qin Wentian couldn't help but whisper, "Ancient Tree."

Bailu Yi shifted her attention to a grove of trees as she sent out a palm strike, revealing a hidden Inscription within. After which, a bitter smile surfaced on her countenance as she glanced back at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian nodded lightly, consoling her. He understood her intentions, she couldn't proceed any longer, it was time for Qin Wentian to act.

After a few more rounds, more and more people withdrew from the test. Although Fenrir didn't publicly announce their elimination, all of them knew that they no longer had any chances to obtain one of the top three rankings for this exchange.

Out of the nine major powers in the Eastern City, four teams had

already withdrawn, leaving only five behind. Qin Wentian and the others from the White Deer Institute, Li Clan's three brothers from the Watermoon Mountain Villa, Yan Tie from Yan Clan, the youth from Demon Cult and the white-bearded old man from the Scarlet Thunder Sect. The white-bearded old man was named Zuo Yu, a third-ranked Inscriptionist, and could be considered quite famous in the Moon Continent. He knew that he no longer had any hope in making further breakthroughs in his cultivation, hence he decided to devote his efforts in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions instead.

“The ones remaining are all experts. To think that at this stage, they are still able to identify the hidden Inscriptions.” The crowd had these thoughts in their hearts as Old Third of the three brothers, found yet another hidden Inscription within the landscape.

Yan Tie continued on, after which Zuo Yu, and that youth from the Demon Cult all succeeded. Qin Wentian then flicked his sleeves, as the runic outlines of a swordfish splashed out of the rivers before fading away.

“He's so powerful, could it be that even Little Yi's talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions can't even compare to him?” Bailu Shan remarked in a low voice, in the area where those from the White Deer Institute stood at. Bailu Yi had already withdrawn, she no longer had the means to continue, while Grandmaster Ghaus's brows twitched in surprise; he was shocked by Qin Wentian's capabilities. This young brat's perception wasn't bad indeed.

And finally, when it was Zuo Yu's turn, he calmly surveyed the

landscape before stating, “There are no more hidden Inscriptions.”

“Are you sure?” Grandmaster Fenrir who stood in the air, replied with a laugh.

Zuo Yu frowned as he nodded his head, “Yeah, I think so.”

“Oh, how about you?” Fenrir directed the question towards the youth from the Demon Cult. The youth remained silent but as he flicked his finger, a huge slab of stone disintegrated as the runic outlines of a sabre shimmered, before fading away. This scene caused Zuo Yu’s countenance to sink as he sighed silently. However, he didn’t voluntarily withdraw. This only meant that his perception was slightly weaker compared to the others, he still had a chance at victory for the remaining two tests.

“How about you guys?” Fenrir turned his gaze upon the White Deer Institute’s team. At this moment, Ghaus opened his eyes as he replied, “There are still some remaining.”

Just when Qin Wentian was about to act, he retreated upon seeing Ghaus stepping forwards. With a wave of his hands, Ghaus identified another hidden Inscription, the act causing the countenance of Zuo Yu to sink even further.

After that, the Li Clan’s three brothers also identified a hidden Divine Inscription and when it came to Yan Tie’s turn, he frowned slightly as he stated, “There shouldn’t be any more hidden Inscriptions remaining.”

Ghaus narrowed his eyes as he contemplated the landscape, and as Qin Wentian noticed Ghaus hesitating, he whispered, “Grandmaster Ghaus, inside the swamp!”

“Do I still need you to remind me?” Ghaus glared unhappily at Qin Wentian. After which, with a violent flick of his sleeves, a flood dragon emerged from the swamp, letting out a great bellow before fading away, causing many in the crowd to marvel at the profoundness of Fenrir’s portrait.

“Grandmaster, Qin Wentian was only trying to help.” Bailu Yi tried to smooth things over. After all, Ghaus was an elder, and although Qin Wentian’s reminder wasn’t wrong, it felt as though a junior was guiding a senior, causing Ghaus to feel extremely embarrassed.

“Haha the last Divine Inscription is over there.” Old First of the Li Clan’s three brothers laughed uproariously as he caused yet another hidden Inscription to manifest. Grandmaster Ghaus nodded as he stared at them, “Indeed, the three of you do have the capability to be my opponents.”

“Is there nothing else?” In the air, Fenrir asked again.

“No more,” the three Li brothers spoke in unison.

“No more,” Ghaus spoke with utter confirmation.

Fenrir only laughed, and just when everyone thought that the

exchange had come to an end, Qin Wentian suddenly sliced down with his fingers with terrifying speed, followed by a horizontal slash.

Two beams of light formed in the shape of a cross, erupting forwards and abruptly, the runic outline of a gigantic sword burst out of the mountains, emanating a fearsome keen.

At this moment, the eyes of everyone shone with an intense light as their gazes riveted onto Qin Wentian. The expression on Ghaus's face couldn't be any uglier.

Qin Wentian disregarded Grandmaster Ghaus's displeasure, and continued to stand serenely in place. Since Ghaus had berated him for his earlier reminder, he might as well forego the formalities and take matters into his own hands!

AGM 254 - I Will Kill You Today

Qin Wentian had already been extremely respectful to Ghaus. Earlier, upon seeing him muttering irresolutely to himself, he warned Ghaus out of the kindness of his heart, but who would have thought that Ghaus would snub his good intentions.

The current Qin Wentian was extremely decisive when dealing with things. He understood the loss of face that Ghaus had suffered from when he warned him, but for matters such as face or prestige, all these illusory things were won by one's true capabilities. Hence, he decided to take matters into his own hands. Even though this would offend Ghaus further, he couldn't care less.

In any case, respect was earned, not given. Since Ghaus wanted to act in such a manner, Qin Wentian was more than happy to comply. Numerous gazes were all riveted on Qin Wentian. Naturally, there would be some malicious intent mixed within some of the stares. For the first test, it examined the participants' perceptive abilities, as well as familiarity with Divine Inscriptions. Although this wasn't sufficient to determine whether Qin Wentian's attainment was higher compared to the other elders here, at the very least it proved that his perception was at a level much higher compared to the others.

Bailu Yi also looked towards Qin Wentian. This fellow was the same as before, appearing extremely casual and nonchalant, yet such an attitude would definitely cause anyone who wasn't familiar with him to mistake this for arrogance.

Standing in mid-air, Grandmaster Fenrir smiled as he glanced at

Qin Wentian. This young man could sense what the other third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists could not, he was worthy of his attention. Yan Tie's countenance stiffened, as malevolence painted his face. He would never have imagined that Qin Wentian would be this skillful. But so what of it, Qin Wentian had to die, HE HAD TO DIE. A sinister look sparkled in Yan Tie's eyes, he was already envisioning Qin Wentian's death and refining him into a Puppet afterwards.

In the direction of the Leng Clan, many of them trembled in disbelief. Especially Leng Jian and the rest, their countenances were all extremely ugly to behold. This must be a fluke, an accident, that was how he managed to sense the last hidden Inscription.

“Oops, so there was still one more.” Old Third laughed.

“Yeah, we overlooked that,” Ghaus added, his frown had already smoothed over, regaining his earlier composure. He then continued in a low voice, “Brat, what luck, to think that the last Divine Inscription was discovered by you.”

Fenrir, who was in the air, had a light smile on his face. He calmly regarded Qin Wentian, only to see that Qin Wentian didn't bother replying to their comments. With another wave of his hands, the created landscape trembled, causing rumbling sounds to resonate in the air. After which, the faint shadow of a demonic dragon appeared, its roars filled with such power that even mountains would crumble before it. A second later, the runic outlines of this demonic dragon shimmered, as it disintegrated into beautiful motes of star light. In the next instant, all sounds of

discussion were halted. Qin Wentian's actions effectively caused a bout of silence to permeate the region. Ghaus stood there unblinkingly, frozen in position.

What did he say earlier? Firstly, he overlooked the 'last' Inscription because he was careless, and in addition, saying Qin Wentian only discovered it due to good luck. But now, what was this scenario? Was he himself, careless? Or was his own ability insufficient? Weren't his earlier words simply smacking his own face?

"My 'luck' is pretty good indeed. Thank you." Qin Wentian mockingly laughed. His laughter caused Ghaus to feel extremely awkward. Qin Wentian, luck?

In the direction where the White Deer Institute's members were standing, the large-eyed Elder was speechless when he witnessed this scene.

Qin Wentian's ability was beyond what he expected. But if Qin Wentian continued acting this way, he would involuntarily offend Grandmaster Ghaus.

"This fellow is too prideful." The large-eyed Elder shook his head. "Ghaus was the arrogant one first, things are getting interesting." Bailu Jing who was standing beside the Elder, couldn't help but laugh. The large-eyed Elder glanced at him before asking, "Jing`er, how do you feel about Qin Wentian?"

Bailu Jing replied, "I don't have any requirements, as long as

Little Yi likes him, all is fine with me.”

“You’ve always doted on Little Yi too much.” The large-eyed Elder shook his head in resignation.

“Is there anymore?” Fenrir stared at Qin Wentian.

“Junior has no idea,” Qin Wentian replied. He couldn’t find anymore, but that didn’t mean there was no other hidden Divine Inscriptions. Fenrir was a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist, it wasn’t impossible that there would be some exceptionally well hidden Inscriptions that even peak-level third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists would have trouble identifying.

“Mhm.” Fenrir nodded his head, before waving his hands. “All of you can step away first.”

After the last of the participants stepped down the training platform, Fenrir waved his arms, collecting the mysterious portrait back. As for the results of the first test, they were already very clear in his heart.

All three brothers of the Li Clan were extremely powerful. Ghaus, Yan Tie, Qin Wentian and that youth from the Demon Cult, were the strongest Inscriptionists among all the participants today.

If one were to consider the strength of the teams as a whole, the strongest among the participants would undoubtedly be the Li Clan’s three brothers, as well as the White Deer Institute’s team.

The three brothers of the Watermoon Mountain Villa were all experts in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. As for the team from the White Deer Institute, there was no need to say anything more about Ghaus and Qin Wentian's ability. Even Bailu Yi was extremely strong. The only unknown point at this moment was that other than sensory abilities, how strong was Qin Wentian in other aspects of Divine Inscriptions?

Fenrir stood in the air, nodding with satisfaction at the remaining participants. "The secret realm consists of countless traps and several formations. Hence, the second test will be testing your abilities and the time taken to break apart formations. In the formation I have created, I've filled it with many traps, and deadly Puppets. It is extremely dangerous, so I will not be held responsible if any of you suffers an injury or death in there. You can withdraw now if you want to. Remember, you only have to safely exit the formation to pass the test."

When the sound of Fenrir's voice faded, a sharp glint of coldness flickered in Yan Tie's eyes. Since it would be exceedingly dangerous inside the formation, he would have to make good use of this chance to finish off Qin Wentian.

This was an opportunity for him.

So what if Qin Wentian's perception was high? Yan Tie's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions wasn't something he would be able to compare to.

Having a stronger perception at this age merely meant that Qin Wentian had potential. But what use does one's 'potential' have if one is dead?

No one chose to retreat, Fenrir smiled, it was as he had expected. Drawing a flag from within his sleeves, he tossed it towards the ground. The flag rapidly expanded, causing a terribly powerful wind to gust about their surroundings.

"Enter then." The menacing aura of the formation flag erupted forth, engulfing Qin Wentian and the others within. Momentarily, the participants felt that the space around them had somehow changed. Over here, greyish fog permeated the region, obscuring their vision. Even their perceptions were severely limited.

"Bailu Yi," Qin Wentian called out.

"I'm here," Bailu Yi's voice sounded out. Following the source of the voice, Qin Wentian took a few steps forward, before stopping before Bailu Yi. "Be careful, this formation is extraordinary powerful."

Buzzz.

Abruptly, a ring of flames shot towards their direction. Qin Wentian turned and sent a palm strike over it, the force of his attack extinguishing the flames. He wasn't the slightest bit complacent. Qin Wentian knew that this was only the beginning.

The ring of flames after being extinguished, turned into wisps of smoke drifting skywards. Abruptly, the runic outlines of the smoke rearranged themselves, causing a rain of fire to descend upon them.

“The boundless variations of Divine Inscriptions, how marvellous.” Qin Wentian spent a moment lost in admiration. The level of this Formation may have exceeded the third rank. “This formation is known as the Nine Levels of Dragon Trapping, Thunderfire Formation. Although it is a fourth-ranked formation, I’ve suppressed its power to be at the peak of the third rank. You can use any method, your only task is to break the formation and safely exit it.” Fenrir’s voice drifted over from afar, into the ears of all the participants. As the sound of his voice faded, terrifying thunderous explosions echoed within the formations as huge balls of thunderfire, akin to meteors descending from the skies; the scene resembled the arrival of Judgement Day. Bailu Yi immediately released her Puppet, controlling it to soar upwards, blocking the space above them. Seeing the balls of thunderfire raining upon her Puppet, Bailu Yi spoke, “Although we are able to use Puppets to temporarily block the thunderfire, we must think of a method to break the formation before the Puppet’s origin energy runs out.”

“Grandmaster Ghaus!” Bailu Yi shouted, she knew that Ghaus had an extremely high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Surely, his Puppets would be many times stronger compared to hers. They should work together and quickly derive a solution.

However, there was no reply... Even though they had Bailu Yi’s Puppet soaking up the damage, they didn’t dare move about

recklessly.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, if you can hear me, please reply. Let us work together!” Bailu Yi shouted out once more.

“Bailu Yi, don’t disturb me, I have to think of a method to break the formation. Take care of yourself.” Ghaus’s voice travelled over, causing Bailu Yi’s expression to falter. Was Ghaus intentionally doing this?

“Watch out.” Abruptly, Qin Wentian pulled Bailu Yi aside as a sword-wielding silhouette zoomed past, slashing at the space Bailu Yi was standing at just a moment ago. Turning his gaze over, Qin Wentian discovered that it was a human-shaped Divine Puppet. Wasting no time, his aura radiating coldness, Qin Wentian immediately retaliated with his Thousand-Hand Imprint, blasting it far away.

“Don’t randomly move about, there are many hidden traps on the ground,” Qin Wentian warned when he saw Bailu Yi wanting to move. Bailu Yi took out another Puppet, as the only safe method to travel in the formation was to use Puppets to test for danger. “Go look for Ghaus,” Qin Wentian spoke to Bailu Yi.

“No way, Yan Tie is exceedingly tough to deal with. He has many Puppets under his control and his methods are sinister and ruthless. It would be hard to handle him alone,” Bailu Yi frantically replied.

“I would only be more distracted with you here. Don’t worry, I’m

beyond his power,” Qin Wentian stated.

Bailu Yi was still unwilling to give up, and she called out in a loud voice, “Grandmaster Ghaus where are you? The two of us will head to your position.”

There was no response, but the sound of her shout attracted a Puppet’s attention. The Puppet swivelled around, locking onto Bailu Yi as it dashed over, slashing with a huge sabre.

Bailu Yi’s silhouette flickered, dodging the attack. At this exact moment, a feeling of impending doom assailed her senses.

“Be careful!” Qin Wentian could sense that Bailu Yi had triggered a trap. Looking downwards, a ball of flame shot up as a black-colored palm strike was blasted at her by the Puppet. Distracted, Bailu Yi could only hastily defend. The impact caused her to groan in misery as her body was flung to the side, colliding into Qin Wentian. Behind her, yet another Puppet was rushing over.

“Yan Tie, no matter how dangerous this place is, I will kill you today,” Qin Wentian silently vowed. He carried Bailu Yi up, causing her body to tremble shyly. This was the first time a male was so close to her. After which, she heard only the shrill keening of the wind. Qin Wentian was actually using his movement techniques to rapidly move around the formation. This was an extremely dangerous action, each step within the formation might be filled with perilous traps, and they would be exceedingly difficult to deal with if one was slightly inattentive.

Qin Wentian was also feeling depressed. Fighting against the Puppets wasn't that difficult, and he could neutralise them with ease. However, the traps they were facing within this formation were extremely insidious. Because of their treacherous nature, he was unable to utilize his full strength, forcing him to split at least 70% of his attention just watching out for any potential dangers.

AGM 255 - Thoughts Of Revenge

With his perception, Qin Wentian managed to avoid many traps. But in addition to having to avoid the traps, he also had to deal with the rain of thunderfire from above, as well as carrying Bailu Yi in his arms. And as a consequence, Qin Wentian was ambushed, and suffered a palm strike from a Puppet. If it weren't for the physique that he gained from the Fiend Transformation Art protecting his internal organs, the blow would have seriously injured him.

“Let me down, I’m fine,” Bailu Yi shyly remarked. After getting down, she stared at Qin Wentian and asked with concern in her voice, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m alright. Guard me while I break the formations.” The Astral Energy in Qin Wentian’s Yuanfu began to rumble as he moved back and forth with terrifying speed. Momentarily, the runic outline of a Divine Inscription took place as a gigantic Roc manifested from it.

Bailu Yi warily regarded their surroundings with a Divine Weapon in her hand. She had already released her Astral Souls, as well.

Qin Wentian had a heavy expression on his face, as he knew that the traps set up here were all extremely powerful. He needed to inscribe a third-ranked Inscription in order to have sufficient power to be able to defend against them.

After which, Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged, closing his eyes. The gigantic Roc defended the falling balls of thunderfire, while Bailu Yi was in charge of repelling the attacking Puppets.

The candle flame within him peacefully burned, Qin Wentian could sense his surroundings with an unprecedented clarity. It seemed as though he could see through this formation in its entirety. The intricacies of the runic outlines left him in awe and wonder as he continued studying them, trying to find a way out.

“Continuous linkage of over hundreds of Inscriptions.” Qin Wentian’s heart pounded with excitement. Indeed, in one of Bailu Yi’s secret manuals which he had read, the distance between a third-ranked Inscriptionist and a fourth-ranked one was like the difference between Yuanfu and Heavenly Dipper. The level of difficulty was astonishingly high. Formations were born because of Divine Inscriptions, and although the power of this formation was suppressed to the peak of the third-ranked, it was after all, still a fourth-ranked formation.

Qin Wentian could sense that within this fourth-ranked formation, a vast majority of third-ranked Inscriptions were linked together, complementing and synergising perfectly, even to the extent of containing a multitude of variations which ultimately resulted in an amount of power greater than the sum of one whole.

“If I wish to break this, I have to negate the entirety of the third-ranked Inscriptions in one sitting. That’s basically impossible, so the only method left to me is first understanding some of the Divine Inscriptions here, negating it before it gets repaired, and then forcing my way out from the flaws I create.” Qin Wentian

mused. He understood that there was no way for the current him to completely break apart a fourth-ranked formation. This must be the reason why Grandmaster Fenrir said, as long as they could exit the formation safely, it was good enough. There was no need to break it completely.

“Among the third-ranked Inscriptions here, there must be some stronger and some weaker ones.” Qin Wentian cautiously searched as he sent out his heart’s sense. His perception could faintly sense several blurry silhouettes within the formation. He marvelled at the speed and fluidity of the Li Clan brothers’ actions. If nothing went wrong, the three of them should be the first team to exit this formation.

Other than those three, Ghaus also appeared in his perception. He was protected by three Puppets and his current position was actually quite close to Bailu Yi’s. If he wished to, he obviously had the capability to aid her. However, he chose to work alone. He couldn’t be bothered with the additional ‘baggage’ that was Bailu Yi. “What an excellent character.” A cold light flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. Ghaus’s reputation was undeserved. He cared too much for his own pride, and wanted to compete directly against the Li Clan’s three brothers and be the first to exit the formation.

Shifting his attention to the silhouette of Yan Tie, Qin Wentian knew that it was impossible to ambush or assault him. Yan Tie was even more cautious; he had several Puppets by his side protecting him, as he searched for a method to exit the formation.

The youth from the Demon Cult, as well as Zuo Yu and his assistants from the Scarlet Thunder Sect also appeared in Qin

Wentian's perception. Abruptly, a look of shock flashed in his eyes as he witnessed a dagger being driven through Zuo Yu's heart. The murderer was none other than the youth from the Demon Cult. After finishing off Zuo Yu, he tossed his body into a ball of thunderfire, then collected Zuo Yu's interspatial ring after his remains had turned to ash.

In the blink of an eye, all from the Scarlet Thunder Sect had fallen.

The youth from the Demon Cult didn't stop, a sinister gleam appeared in his eyes as he searched his surroundings for other prey. As long as he completely killed off another team, the total number of teams participating within this formation would be reduced to three. Hence, with only three teams remaining, his entry into the secret realm would definitely be secured.

"Hmm?" The youth frowned as he glanced about, as though he sensed someone spying on him.

Qin Wentian immediately retracted his heart sense, he understood that amongst the participants, there wasn't a single person with good intentions.

"Wait, there's an opportunity over there." Qin Wentian's perception sensed that the fluctuations of energy waves from a Divine Inscription was weaker compared to the surrounding area. However, he didn't open his eyes yet, as he still needed time to

study the Inscription.

A look of worry appeared on Bailu Yi's face, she could sense the manifested third-ranked Roc was getting increasingly weaker.

“Negate.” At that moment, Qin Wentian's closed eyes snapped open. Standing up, he moved in a certain direction with his fingers stabbing forwards. The runic outlines of the Divine Inscription there shimmered, as sounds of something dispersing rang out.

“Reverse Inscription,” Bailu Yi breathed in shock. In this exchange, she had once thought that she would be among the most brilliant of all third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists participating in the event. Only now did she understand that when compared to the rest of the participants, she was nothing, nothing at all. This realisation caused tremors to shake her normally resolute heart.

Naturally, there were many of the elder generations within the remaining participants. Only that youth from the Demon Cult and Qin Wentian were of the same generation as her. But in terms of potential, she was far outclassed by the both of them.

The spectators outside the formation could only see the formation flag fluttering with the wind. They had no way to see the current situation inside.

At this moment, in a certain direction, cracking sounds filled the air as the space trembled. Abruptly, three silhouettes exited the formation. This team was the first among the participants to have succeeded.

“The Li Clan’s three brothers. These three brothers can read each other’s intentions, resulting in perfect coordination. Indeed, their outstanding teamwork resulted in this final outcome – they were the first to exit from the formation.

The crowd mused in their hearts, as those from the Watermoon Mountain Villa had smiles on their faces. It seemed that they had the greatest probability of obtaining first in this exchange.

“Hehe, that old man Ghaus isn’t out yet?” Old Third stared in the direction of the White Deer Institute with a hint of provocation in his gaze.

“I’m out.” A voice drifted over as the crowd saw the figure of an old man with his Puppets exiting the formation.

“You were slightly slower compared to me and my brothers, but still, you are pretty capable.” Old Third laughed.

“Hmph, you guys have the power of three, while I’ve no capable assistants.” Ghaus snorted in contempt.

At that moment, Yan Tie and the youth from the Demon Cult both exited the formation. However, they were all alone. Their assistants had all died from the traps and Puppets inside the formation.

“Where’s Little Yi, Grandmaster Ghaus, have you seen her?”

Many in the White Deer Institute had expressions of anxiousness written on their faces.

“We were separated when we entered the formation. She followed the other young man, so I’ve no idea where she is,” Ghaus replied, causing those from the White Deer Institute to furrow their brows in worry.

Rumble~~

The space shook again as Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi appeared. Only then did those from the Institute relax. Although he was slightly slower than the others, it seemed that not only did Qin Wentian have powerful perception, he was skilled in the other aspects of Divine Inscriptions as well.

“Okay, everyone has exited.” With a clap of his hands, the formation flag shrunk as it flew back to Fenrir. However, there was a sharp look in his eyes, he was extremely clear on what had happened within the formation.

The three brothers and Ghaus exited the formation with their own power, while the youth and Yan Tie merely made use of the momentary weakness of the formation when it was broken through by the three brothers and Ghaus to exit it. Fenrir glanced at Qin Wentian before his silhouette flickered, as he appeared again on the vantage point. A slight smile adorned his face as he spoke in a faint voice, “Good seedling, indeed.”

“???” The expressions of the crowd looked confused.

Good seedling?

Who was Fenrir referring to?

What about Grandmaster Zuo Yu and the rest that represented the Scarlet Thunder Sect? Did they all already die in the formation?

Those from the Scarlet Thunder Sect all had unsightly expressions on their countenances.

Currently, there were only four teams still in the running.

Watermoon Mountain Villa: Li Clan's three brothers.

White Deer Institute: Ghaus, Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi.

Yan Clan: Yan Tie.

And lastly, that youth from the Demon Cult.

Next, as long as a team was removed, the top three rankers of this exchange would appear.

The crowd turned their gazes onto the vantage point, looking at Yang Fan and Grandmaster Fenrir. Fenrir wasted no time, he

smiled and stated, “The final test, I shall give all of you two hours’ worth of time. Use this time to inscribe the strongest attack-based Divine Inscription you can muster and fight until a loser is determined.”

“Inscribing Inscriptions?” Yan Tie leered sinisterly, looking at Qin Wentian. “Finally the time has come. Do you know how pitiful Leng Ning’s death was?”

An ice-cold intent gushed out from Qin Wentian, his sharp stare resembled swords boring down on Yan Tie. He wanted nothing more than to kill him.

“Do you know how lucky she is to already be dead? If not, I would have properly played with her until my lust was sated, before refining her into a Puppet. After becoming one, I would continue to play her again and again, forever and ever. Only then would it be interesting, no? What a pity.” Yan Tie cackled. “Oh, the Leng Clan also sent a few other maidens to me after that. Do you want to guess what happened to them?”

Qin Wentian’s killing intent was so saturated, that Bailu Yi who was standing behind him couldn’t help but feel her heart clenching. As Qin Wentian stepped forth, Ghaus interrupted, “Step back, this battle is mine.”

Qin Wentian coldly glanced at him, “My Inscription has nothing to do with you. We don’t have to work together.”

“Hmph, you better not affect me then.” Ghaus snorted in

contempt. To him, his only real opponent was the Li Clan's three brothers.

Qin Wentian and Ghaus separated from each other. Since there were only four teams remaining, the training grounds provided by the Star-Seizing Manor was more than large enough.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at the skies above. It was as though he could see Leng Ning smiling at him among the freely drifting clouds.

“Today, I will send those who caused your death to accompany you in hell,” Qin Wentian whispered, not intending to hide his voice. When he lowered his head and stared in the direction of Yan Tie and Yan Kong, the coldness in his eyes was so absolute that those who saw it felt its chill to their very bones, freezing their blood solid.

AGM 256 - Scram If You Can't Do It

When Yan Tie saw the utter lack of fear in Qin Wentian's eyes after locking gazes, his expression couldn't help but falter slightly. Ridiculous, this brat was actually planning to kill him instead of preserving his own life?

With a sinister cackle, Yan Tie began his Inscription.

Not only him, the Li Clan's three brothers, Ghaus, and that youth from the Demon Cult all started as well.

The three brothers were simultaneously occupying three large spaces as they inscribed their respective Inscriptions. However, a sense of unity could be felt emanating forth from it, as though the three separate Divine Inscriptions wanted to be melded together. This caused many of the crowd to be in awe, the three brothers could read the minds and intentions of each other, their final product would definitely possess an earth-shattering might.

For Ghaus, his imposing movements were filled with an air of grandeur, the runic outlines of his Inscription was extraordinary and he had a style befitting a Grandmaster.

What Ghaus was currently inscribing, was definitely a peak-tier third-ranked Divine Inscription.

After all, Grandmaster Fenrir gave them two hours' worth of time, allowing them to unleash their full potential.

The Inscription the youth from the Demon Cult was inscribing, emanated a vast demonic Qi that felt extremely evil. No one dared to look down on him just because he was younger than the rest.

“This time round, they are testing each participant on their true abilities, I wonder whose attack-type Divine Inscription will be the strongest.”

The crowd below the platform were all in fervent discussion, as they spectated the Inscriptions the Grandmasters were currently inscribing.

From their conjectures, the three brothers from the Li Clan had the highest possibility to obtain the first position in the third test.

Ghaus who represented the White Deer Institute, could only settle for the second position.

And as for the third position, many felt that Yan Tie had the highest possibility to be ranked the third. Although the youth from the Demon Cult was powerful, the other three powers were all stronger when compared to him.

One must know that before it was revealed that the Li Clan's three brothers and Ghaus would participate, Yan Tie stood the highest chance to be ranked first in this exchange. Many believed that the Yan Clan would definitely obtain the ten extra slots reward, allowing them to bring additional people into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions.

Currently, those from the Yan Clan were extremely nervous. The Leng Clan who stood beside them, could also feel their hearts clenching. Qin Wentian's performance had surprised them, but this was not the major reason for the current unsightly expressions on their faces. The Leng Clan had paid too great a price for the chance to obtain entry via those extra slots into the secret realm. Naturally, they prayed that Yan Tie would be the one ranked first in the exchange today.

“Leng Jian, how was your discussion with Yan Tie earlier?” The elder of the Leng Clan, Leng Mao, glanced towards Leng Jian.

Leng Jian's expression was extremely unsightly, he walked to the side of Leng Mao before answering in a low voice, “Yan Tie said, if we want a slot, use a young female from the Leng Clan's direct line of descent to exchange for it. One girl, one slot.”

“Impudent.” Leng Mao's expression grew increasingly uglier. “Is the earlier price paid by our Leng Clan still insufficient?”

Leng Jian had nothing to say, he could only lower his head in submission. After a while, he added, “This is all the fault of Qin Wentian and that unfilial child, Leng Ning. If Yan Tie's son hadn't died, how could things have developed to such a stage? Just Leng Ning alone would have been sufficient to gain us entry into the secret realm.”

“Hmph.” Leng Mao coldly snorted. “We will see what happens later and deal with it accordingly.”

Leng Jian nodded his head, turning his attention back onto the platform.

“Qin Wentian.” Leng Jian glared at him. The current Qin Wentian was quietly inscribing his own Inscriptions, but...his Inscriptions seemed off, somehow. There was no sense of beauty in the runic outlines, no sense of completeness. It didn’t even resemble a picture, no one knew what he was inscribing.

“What the f*ck?” Leng Jian sneered. Although Qin Wentian was a third-ranked Divine Inscription, his Inscription ability was too abysmal.

Over in the direction where the members of the White Deer Institute were standing, the large-eyed Elder glanced at Bailu Yan as he asked, “Which of the Inscriptions on the platform do you feel is the most profound?”

Bailu Yan was the Divine Inscriptionist that lost out to Qin Wentian back then in the White Deer Institute. After he glanced at the various Inscriptions the Grandmasters were inscribing, he replied in a low voice, “From my perspective, the Inscriptions created by the three brothers and Grandmaster Ghaus should be the most profound. Their Inscriptions have the strongest resonance with the Qi from Heaven and Earth. As for Yan Tie, his Inscription contains a hint of craftiness and malice, it would be extremely difficult to deal with. And the youth from the Demon Cult, his Inscription contains vast amounts of evil demonic Qi, filled with killing intent. He shouldn’t be belittled as well.”

The large-eyed Elder nodded, “Then among the three brothers and Grandmaster Ghaus, who do you think will be the victor?”

“I’m unable to tell.” Bailu Yan shook his head.

“This time round, if the Watermoon Mountain Valley obtains the first ranking, we would undoubtedly be suppressed by them when we venture into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions.” The large-eyed Elder frowned as he continued, “Hmm, what about Qin Wentian?”

“I don’t understand what he’s doing, there’s no hint of energy fluctuations nor a resonance with Heaven and Earth’s Qi.” Bailu Yan furrowed his brows. By logic, when Qin Wentian sparred with him, Qin Wentian had already achieved the state of inscribing Divine Inscriptions without the support of any medium. Creating an Inscription with every step, his talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was astonishing, monstrous even. But what was he doing now? By right, although the third-ranked Inscriptions he inscribed may not be peak-tier, it wouldn’t be too far off from it, either.

At this moment, Bailu Yan totally had no idea what Qin Wentian was inscribing.

At this moment on the vantage point, the other middle-aged elder bowed to Fenrir as he inquired, “Grandmaster Fenrir, how do you find the aptitudes of this batch of participants?”

When the exchange was concluded, the Star-Seizing Manor

would have to bring the top three Divine Inscriptionists and their people together with them when entering the secret realm. The more powerful the Inscriptionist they brought with them was, the smoother their path in the secret realm would be.

“Not bad at all.” Fenrir smiled as he nodded his head. Not only were the participants not bad, there were even two youths with extremely promising potential.

The middle-aged elder nodded his head, since Grandmaster Fenrir’s evaluation regarding the participants was not bad, it meant that the Divine Inscriptionists this time around were pretty strong indeed.

Time flowed by as the deadline neared. Although there were four teams on the platform, there were currently five Inscriptions being created. This was because Qin Wentian and Ghaus of the White Deer Institute were both inscribing their own separate Inscriptions, unlike the three Inscriptions that could be combined into one, that were being inscribed by the three brothers.

Naturally, Ghaus was the main representative, while Qin Wentian was the support. Although Qin Wentian had powerful perception, from the current look of his Inscription, his ability to inscribe was far lacking compared to that of Ghaus.

The next moment, the crowd could clearly sense the immense energy fluctuation as the runic outlines of the inscribed Divine Inscriptions manifested faint shadows that ‘thickened’ and became more corporeal with each passing moment.

Over in the direction of the three brothers, there was a tyrannical three-headed flood dragon crossing into the realm of reality, as it simultaneously drew upon the energy fed to it by the three Inscriptions separately inscribed by the three brothers.

Ghaus had also chosen to inscribe a beast-type Divine Inscription. Before him, an azure dragon could be seen floating in the air, coiling protectively around him.

For attack-type Divine Inscriptions, beast-type Inscriptions were undoubtedly the most suitable.

Yan Tie's Inscription manifested the huge face of a spectre, giving off a sinister and bone-chilling aura.

As for the youth from the Demon Sect, his Inscription manifested the form of a Purgatory Serpent that glanced at the other Divine Inscriptions with a baleful, murderous look in its eyes.

“How powerful, each and every one of the Inscriptions is at the peak-tier, third-ranked level. Their combat ability is sufficient to suppress cultivators at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.”

The Divine Inscriptionists could easily control and direct the actions of the manifested forms of the Divine Inscriptions to do as they pleased.

Currently, Qin Wentian's Inscription was the only one that

hadn't manifested a form. He stood there tranquilly, as a strange swirl of Qi could be felt gathering into a vortex. But even now, there was no one that could identify the Divine Inscription he was inscribing.

"Time's up," Fenrir's faint voice echoed out.

"Time to get the show started then." Yan Tie cackled, as a sinister light flickered in his eyes.

"GO!" The three brothers stabbed forth with their fingers, their wills commanding the three-headed flood dragon to dash in the direction of Ghaus with explosive speed.

The terrifying form of the three-headed flood dragon blotted out the skies. Ghaus merely snorted coldly in response, as the azure dragon coiled around him flew forwards to meet the attack. Draconic roars shook the earth and trembled the heavens, as the two dragons fought claw with claw, the battle between them causing tremors to shake the entire platform.

"This level of power..." The hearts of the crowd trembled. The Astral Energy within Ghaus's Yuanfu surged and gushed out, as his spiritual consciousness in the form of an astral projection merged into the body of the azure dragon. He was the azure dragon.

"Hmph, spiritual reinforcement?" The three brothers mirrored his actions as their astral projections entered the three heads of the flood dragon respectively, augmenting its power in preparation for the next clash.

Yan Tie and the youth from the Demon Cult weren't in a hurry. Since the Li Clan's three brothers and Ghaus wanted to wipe each other out, they might as well just enjoy the show.

"White Deer Institute." A cold light erupted in Yan Tie's eyes. Taking the opportunity of everyone focusing on the battle between Ghaus and the three brothers, he channelled his Astral Energy and the malevolent huge face of the spectre he summoned then rushed forward.

As the face neared the azure dragon, it abruptly took a huge bite out of it, damaging the runic outlines of the manifested dragon.

Ghaus's expression was extremely unsightly. The Li Clan's three brothers naturally weren't polite and immediately took advantage of the weakened defense of the azure dragon by concentrating their attacks around the area of damage. With a low groan, Ghaus spat out a mouthful of fresh blood as the runic outlines of the azure dragon crumbled into nothingness.

Retreating several steps back to steady himself, he clutched his chest as he shot a look at Fenrir. His Inscription wasn't weak, it was just that he suffered a joint attack from two parties.

"I have my own judgement," Fenrir calmly replied.

Ghaus nodded, despite the fact that he lost because Yan Tie ambushed him, he couldn't help but feel ashamed. Since this had already happened, there was no way he would be the champion of

this exchange any longer.

Not only that, even placing second might be a problem. He was the first to be ousted in the third test, and so Ghaus could only tremble in impotent rage.

“Ghaus, it seems that your capabilities were merely so-so.” Old First of the three brothers sarcastically laughed. Ghaus’s performance hadn’t exceeded them in any of the three tests.

“Hmph.” Ghaus icily snorted. “I’m fighting one against three, there’s nothing for you to be proud of. I can only lament the fact that I have no capable assistants.”

“Grandmaster Ghaus, how can you say such a thing,” Bailu Yi interjected, “During the first test, Qin Wentian reminded you out of the good will in his heart, yet you berated him because you disdained help given by a junior all because of a useless word – pride. During the second test, we proposed to combine forces, yet you wanted the glory of breaking through the formation alone, leading to the Li Clan’s three brothers exiting the formation first. Are you blind? Can’t you see that we would be the first in the second test if all of us had worked together?”

Ghaus frowned heavily when he heard Bailu Yi’s words. Were it not for Bailu Yi’s status within the White Deer Institute, he would already have gone up to give her a tight slap.

“I know that because the White Deer Institute has already lost, that you are feeling unhappiness in your heart. I won’t blame you

for your earlier words, but I, Ghaus, have already done my best,” Ghaus faintly spoke, making it appear that Bailu Yi was hysterical instead of him being the one at fault. He then faintly continued, “For this third test, this brat could have helped me, but he chose to inscribe a separate Divine Inscription on his own. This defeat has nothing to do with me. If you want to assign blame, then blame him.”

“Grandmaster Ghaus, you can rest your heart at ease, the reward we promised you will still be the same regardless of the results,” the large-eyed Elder calmly replied, understanding what Ghaus was hinting at.

Ghaus lightly nodded, but before he departed, he coldly swept a glance at the seemingly nonsensical Divine Inscription inscribed by Qin Wentian. “Useless baggage. Tell me, what use do you have?”

After speaking, Ghaus flicked his sleeves imperiously and walked away.

“The White Deer Institute, hasn’t lost yet,” Qin Wentian casually spoke, causing Ghaus to falter. Turning back, he only saw Qin Wentian’s sharp gaze directed right at him. “Your loss, doesn’t mean that the White Deer Institute has also lost.”

“Since your abilities can’t even meet the mark, get the fuck out of here.”

AGM 257 - Death Of Yan Tie

“Since your abilities can’t even meet the mark, get the fuck out of here.”

As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, an aura of extreme sharpness permeated the area. Ghaus’s eyes were like daggers, flickering with a glint of terrifying light.

How impudent was that? With a status of Grandmaster, Ghaus was used to being granted respect wherever he went, and today, he was actually lectured so harshly by a young pup. Abruptly, an overwhelming pressure gushed out from him, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

The others in the crowd were also stunned by the audacity of Qin Wentian’s remarks. Did Qin Wentian even have the capabilities to utter such words?

“Haha, how interesting. Not only has the White Deer Institute lost, it is now besieged by internal conflict.” Yan Tie grinned, malice written all over his face. He was more than happy for Qin Wentian to make a move. Only then would he have the opportunity to finish him off.

“If you don’t give me an answer for your earlier words, even if you are from the White Deer Institute, I, Ghaus, cannot be blamed for my actions,” Ghaus retorted, his face warped by a mask of fake calmness.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, since you have already been defeated, please retreat. The White Deer Institute still has to continue the battle,” Bailu Yi interjected. She knew Qin Wentian’s abilities very well, he would definitely be able to inscribe peak-tier third-ranked Divine Inscriptions as well. Ghaus’s actions throughout this exchange had left her speechless, Bailu Yi would naturally choose to side with Qin Wentian.

Ghaus’s expression stiffened, and he turned to Bailu Yi. “I’m here by the request of your White Deer Institute. If it were not for me, how could the White Deer Institute have survived until the third test? You would have all been long eliminated. And now, even though I was defeated, I still lost under a joint-attack by the others. WHAT IS YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS ME? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?”

A coldness flashed in Bailu Yi’s eyes.

“Ridiculous, in the first test it was obvious Qin Wentian was the participant that had the strongest perception. With or without you, it wouldn’t make a difference. In the second test, although you could exit the formation with your own power, didn’t Qin Wentian and myself also break through with our own abilities as well? Surviving to the third test? With or without you, it still wouldn’t have made a difference, there was nothing you contributed.”

Bailu Yi didn’t continue on that point. Ghaus’s Inscription for the third round had already disintegrated. Some sentences were louder when left unspoken.

“Since my White Deer Institute did invite Grandmaster Ghaus to enter the exchange on our behalf, naturally we would have shown you respect. However, respect is earned not given, and Qin Wentian is also someone invited by our Institute. Since you have already lost, so be it, but why do your remarks need to be so sarcastic? Even if you’ve lost, Grandmaster Qin still hasn’t. He can still represent our Institute for the third test.”

Bailu Yi added, “You are too obsessed with personal glory, neglecting the meaning of a team. Hence, can I direct your attention to those words spoken by you before? ‘Useless baggage, tell me what use do you have?’”

“Excellent, how excellent...” Ghaus was so angered that his face had reddened from Bailu Yi’s words. He would never have ever imagined that a junior would dare speak in such a way towards him.

“Little Yi, mind your language.” The large-eyed Elder, seeing how Bailu Yi was obviously on Qin Wentian’s side, couldn’t help but speak out. He sighed in his heart. Indeed, when they are of that age, girls will always side with the guy they love. But then again, seeing how long it took for him to speak out, it was obvious that the large-eyed Elder was also unhappy with Ghaus’s actions.

“Grandmaster Ghaus, why don’t you retreat for now?” the large-eyed Elder added.

Ghaus's expression sank, and he coldly swept a glance at Qin Wentian. "After this exchange is concluded, there will be a reckoning between us."

After speaking, he flicked his sleeves and left directly, but the cold intent he radiated could still be clearly felt.

"Interesting." Yan Tie cackled. "Leave this pup to me."

"Fine." The three brothers laughed. Yan Tie wanting to kill Qin Wentian, what did it have to do with them? They might as well just sit back and enjoy the show.

In the direction of the Leng Clan, a cold light flickered in Leng Lin's eyes as she muttered, "Kill him."

She heard the words her father, Leng Jie, had spoken earlier. Yan Tie's condition was, that for every slot the Leng Clan wanted, they had to exchange a female of direct descent. If this was the case, she was in the direct line of fire. All this happened because of Qin Wentian. HE HAD TO DIE.

The members of the Leng Clan all had cold expressions on their faces. Qin Wentian had to die. Since they had chosen Yan Tie, it meant that Qin Wentian was the enemy. There was no point in leaving someone like that alive.

The youth from the Demon Cult stood to the side, watching the happenings intently.

Yan Tie smiled demonically at Qin Wentian. “Relax, I won’t let you die just like that. I will make you beg for mercy tens of thousands of times, before I release you into the sweet obliviousness of death.”

Qin Wentian stared at Yan Tie, his eyes filled with an incredibly, terrifying killing intent.

He had said it before, he would definitely kill Yan Tie today.

If he couldn’t even accomplish this, how could he still face Leng Ning?

Not only Yan Tie, Yan Kong and Leng Jian all had to accompany Leng Ning in death.

That pitiful young woman was forced to her end by her own family. Those that had directly or indirectly forced her to her demise, would all pay the price today.

And the first person to do so, would be Yan Tie.

Yan Tie rose into the air, along with that huge face he had manifested. The cold eyes of the spectre’s face bore down on Qin Wentian, causing him to feel a bone-chilling frigidness.

Qin Wentian stepped forwards as the Astral Energy within his

body rumbled. The crowd only felt the pull of a terrifying vortex dragging everything into it. The roar of that vortex grew louder and louder as the size of the vortex expanded. Heaven and Earth's Qi was frenziedly sucked into it without cease.

In the centre of the tempest, the crowd abruptly felt a hint of razor-sharpness.

Countless sharp swords appeared within the heart of the vortex. The sword intents they emanated combined together to form unending waves of swords, relentlessly gushing forwards.

“What Divine Inscription is that?” The pupils of the crowd narrowed as they fixated their gazes onto the Inscription Qin Wentian had created. The sword intent multiplied and magnified over and over, as though the birth of these swords within the heart of the vortex cost nothing. This resembled a snowball rolling down a mountain, the gathered momentum would only become stronger.

Yan Tie coldly snorted. With a wave of his hand, the ominous-looking huge face wrenched opened its bloody maw as it dashed towards the Inscription Qin Wentian inscribed.

The energy created by the unending waves of swords caused Qin Wentian's body to rise up in the air. His killing intent fused together with the terrifying sword energies, instantly enveloping the space on the entire platform. “DIE!”

In that moment, Qin Wentian pierced forth with his sword

fingers, and instantly, the gushing sword waves swept forwards with the force of a tsunami. The entire space turned silent, only the keening of the swords could be heard.

Yan Tie froze, and his expression became extremely unsightly. Unholy beams of light were shot out of the huge spectre's face, meeting the attack from the sword waves.

“Puchi, puchi...”

The swords extinguished everything, as the millions of sharp swords impaled themselves into the ominous looking face, causing Yan Tie to struggle to control the form manifested by his Inscription.

Qin Wentian gestured, causing the countless sword waves to congregate together, as the entirety of the sword intent present ‘solidified’ into a towering, gigantic sword. The sword light it emitted was so resplendent, it was as though it could illuminate the entire Nine Heavenly Layers.

The moment the sword was formed, the skies changed color. As the sword slashed past, the shockwave it generated created countless fissures, causing an untold amount of cracks in space to appear. With a single slash, the entire ominous-looking huge face disintegrated. However, it didn't stop there, the towering sword continued piercing towards Yan Tie.

Yan Tie's countenance underwent a drastic change, and he immediately summoned a myriad of Puppets, arranging them in

front of him, intending on blocking the gigantic sword.

“Puny,” Qin Wentian icily remarked. His sword fingers stabbed forth for the third time that day as the gigantic sword exploded, creating a beautiful and deadly rain of swords. The sword Qi that the rain of swords emanated was so sharp that Yan Tie’s puppets couldn’t even last an instant, immediately disintegrating into dust.

“I CONCEDE.” Yan Tie howled in a fearful rage, turning and retreating rapidly, running down the platform. However, Qin Wentian merely flicked a finger in his direction. The runic outlines of his Inscription transformed again as the vortex ‘sucked’ in the rain of swords. Concentrating the sword intent to the maximum, he blasted out an overwhelming sword beam that penetrated through space, locking Yan Tie within a sphere of sword light.

“Shuuurm!”

The countenance of everyone spectating the battle turned pale-white, staring at Qin Wentian as though they were truly seeing him for the first time. Standing in the air, Qin Wentian majestically stared down at Yan Tie, the coldness of the unbridled rage seen in his eyes made it clear that there would only be one outcome for Yan Tie today – death.

“I’ve already conceded, you can’t kill me!” Yan Tie shrieked.

“Why not?” Qin Wentian grinned, the smile on his face resembling the smile of the devil.

As the sound of his voice faded, the sphere of sword light imploded.

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“BOOM!”

Yan Tie’s body was blasted into nothingness, only leaving his head behind. His face was contorted into a rictus of fear, causing those who looked at it to feel a chill down their spines.

“I’ve said it before, I will definitely kill you today.”

Yan Tie had died!

That third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist that was originally thought to place first in the exchange had fallen by the hand of Qin Wentian.

Although not many had heard of or was convinced by Qin Wentian’s claim of being a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in the past, they had no choice but to believe their eyes now. The overwhelming power that Qin Wentian destroyed Yan Tie with, still lingered in the air.

The countenances of those from the Yan Clan all underwent a drastic change. Yan Tie had died?

The death of Yan Tie meant that in the exchange this time round, the Yan Clan would definitely not be ranked in the top three positions. They were unqualified to enter the secret realm.

Naturally, they had heard of the grudge between Yan Tie and Qin Wentian, but they had not paid any heed to it. How could a young upstart be victorious over Yan Tie? But the truth of it now was that Qin Wentian truly had the power to kill Yan Tie.

As they glared in Qin Wentian's direction, their eyes were all filled with an immeasurable hatred. Qin Wentian had robbed them of their chances to enter the secret realm, where the true trial took place.

Yan Kong's heart was filled with hatred as well. However, he was also inwardly trembling with fear.

Even his monstrous uncle Yan Tie, had died? How could this be real?

Those from the Leng Clan were speechless, as shock and disbelief painted their faces.

Yan Tie had died, what about the slots he had promised them? Even if they accepted his conditions and exchanged one girl for each slot, it was already too late. All their hopes had vanished into thin air, along with the disintegrated body of Yan Tie.

And not only that, the person who shattered their hopes, was the

one that they had once given up on - Qin Wentian!

There was once a time when they were in a position to befriend Qin Wentian. But to remain in Yan Tie's good graces, they went through with their initial decision to sacrifice Leng Ning. Ultimately, their choice destroyed any remaining chance of gaining Qin Wentian's favour, turning potential friend into foe.

They had personally shattered their hopes with the decision they had made!

AGM 258 - Excellent Seedling

The face of the Leng Clan's disciplinary elder, Leng Mao, turned ashen as he clenched his fist in anger.

They had paid such a huge price, giving in to Yan Tie's outrageous demands, but in the end what had they received? Nothing.

Yan Tie had died.

For the sake of a few 'illusory' slots, they sacrificed Leng Ning, and gone all the way to offend Qin Wentian. Now that Qin Wentian defeated and even killed Yan Tie in a battle using Divine Inscriptions, what did that make them? A bunch of clowns?

"Well done." In that moment, a voice rang out from the direction of the Leng Clan. The person who called out was none other than Leng Ning's father. He felt immense satisfaction when Qin Wentian slaughtered Yan Tie. After his daughter passed away, something inside him broke as well. It had woken him up, and he now knew that he had been a sorry excuse for a father. But everything was already too late for him to make amends. Currently, his heart was only filled with hatred for the members of the Leng Clan.

Leng Mao coldly swept a glance at him, as Leng Jian screamed, "Shut the hell up!"

"You want me to shut up?" Leng Ning's father laughed. "Back

then who was it that gave the approval to force my daughter to her death, ultimately choosing to forsake Qin Wentian to curry favor with Yan Tie? What's the result now? With Yan Tie's death, Qin Wentian is the one who could have granted us the additional slots. WHO WILL PAY FOR THIS BLUNDER?"

Leng Jian stiffened, he could feel the cold stares of the elders being directed at him. What Leng Ning's father said was true, they sacrificed so much, paying an astronomical price yet obtained nothing in return. Who would pay for this blunder?

Leng Mao was an elder, nothing would happen to him. But what about Leng Jian?

At that moment, the eyes of everyone in the crowd were fixed on Qin Wentian, only to see that the coldness radiating from him hadn't dissipated in the slightest. His eyes were turned in the direction of the Yan Clan, staring right into the eyes of Yan Kong.

"You're next." Qin Wentian had his finger stretched out, pointing at Yan Kong. Yan Kong instantly felt as though his entire body was encased in ice. Qin Wentian's words were like a proclamation of his impending death.

Thinking back to the past two incidents whereby Qin Wentian had already left a shadow in his heart, Yan Kong trembled in dread. This gut-wrenching fear, exceeded even the fear which Yan Tie had invoked in him.

At that moment, he felt true terror.

“HE KILLED UNCLE, KILL HIM NOW, SOMEBODY PLEASE KILL HIM!” Yan Kong’s body shook uncontrollably as he stared at his clan members hysterically. Yet, he only saw them stare right back at him, their gazes dripping with unconcern.

“The perpetrator for this matter is you.” An elder glared at him in fury. He had heard that in the beginning, it was because there was conflict between Yan Kong and Qin Wentian, which even resulted in Yan Kong bringing Hades along with him to kill Qin Wentian, ultimately leading to the death of Yan Tie’s son. Going mad with rage, Yan Tie forced Leng Ning to die, which had sown the seeds of revenge, causing the initial problem to escalate to the level it was today.

Initially, all of them were unconcerned. But now that Yan Tie had died, it meant that the Yan Clan was unqualified to even enter the secret realm this time around, thereby missing out on the benefits they might have gained.

All of these troubles were created by Yan Kong!

“From today onwards, Yan Kong is no longer a part of our Yan Clan. His life and death are no longer our concern,” that elder coldly remarked, causing Yan Kong’s heart to pound madly. Had he heard him correctly?

The Yan Clan had expelled him?

But... why?

Without the support of the Yan Clan, he would face certain death.

“Father,” Yan Kong cried out, his eyes reddening. However, the elder who made the announcement merely snorted coldly, as he added, “If you wish to help him, you will be similarly expelled by the clan.”

The countenance of Yan Kong’s father turned pale-white. He understood that whenever the Yan Clan made a decision, they did so after weighing the costs and benefits. Every decision was made with pragmatism driving their considerations.

Now that Yan Tie had already died, there was nothing to be gained by seeking revenge. So what if they killed Qin Wentian now? They would merely offend an additional power - the White Deer Institute. There was no benefit to be made at all.

So what should they do?

Giving up Yan Kong, clearly drawing the boundaries between their clan and him. Only with this would the entire Yan Clan not be affected and dragged down by Qin Wentian’s vengeance. With his intelligence, Qin Wentian should know that the Yan Clan had already taken a step back and wanted to defuse all conflict by sacrificing poor Yan Kong.

“Father,” Yan Kong cried out again upon seeing his father not saying a word.

Back then, they forced the Leng Clan to sacrifice Leng Ning, but karma always strikes back. Was his clan going to sacrifice him now?

“Yan Kong.” At that moment, a voice layered with coldness drifted over. The killing intent of Qin Wentian was so palpable that even the space around him began to appear distorted.

“I gave you so many chances for survival yet you chose to ignore it. Be more intelligent in your next life.” Qin Wentian flicked his finger, Yan Kong only felt a towering sword intent locking on to him. Before he could do anything, the beams of sword light had already penetrated through his body, killing him where he stood.

Yan Kong’s eyes were still wide open in death, filled with reluctance and disbelief at what happened. He was just a few feet away from his clan, yet during the final moments of his life, no one from his family had moved to help him.

“Let’s go.” The elder from the Yan Clan signaled their members as they turned and departed immediately.

The body of Yan Kong’s father involuntarily trembled upon seeing his son’s death. He went over and carried the corpse, as he muttered ominously under his breath, his eyes shooting daggers at Qin Wentian before he departed with those from the Yan Clan.

Qin Wentian understood this perfectly. Even though the Yan Clan hated him, they were unwilling to form an enmity with him.

Although Yan Kong's father wanted nothing more than his death, the Yan Clan would definitely forbid him from making a move that would be detrimental to them.

This was the reward he gained from exhibiting his true talent and abilities.

The Yan Clan's actions caused waves of uncertainty to rock the hearts of the Leng Clan. After the Yan Clan departed, they didn't know what action to take.

Qin Wentian's grudge with the Leng Clan didn't lose out to his hatred for the Yan Clan. They were the ones who had personally forced Leng Ning to her death. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he returned back to his original spot. When he was killing Yan Tie and Yan Kong, both the Li Clan's three brothers and the youth from the Demon Cult merely stood there and spectated. They had personally witnessed Qin Wentian's strength and could clearly sense the overwhelming power Qin Wentian's Inscription contained. Naturally, they were more than content to let Qin Wentian exhaust his power fighting against Yan Tie.

However at this moment both the three brothers and the demonic youth felt a sense of unease in their hearts. Qin Wentian's performance in the third test was exceedingly dominant and in addition to the powerful perception he displayed in the first test, was he already ranked first in Grandmaster Fenrir's heart?

Not only that, for the team that represented the White Deer Institute, they didn't just have Qin Wentian. There was also Ghaus and Bailu Yi. Even the weakest Bailu Yi couldn't be

underestimated.

Even though their team had internal conflicts, it didn't diminish their actual level of power. If Qin Wentian and Ghaus had worked together from the beginning, they would have all been long defeated.

“Powerful indeed, you are much stronger than that old fogey Ghaus. He only knows how to boast.” Old First stared at Qin Wentian, his voice filled with admiration. Such a youthful peak-tier, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was actually so capable and had such monstrous perception.

Ghaus turned ashen when he heard the words, but he already knew that he couldn't match up to Qin Wentian the moment he saw his Inscription in the earlier battle.

He had spoken too much nonsense.

“Elders, I await your guidance.” Qin Wentian calmly walked towards the three brothers. The coldness on his countenance had already faded with the death of Yan Tie and Yan Kong. The next thing he must do was obtain the first ranking for the White Deer Institute.

“Haha, don't call us elders. Addressing us as uncles will do. With our level of attainments, we are not worthy of you calling us elders. Come, let us spar together in a bid to better understand the intricacies of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.” Old First's mood immediately improved when he heard Qin Wentian addressing

them as elders.

But naturally if Qin Wentian hadn't displayed his true talent, the three brothers probably wouldn't be so polite towards him.

Strength was indeed everything.

Qin Wentian lightly nodded as he stepped forth. The terrifying sword Qi once again revolved in its vortex as tens of thousands of sharp swords flew out. The three brothers rose up in the air as the three-headed flood dragon flew forwards with explosive speed, clashing directly with the tens of thousands of sharp swords.

The myriad of swords warred ferociously with the three-headed flood dragon, as terrifying sounds of draconic roars and sword keening filled the void. Qin Wentian continued walking forwards, directing the swords' momentum with his sword fingers with every step he took. With him at the centre, the beams of sword light grew increasingly resplendent, imbued with boundless might. And finally, with a heaven-shattering roar of defiance, one of the flood dragon's heads was penetrated through by Qin Wentian's sword vortex.

"Haha, excellent. We will admit defeat." Old First graciously laughed. With a wave of his hands, Qin Wentian caused the sword Qi to dissipate as he bowed with a smile. "Uncle Li's Divine Inscription is truly powerful, indeed. I merely won by half a shade."

"You are too humble, we were fighting three against one and

there's also the matter of our age and experience. I even dare to say that in merely a few years time, we wouldn't even be qualified if we wanted to take you as our master." Old First shrugged, as he continued, "If you don't mind, you can consider me and my two other brothers as your friends. We will definitely have to depend on you for sparring in the future, aiding us in our comprehensions in Divine Inscriptions."

A smile also broke out on Qin Wentian's face.

After which, the three brothers turned their gaze onto the youth from the Demon Cult. "Brat, you are a youngster too. Do you wish to try out the power of your Divine Inscription against us?"

"Sure." The youth agreed with no hesitation whatsoever. Almost immediately a thick layer of demonic Qi erupted forth from the youth's serpent, as it snarled and dashed towards the now two-headed flood dragon. But despite the flood dragon being in a weakened state, the serpent was still not a match for it. Qin Wentian slayed Yan Tie, before defeating the three brothers, while the three brothers won their battle against the youth from the Demon Cult. It seemed that the rankings had already been determined.

"Truly the mountain roads twist after each new peak. How unexpected." The large-eyed elder laughed. He had originally thought that after Ghaus's defeat, there was already no chance for the White Deer Institute to obtain the first ranking. What a pleasant surprise.

"Excellent seedling." Another elder standing beside the large-

eyed elder spoke. His words abruptly caused both of them to start in shock as they simultaneously directed their gazes at Grandmaster Fenrir.

Grandmaster Fenrir had once said the same thing before.

It appeared as though he had already evaluated Qin Wentian's potential back then.

On the vantage point, Fenrir smiled as he stated. "The exchange has been concluded. White Deer Institute will be ranked first, the Watermoon Mountain Villa ranked second, and the Demon Cult ranked third."

Fenrir's announcement was within the expectations of the crowd. In that moment, many emotions were running high; disappointment, shock and of course, happiness. Bailu Yi herself was exceedingly joyful. The White Deer Institute had obtained the first ranking because of Qin Wentian. How could she be unhappy?

The expression on Ghaus's face couldn't be any uglier. Before this, he had arrogantly told Qin Wentian that there would be a reckoning between them after the conclusion of the exchange. But now, did he even have the guts to stay?

"Haha, Ghaus, the lass was right. In this exchange, what exactly have you contributed? Useless baggage, tell me what use do you have!" Old First of the three brothers laughed uproariously, his words were extremely sarcastic, each one like a sword stabbing Ghaus in the heart. That very same phrase he had condescendingly

remarked to Qin Wentian, hadn't it returned to smack him back in the face?

AGM 259 - Zhan Chen

Ghaus was filled with fury, Old First of the three brothers shouldn't have made such comments. His words caused many in the crowd to turn their gaze onto Ghaus, making him feel close to dying from the embarrassment.

He was the one that called Qin Wentian 'useless baggage', yet that same person had managed to obtain the first ranking in this exchange for the White Deer Institute. This achievement truly had nothing to do with him.

He would never have imagined that at such a young age, Qin Wentian would actually have such a high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. But if Qin Wentian was already so talented, why did the White Deer Institute still invite him, Ghaus? Unless, the White Deer Institute was similarly kept in the dark regarding Qin Wentian's true ability. Ghaus wasn't the only one that felt shock. Many from the Star-Seizing Manor were stealing glances at Qin Wentian.

This young man would surely have the opportunity to be like Grandmaster Fenrir, a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster.

The status of a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist was totally different when compared to the status of a third-ranked. A fourth-ranked Grandmaster could inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions, forming fourth-ranked formations that are even able to deal with Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. The power they wield can be considered equal to or even exceed that of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

This was the reason why the Yan Clan chose to neutralise the enmity by sacrificing Yan Kong. With the White Deer Institute backing Qin Wentian, they did not have sufficient power to kill him. Hence, Qin Wentian would have no obstacle in the way of his growth. Offending a future fourth-ranked Inscriptionist was an incredibly stupid idea.

Qin Wentian's countenance was as calm as ever. Obtaining the first ranking was what he had promised Bailu Yi. Furthermore, it would only do him good to display his talent; it would undoubtedly smooth his path when he unveiled his true identity to the 'hidden' Azure Faction in the future.

"Everyone has worked hard." At that moment, on the vantage point, the elder standing next to Grandmaster Fenrir faintly spoke. "According to the results, as the champion of this exchange, the White Deer Institute are allowed to bring ten additional people excluding the Divine Inscriptionist himself; the Watermoon Mountain Villa can bring eight additional people, while the Demon Cult can bring six."

"Three days from now, gather your people and meet here. After which, we will set out for the place of the trial together with the other transcendent powers of our Moon Continent. Prepare yourselves well," added the sharp-looking middle-aged man, causing the expressions of the crowd to falter slightly.

All of them understood what he was trying to say. Although there were great benefits to be obtained in the place of the trial, the danger was correspondingly greater as well.

In the Eastern City, other than the White Deer Institute, Watermoon Mountain Villa and the Demon Cult, there was still the transcendent power, Star-Seizing Manor. And outside of the Eastern City, the Moon Continent had a total of three other transcendent powers which would also send their men to the place of the trial. When these great powers congregated together, there were the inevitable clashes between them in addition to the dangers faced in the secret realm. One truly had to be extremely cautious in this expedition.

“For the expedition into the secret realm this time, there will definitely be peak Yuanfu Cultivators sent as representatives by those transcendent powers. Maybe even the Moon Continent’s Heaven’s Chosen will also take part.”

Many were speculating in their hearts as they departed the area.

As the crowd dispersed, Grandmaster Fenrir smiled to the elder beside him, “This batch of Divine Inscriptionists participating in today’s exchange can all be considered the cream of the crop. When you guys enter the secret realm this time, it seems that the Star-seizing Manor’s team formation will be at an unprecedented level.”

The middle-aged elder disagreed, “Regretfully, it could only be considered truly flawless if Grandmaster participated on our behalf as well.”

“Hahaha, if I could enter, it would mean that the Heavenly

Dipper Sovereigns of the other powers could enter as well. Trust in the younger generations. If there's nothing else, I will take my farewell first." Grandmaster Fenrir bid his farewell as he too, departed the area.

"Yang Fan, what are your thoughts?" The middle-aged elder spoke to Yang Fan who stood beside him.

"Let's hope they can really be of some use," Yang Fan replied in a low voice.

In his eyes, no matter how powerful a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was, they were still merely trash. To many people, Divine Inscriptionists were extremely revered and had a special status, but to Yang Fan, as a Heaven's Chosen as well as someone from a transcendent power, being a Divine Inscriptionist was just an occupation, so there was nothing special about it.

He wasn't lacking in Divine Weapons and during real combat, the time needed for third-ranked Divine Inscriptionists to inscribe a peak-tier third-ranked Inscription was sufficient for Yang Fan to kill them a few hundred times over.

To him, personal cultivation was still the most important. Strength was everything.

These Divine Inscriptionists were merely tools to be used inside the secret realm, they had no other purpose whatsoever..... Cheers abounded within the White Deer Institute after Qin Wentian and the rest returned. They had obtained the first

ranking which gave them the opportunity to send ten people into the secret realm.

Any additional slots for entering into the place of the trial was extremely important - every additional slot meant an extra pair of helping hands.

At this moment, the majority of members with authority from the White Deer Institute were all gathered in the great hall. Qin Wentian was there as well but Ghaus, had already disappeared.

Ghaus knew very well that he was no longer needed. Rather than returning and suffering the cold stares of his inferiors, he might as well leave directly.

Naturally, those from the White Deer Institute weren't bothered by Ghaus's absence. Qin Wentian exceeded Ghaus in all aspects in terms of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

"Are there any suggestions regarding the participants for entry into the secret realm?" inquired the large-eyed elder.

"Since the first ranking was obtained because of Qin Wentian's help, I think it would be best for him to make the decision," faintly spoke an old man elegantly dressed in white. The large-eyed elder nodded his head, "As it should be."

After which, he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian with smile. "Qin Wentian, because of your highly significant contribution, the

White Deer Institute was able to rank first. I will let you in on a little secret: there have been recent rumours that the secret realm might be the Dao Cultivation Grounds of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. There, the greater the amount of fortune one tries to acquire, the greater the degree of dangers faced. There will be many experts entering the secret realm in three days time, and I suspect even the Heaven's Chosen ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking will participate as well."

"It was with your help that we could obtain the first ranking. Do you have any requests regarding the ten people selected?"

A look of contemplation flashed on Qin Wentian's face. Good fortune correlates to the degree of danger. Anyone too weak to enter may never leave again. Even Chu Mang may not be able to make it out safely.

And if they met with danger within the realm, the first priority of the White Deer Institute would surely be to protect Bailu Yi, followed by him.

"The White Deer Institute can decide, I have no requests," Qin Wentian replied. It was better if Fan Le and Chu Mang didn't enter, as the White Deer Institute might not have sufficient manpower to protect them all.

"Good, since you have no requests, we shall decide the names then. After this, the discussion will be boring, Little Yi, why don't you accompany Qin Wentian for a walk?" The large-eyed elder smiled, causing Bailu Yi to glare fiercely at him in response.

After exiting the great hall, Qin Wentian couldn't help but smile wryly at the fuming expression on Bailu Yi's pure face. "Why are you glaring at me like this?"

"It's all your fault that everyone in the Institute thinks I've got something going on with you, and now it wouldn't help even if I explained the truth to them." Bailu Yi pouted. She naturally understood the thought processes of those within the hall.

However, she and Qin Wentian were merely friends, yet everyone thought that she was infatuated with him. This made her feel extremely depressed.

"Do you want me to clarify things?" Qin Wentian shrugged.

"The more you try to explain, the worst it will be. Hmph, are you trying to break off your relationship with me?" Bailu Yi's answer caused black lines to appear on Qin Wentian's forehead. The hearts of women were truly difficult to comprehend indeed.

Seeing the dumbfounded expression on Qin Wentian's face made Bailu Yi break out into a smile. "Forget it, I was just teasing you. It doesn't matter as long as we both know the truth. Let's go for a walk, do you have any place you wish to go?"

"Let's visit the Hell Arena, the Yuan Meteor Stones that I previously won have all been used up. Let's make some money before we enter the secret realm," Qin Wentian replied with a grin, causing Bailu Yi to roll her eyes.

What did this fellow treat the Hell Arena as? A place that freely gifted Yuan Meteor Stones to him? However, Bailu Yi had no further comments after witnessing his performance. Now that Qin Wentian had already stepped into the third level of Yuanfu, the results were the same as before, opponents of the same realm couldn't match up to him, and he was unrivalled when facing opponents of the same level.

Qin Wentian's winning streak continued on, all the way from 60 consecutive victories to 90 consecutive victories.

The name 'Kirin' was already extremely well known in the Hell Arena. When he was in the second level of Yuanfu, his battle record showed a staggering 60 wins and 0 losses. Now that he broke through to the third level of Yuanfu, he immediately won thirty more battles. Did this mean that if he appeared again, he would then join the exclusive club of those with a battle record of a hundred consecutive wins with no losses?

In the Hell Arena, only exceedingly famous characters could claim such a battle record.

Many wondered if Kirin would be able to set a whole new Arena record!.....In the Pill Emperor Hall, there was a similar discussion on the matter of entry into the secret realm.

The four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent all had control of the entrance. The agreement between them was that when the secret realm opened every year, they would each be able

to send a total of twenty people within.

“Zhan Chen, we would have to trouble you to lead our members for the expedition to the secret realm this time round,” a middle-aged man spoke to a young man.

This young man had a kindly appearance, and was extraordinarily good looking.

He was one of the four Heaven’s Chosen in the Moon Continent, Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall who was also ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Your disciple understands.” Zhan Chen nodded his head. After which, he turned his gaze towards an attractive older woman that stood beside him. Despite her age, this woman was filled with charm and exuded a mature beauty. When she was younger, she would have definitely belonged to the category of women capable of overthrowing empires with their looks.

This woman was none other than the daughter of the Pill Emperor, Luo He. “Martial Aunt, will Junior Sister Qingcheng join the expedition to the secret realm this time round?” Zhan Chen smiled as he inquired.

“Qingcheng’s cultivation is not enough yet, I don’t want her to take the risk. However, Bai Fei wishes to go and gain experience, how about doing a favor for me and take care of her on my behalf.” Luo He laughed.

“Junior Sister, you are too protective of Qingcheng.” That middle-aged man from earlier smiled. “I noticed you have been rejecting all marriage proposals from the other powers, does Junior Sister already have someone in mind for Qingcheng?”

“I have no plans as of yet. However, I do not wish for her to marry into the Hua Clan. It’s a shame that Zhan Chen already has a companion. Otherwise, I would definitely betroth Qingcheng to him,” Luo He replied. Her words made clear her opinion towards the young man before her; evidently she held him in extremely high regard!

AGM 260 - Gathering At The Trial Grounds

In the blink of an eye, three days had already passed.

Within the training grounds of the Star-Seizing Manor, the three major powers that won the exchange had arrived.

The White Deer Institute sent Qin Wentian, Bailu Yi and ten other cultivators. A total of twelve people.

The Watermoon Mountain Villa sent the Li Clan's three brothers and eight other cultivators, making a total of eleven people.

While the Demon Cult sent the young man, minus his two assistants who had perished, as well as six other cultivators, making a total of seven people.

All in all, the total number of people sent by the three major powers could be classified into thirty cultivators and six Divine Inscriptionists. And for the cultivators they sent, all of them were at the peak of the Yuanfu Realm and were extremely adept at combat. After existing for so many years, there was no problem for the White Deer Institute to muster up ten peak-level Yuanfu experts.

Especially Bailu Jing, a ranker from the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He was the one nominated to lead the White Deer Institute team for the expedition this time around.

“Little Brother Qin, if we meet any dangers inside the secret realm, let’s pool our efforts to neutralise it together,” the Li Clan’s three brothers politely suggested, after greeting Qin Wentian.

“I shall listen to the arrangement made by Uncle Li then. After all, I’m still young and inexperienced, so it would be best if all of us could pool our efforts and work together.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. The purpose of Divine Inscriptionists in the secret realm was extremely simple. The Inscriptionists were to take the lead, breaking formations and sniffing out traps. With them leading the way, the path inside the secret realm would be many times smoother.

“Good, everyone's here.” At that moment, a voice drifted over.. The crowd turned and looked in the direction of the voice, only to see Yang Fan in the lead, followed by nineteen other cultivators. The auras they exuded all felt extremely imposing, it was obvious that they were all elites trained by the Star-Seizing Manor.

The stronger they were, the better it would be.

That middle-aged elder from before was also present, and after noting everyone’s arrival, he waved his hands and spoke, “Since everyone is ready, let’s move out.”

“Right.” Everyone rose in the air as they followed after those from the Star-Seizing Manor. The Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was one of the eighteen testing grounds of the Grand Xia Empire. Qin Wentian had already entered two of the eighteen testing grounds - the Spirit Beast Testing Grounds, as well as the Celestial Lake Refinement Grounds.

The entrance to the Spirit Beast Testing Grounds was shared by many transcendent powers, while the Celestial Lake Refinement Grounds was controlled by Fairy Qing Mei.

Because the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was located in the Moon Continent, it was only natural for it to fall under the control of the four transcendent powers living there. They were the ones who decided who was qualified to enter.

The four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent were the Star-Seizing Manor from the eastern region, the Skyember Sect from the southern region, Pill Emperor Hall from the central region and Hua Clan from the northern region. Only the western region had no transcendent powers.

The entrance to the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions was located in the western region, which was a scorchingly hot and lifeless desert.

The sands of the western desert blazed with a golden hue. It was so vast it was impossible to see the end of it with just the naked eye. The wind gusted as the golden sands shifted. No human figures could be seen for a thousand miles, only an aura of desolation.

Several moments passed when suddenly, a wavering black sphere that emanated a sense of destruction appeared from a certain direction. In the blink of an eye, the black dot transformed into a black-colored sandstorm, somehow even causing the skies to turn dark as it absorbed all light, giving people the sense that the

apocalypse had arrived.

The golden sand was pulled into the terrifying sandstorm, drifting about with the force of the wind. Everyone knew that this was the abominable black sandstorm of the western desert. The locals would tell you that it would appear intermittently, wrecking havoc for a period of time before subsiding, until the whole cycle restarted once more. And at that very moment, far away from the sandstorm, another group of silhouettes was making their way towards it, heading into the depths of the desert.

“How unlucky, why are we encountering this dratted sandstorm at this moment,” someone cursed, feeling extremely depressed.

The one in the lead was a young man with a herculean physique. This person unconsciously exuded arrogance, and his whole body gave people the sensation that it was bursting with power. This person, was none other than Zhao Lie, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, hailing from the Skyember Sect and one of the four Heaven’s Chosen. Also, just like his name, his temper was as fiery as an inferno. Among the four Heaven’s Chosen, Zhao Lie was ranked last. However, he was never willing to accept this ranking. At this moment, his eyes burned with an intense fire; he heard that for the expedition this time around, Yang Fan and Zhan Chen were also participating. He truly wanted to see these two other Heaven’s Chosen who shared the same status as himself, and how powerful they had become. Had they already stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm?

“Sadly, Hua Taixu didn’t come today. But, I guess I won’t be too lonely with Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Bai Fei and the rest.” Zhao Lie

grinned, he was filled with excitement for this expedition. Perhaps he'd get a chance to test his strength against them? In the vast Moon Continent, other than the four Heaven's Chosen, there were also other rankers in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Bailu Jing from the White Deer Institute, was precisely one of them. Among the 360 names, there were the young and old, and for the expedition this time around, there would surely be many rankers participating as well. How could Zhao Lie not be filled with anticipation. After passing the sandstorm, Zhao Lie increased his speed and finally arrived at an extremely sprawling ancient city, built in the desert.

Many supreme experts guarded the main entrance that led to the ancient city. Evidently, these people all belonged to the four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent. Their mission was simple, to keep out intruders from entering the Secret Realm of the Divine Inscriptions.

And right in front of the ancient city's main entrance, several silhouettes could be seen making their way over. These people belonged to three different camps. With a single glance, Zhao Lie had already identified who they each belonged to.

"Haha, Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, how have you guys been." Zhao Lie laughed, as soon as they came within hearing range.

Zhan Chen smiled, "Brother Zhao, how about you?"

As for Yang Fan, he remained silent. This was his personality, as he was a man of few words, yet the tinge of arrogance he exuded was similar to that of Zhao Lie. "Knowing that the both of you are

here, how could I not be as well?” Zhao Lie’s voice was extremely loud. And as his gaze shifted to the third camp, it landed on the person in the lead. “Hua Taixu is not coming, but they sent you instead? Is your Hua Clan trying to nurture another Hua Taixu?”

The young man from the Hua Clan inclined his head. His sharp gaze was akin to a sword, boring into Zhao Lie. The name of this person was Hua Feng, with a cultivation base at the peak-level of Yuanfu and he was ranked #60 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. With his talent, he could also be considered as someone distinguished in the Moon Continent.

However, he didn’t shine as much because the radiance of a blazing sun like Hua Taixu was so bright that it overshadowed everything.

With the existence of Hua Taixu, no matter how talented someone in the Hua Clan was, they would all be shunted to the side, only serving as a backdrop to further enhance Hua Taixu’s light. “You still talk as much crap as before,” Hua Feng faintly replied, causing a fiery light to blaze in Zhao Lie’s eyes. “Oh? Well, I’m good at talking crap, but I’m even better in combat. Do you want me to guide you?”

“Anytime,” Hua Feng replied, before shifting his gaze away, no longer interested in Zhao Lie. “Zhao Lie from the Skyember Sect, ranked #28 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking; Hua Feng from the Hua Clan, the second most talented of the Hua Clan’s younger generation after Hua Taixu. He’s ranked #60 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.” Over at the Star-Seizing Manor Camp, Bailu Yi whispered to Qin Wentian. She knew that Qin Wentian wasn’t

from the Moon Continent, hence she took it upon herself to introduce some of the more crucial characters here to him.

These people, were all characters that could summon the wind and rain over here in the Moon Continent. Qin Wentian nodded, he kept his head low as he glanced at these powerful individuals, paying special attention to those from the Pill Emperor Hall and the Hua Clan.

Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall was ranked #11 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. This man had a scholarly appearance, seemingly casual and extremely amicable. Beside him was his companion, an extremely attractive-looking woman.

Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor was more taciturn, a man of few words. The faint pride that seemed carved into his features was like a wall that allowed no one near him.

Zhao Lie's temper was brash and insolent, resembling a fiery inferno. For Hua Feng, there wasn't enough information about him yet. But undoubtedly, these rankers of the Heavenly Fate Ranking all unconsciously emitted a faint aura of pride. Even the even-tempered Bailu Jing did as much. Qin Wentian was like this as well, and this pride - which some may call arrogance - was something that innately belonged to these characters.

Pride and arrogance were born from self-confidence, and not one of these characters were lacking in that aspect.

“Hua Taixu and Hua Xiaoyun didn't show up, and Bai Fei from

the Pill Emperor Palace is present. But, where is Qingcheng?” Qin Wentian felt somewhat disappointed. During the journey, he still had some hopes of running into Mo Qingcheng in this expedition. But sadly, she wasn’t here, only Bai Fei had come instead.

He recognised Bai Fei, but she took no notice of such an insignificant character like him. Once, Bai Fei had told him that he and Mo Qingcheng belonged to different words, and asked him to wake up to reality.

Now that he had arrived in the Moon Continent, he wondered what Bai Fei would think if she saw him now.

“If everyone is here, let’s not delay any longer. We will enter the secret realm’s trial grounds straight away,” spoke the sharp-looking, middle-aged elder beside Yang Fan. The powerful experts from the other three transcendent powers all nodded in agreement. Momentarily, four representatives from the four transcendent power stood in front of the main entrance. In their hands was a strange-looking symbol, each different from the rest. Channeling their Astral Energy within, a resplendent light shot forth from the four symbols into a seal inscribed on the main entrance. In the next instant, thunderous rumbling sounds could be heard as the door to the main entrance opened.

Passing through this door would lead them all to the interior of the ancient city. The destination they sought lay just ahead - the Secret Realm of Divine Inscriptions!

AGM 261 - Altering The Heavens And Transforming The Earth

Everyone's eyes glowed with a bright light as the door to the ancient city opened. Without further ado, they entered as a group.

Over here, many ancient-looking buildings were situated within a vast landscape. Even the atmosphere was tinged with an archaic air. But one thing was certain, the interior of the ancient city belonged to a different space compared the one outside.

In addition, the crowd could clearly feel terrifying surges of energy pressing down on them, the power of a [manifested constellation](#).

(TL note: Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants can manifest constellations.)

Over here, there were skies, and there were also constellations.

Despite it being in the middle of the day, the outlines of countless stars were visible. And in the middle of that inexhaustible starlight, the crowd could also see the faint shadow of an imposing and gigantic statue standing in mid-air, overlooking the ancient city as though it wanted to place the entire land and its inhabitants underneath its feet. "That's a manifested constellation, it seems like the rumors were real." Many people in the crowd mused. The transcendent powers had already heard of this, but the other parties definitely hadn't known of it.

They could see the manifested constellation, and clearly feel its strength. The statue overlooking the ancient city inundated the entire area with a terrifying pressure; it must be a manifestation of a powerful gravity-type constellation.

There were some that tried to resist the pressure by soaring into the air, however they only discovered that it was impossible to fly in this space. At most, they could only levitate a few inches, but if they tried to force their way further up, the pressure here would act upon them, forcing them back down to the ground.

“Manifested constellation,” Bailu Jing murmured before he commented, “Seems like the people who entered here previously triggered something, which caused the birth of the current manifested constellation. Before this, although the transcendent powers knew that this place was extraordinary, they didn’t know the reason behind it. But now, with the existence of that manifested constellation, it appears that this place was truly the Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant back in the past.”

Bailu Yi and Qin Wentian both nodded, no one knew what exactly had happened in this secret realm the last time the transcendent powers entered it. They only knew that even Hua Taixu had been injured.

“Divine Inscriptionists, please lead the way,” commanded a thick-browed elder in that moment. He stood beside Yang Fan, emanating an aura of extreme danger. His eyes were black, like tunnels with endless depths, as though they were capable of drawing people within. The combat prowess of this person was

most definitely extraordinary.

“That old man is named Zhu Sha, also a ranker of the Heavenly Fate Ranking,” Bailu Jing reminded Qin Wentian, patting his shoulders. “Remember to act with caution, and do your best to protect Little Yi.”

“Right,” Qin Wentian replied, locking eyes with Bailu Yi. After which, they walked to the front, along with the Li Clan’s three brothers and the youth from the Demon Cult.

“Little Brother Qin, let’s walk together.” Old First nodded to him, the Star-Seizing Manor camp following behind Qin Wentian and the rest of the Divine Inscriptionists. There were too many traps powered by Divine Inscriptions layered all around the place, and it was traditional for Divine Inscriptionists to clear the path.

Not only that, the experience gained by those who had visited in the past was useless to them now. All the traps and formations that were originally easy enough to break had already been broken by past Divine Inscriptionists, leaving only the traps that were beyond their abilities to handle. These traps and formations had claimed their lives instead, causing any potential knowledge of further traps to be lost with their death..The various camps all proceeded into the depths of the ancient city. So far, they met with no danger, but several places obviously had traces of damaged runic outlines. Evidently, this was caused by the work of earlier Divine Inscriptionists who had entered previously.

“That platform seems to be where the light from the manifested constellation is pointing towards.” Everyone fixed their attention

in that direction. There was a huge platform supported by stone pillars that resembled a training ground and its surroundings were layered with various stone ruins. Additionally, the faint shadow of a statue of an Ascendant seemed to be directly above it.

“There’s fluctuations of Astral Energy over there.” As though they sensed something, everyone began to sprint over to the platform.

“Hey you guys, go up and take a look.” Zhu Sha pointed to the elevated platform, as he imperiously commanded the Divine Inscriptionists.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, the tone of Zhu Sha, had no hint of politeness in it at all, it was as though he was ordering a bunch of slaves forward.

The people from the transcendent powers were basically treating them as tools to be used for the trial grounds.

“Let’s go.” The three brothers led the way. Qin Wentian’s personality was more cautious by nature, he couldn’t help but frown when he sensed the fluctuations from the runic outlines on the platform.

“Uncle Li, wait. There’s something strange up there,” Qin Wentian called out. His perception told him that there was a peculiar source of energy enveloping the platform, but as to where it came from exactly, Qin Wentian couldn’t decipher it.

The three brothers turned and glanced at Qin Wentian as they halted their movements. “What’s wrong? Did you sense something?”

Qin Wentian lightly shook his head, “I have no idea, but I can tell that there’s an extremely terrifying surge of energy flowing about. It’s good to be more cautious.”

“You have no idea?” Zhu Sha unhappily interjected. “Since you can’t sense it, you might as well go and test it out. Won’t we know what we’re facing after that?”

“Senior, this place is filled with many unseen dangers. We should be more careful lest a single mistake leads us to our doom, with no hope of recovery. We can choose to bypass this platform and explore the other areas.” Although Qin Wentian himself felt unhappiness in his heart, he didn’t outwardly show his displeasure.

“If we do things according to what you say, won’t that mean we would have to bypass every hint of danger we meet? If that’s the case, what the hell are you even here for?” Zhu Sha replied in a cold voice, his brows twitching when he saw Qin Wentian challenging his decision.

“If that’s the case, please feel free to go up and explore for yourself.” Qin Wentian made a gesture of invitation, just as impolite as Zhu Sha. They had not begged the Star-Seizing Manor to be here. On the contrary, it was the Star-Seizing Manor who required their services. This attitude of Zhu Sha was too rude and caused much dissatisfaction. “What did you say?” An ice-cold

intent burst forth from Zhu Sha, however a round-faced elder immediately intervened, “Forget it, the words of that little brother does have its merits, so let’s all take a step back. It would only do us good to be cautious here.”

Zhu Sha’s personality was too direct, the round-faced elder was much more diplomatic. He understood that they would still have need for the Divine Inscriptionists. Even if Zhu Sha wanted to make a move against them, he should wait until after they exited the trial grounds.

“Hmph, no matter what, we still need one person to go up.” Zhu Sha coldly snorted.

“Forget it. Old Third, go up and take a look.” Old First decided to mitigate the feelings of unhappiness by giving in to Zhu Sha.

“No,” Qin Wentian decisively rejected. After he obtained heart sense (kinesthesia), his perception was many times more powerful than before. He felt a strong sense of unease from the towering platform. Glancing at the stone benches and the surrounding ruins, he felt as though the platform was a place that was used to offer sacrifices in the past. He had a faint feeling that this place was the backbone for the entirety of Divine Inscriptions in this secret realm, and it was highly probable that there existed many killing formations or traps that protected it. If someone accidentally triggered those traps, the consequences would be dire.

“Uncle Li, don’t go,” Qin Wentian warned him again. They were here at the behest of the Star-Seizing Manor, but they weren’t tools to be used. This was a matter of principle. If they followed

what Zhu Sha said, not one of them would make it out alive.

The Li Clan's three brothers smiled, they understood Qin Wentian's kind intentions but were unwilling to make an enemy out of the Star-Seizing Manor. Suddenly, a member of the Skyember Sect impatiently rushed up to the platform, moving towards the centre.

"There's no issue!" That person remained safe and sound, and almost immediately, Zhu Sha's countenance turned colder.

"Pu!"

All of a sudden, an overwhelming pressure pressed down from the skies, resembling a gigantic foot stomping down on the ground. In front of everyone's eyes, that foolish cultivator from the Skyember Sect turned into a mangled pool of flesh and blood. Not only that, the platform began to shimmer with a weird glow, absorbing the blood from the dead cultivator. When they saw what had happened, the hearts of those hesitating on whether or not they should rush up the platform, began to palpitate rapidly. What a close shave, if it weren't for the young Divine Inscriptionist from the Star-Seizing Manor, their endings would have been the same as that cultivator.

The heartbeats of the Li Clan's three elders quickened as they drew in a deep breath, flashing looks of gratitude to Qin Wentian.

Zhu Sha's countenance sank, but he had nothing to say.

Qin Wentian couldn't be bothered about him. He was frowning, and for some reason, his heart was still pounding rapidly. "Be careful, there's something strange going on," Qin Wentian warned in a low voice. Just as the sound of his voice faded, the ground they were standing on started to tremble.

"Indeed, the platform was a sacrificial altar." Qin Wentian stared at the platform as his heart sank. There was a high possibility that the expedition into the secret realm this time around was different from what Hua Taixu and the rest experienced in the past.

"Wentian, Little Yi, come back here," Bailu Jing called out, he could sense that something was wrong as people from the different camps started to assemble.

"BOOM!" Qin Wentian sank his palms towards the ground as he started to frenziedly inscribe Divine Inscriptions.

As the tremors grew increasingly intense, Qin Wentian's speed became faster and faster. He could sense the energy fluctuations in the runic outlines of a Divine Inscription embedded underneath the ground.

"Brother Jing, help me to slash apart the surrounding grounds," Qin Wentian called out. Bailu Jing immediately acted without delay, slicing with his palms, causing the ground about Qin Wentian to break apart. However, as a rumbling sound echoed, the surrounding earth started to move together, trying to recover.

"Continue breaking them apart, don't let the ground converge

together. I need some time!” Qin Wentian shouted. In the next moment, a raging wind gusted, as a terrifying current of airflow permeated the surroundings. No one had expected such a scenario to occur.

Those from the White Deer Institute stood in a circle surrounding Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi, and began slashing and destroying the surrounding ground. Qin Wentian rapidly slammed his palms downwards and momentarily, the outline of a gigantic [Eight Trigram](#) appeared.

“Sealing Formation.” Bailu Yi saw Qin Wentian inscribing sealing-type inscriptions and immediately understood what he wanted to do. Qin Wentian wanted to set up a sealing formation. Rumbling sounds rang out incessantly, the pressure emanating from the Ascendant statue grew increasingly stronger. The raging wind gusted with an unprecedented ferocity, as the magnitude of the tremors began to ignite explosions all about.

“ARGH...” A miserable shriek rang out, already there were people who had fallen. Qin Wentian’s hand speed increased to its maximum, yet he still tried his best to raise his pace. His attainment wasn’t high enough yet, and he still needed a long period of time before he could completely inscribe a powerful Inscription. “BREAK THE GROUND FASTER!” Bailu Jing roared. His finger glowed with Astral Light as he disappeared into the wind, rapidly moving about while slicing and slashing at the surrounding ground.

“RUMBLE!” Far away, towering mountains appeared from nowhere, rising tall from the ground.

Destruction reigned supreme as the ancient city crumbled apart, replaced by an entirely new landscape. The only thing that remained unchanged was the Ascendant statue high up in the skies.

“Altering the Heavens and transforming the Earth!” The hearts of the survivors all trembled. They knew that this time around, the secret realm’s trial would be a far different experience than what any of their predecessors had previously encountered!

AGM 262 - Extreme Danger With Every Step

Qin Wentian inscribed at a furious speed and finally, the gigantic runic outlines of the Eight Trigram shone with a resplendent light as his Inscription was completed.

This seal of the Eight Trigram enveloped the space where Qin Wentian and those from the White Deer Institute were standing at. It sealed the tremors of the earth and even the waves of destructive energies were weakened. In the surroundings, the raging wind was still gusting as the quakes continued to rock the encompassing earth, breaking it apart before meshing them together. After a period of time, the destructive quakes finally calmed, and only then did the participants have the chance to observe the new landscape.

They were still in their original position, the Ascendant statue was still up in the skies. However, the place they were in was no longer the ancient city but rather, the true Dao Cultivation Grounds of that Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.

“What a fearsome formation.” Qin Wentian’s heart shook slightly. That formation earlier had the power to transform the entire landscape, the ancient city was just a facade. This place was where their objectives lay.

The Dao Cultivation Ground was extremely vast, and far up ahead there was a transparent door. Beyond there, numerous ever-green pine trees and ancient mountains dotted the landscape, giving off a tranquil and elegant aura. However, there was also a great hall situated right in the middle of that scenic place. Within

the great hall, a sculpture sat cross-legged, and an ancient-looking manual could be seen grasped in its hands. “Ascendant!”

Excitement flashed in the eyes of the crowd. This place was the true cultivation ground of that expert. If a single life was the price for making the real cultivation grounds of the Ascendant appear, then his death was absolutely worth it. It was too worth it. The people in the respective camps exchanged looks with each other. Other than excitement, there was also caution and suspicion. In the end, who would be the one to obtain the inheritance of this particular Ascendant? “Bzzzz bzzz!” A wind kicked up as several silhouettes couldn’t contain their greed any longer, and they dashed towards the transparent door. However, just as they took a few steps forward, the entire space seemed to light up from an unknown source.

“Careful, there are traps here!” someone called out, but it was already too late. Those who had run out earlier found their movements instantly locked by currents of runic power, while various traps around them began to activate.

One was caught unaware and was penetrated through by swords, while another encountered several demonic dragons rushing straight at him. That person instantly reacted by unleashing his Astral Souls to enhance his attacks, immediately slamming a palm and exploding the bodies of one. However, it was useless, with his movements locked down, his only fate was to be devoured by the dragons.

In the blink of an eye, not one of those that dashed out earlier were left alive. They had all fallen, despite their cultivation being

at the peak of Yuanfu and being additionally supported by the fearsome power of their Mandates. “Extreme danger with every step!” The hearts of the crowd pounded madly in shock. They personally witnessed the death of their comrades, yet no one dared make a move to save them. Even now, they wouldn’t risk moving a single step from where they stood. All of them were afraid of triggering even more unknown traps.

“This trial is many times more difficult compared to the trials in the past,” spoke an old man from the Pill Emperor Hall. “When I was here previously, although the ancient city had many traps, not every trap was powered by a peak-tier third-ranked Divine Inscription. This place is different, each step is layered with countless traps filled with killing intent. I believed this must be the true Dao Cultivation Grounds of that Ascendant.”

Many people nodded in agreement. The scope of danger in this place was many times higher compared to the past. “There’s danger with every step and we are unable to levitate. Although the inheritance is just before our eyes, it feels as far as the other side of the world. The difficulty to cross over safely is even higher than ascending the heavens.”

“Are there no other solutions?” Zhao Lie from the Skyember Sect asked in a loud voice. Earlier, due to his impatience, he had almost become one of those that had died. He knew that even with his power, it would be exceedingly tough to defend against the destructive traps within the formation. “There are only two options. First, we could use brute strength to barge through, or second, we get the Divine Inscriptionists to test each step, neutralising the traps, and confirming its safety before we cross over. There are no other choices, the difficulty level is at least a

hundred times higher compared to the past.”

That old man from the Pill Emperor Palace replied, causing heavy expressions to appear on everyone’s countenance. If that was the case, who would still dare to choose the first option?

“Esteemed Grandmasters, the time has come to show your usefulness.” At this moment, an elder from the Skyember Sect spoke, his words causing a drastic change in the countenances of the Divine Inscriptionists present. This scenario was one that they wanted to avoid the most. “We will need a period of time to perceive and contemplate the formation,” an Inscriptionist replied.

“Fine.”

The transcendent powers of every camp consulted with their Divine Inscriptionists. While at the Star-Seizing Manor’s camp, Qin Wentian and the rest were still protected by the seal of the Eight Trigram. Earlier when the landscape was changing, their camp had suffered the least. At this moment, Yang Fan shifted his gaze onto Qin Wentian and the rest of the Inscriptionists as he spoke, “The White Deer Institute obtained first place in the exchange. We need to depend on your help now.”

“I’ll do my best,” Qin Wentian replied. Yang Fan nodded as he added, addressing all the Divine Inscriptionists present, “I won’t forget your help. My Star-Seizing Manor will also heavily reward the one who can aid us the most in the trial today.” The Divine Inscriptionists all nodded their heads, yet they understand the matter very clearly in their hearts. Only when they were needed

would people from the transcendent powers speak so politely to them. Qin Wentian closed his eyes as he silently contemplated the entire space. There were several runic outlines of Inscriptions that were extremely profound, hidden in plain sight. One had to ‘sense’ them, the traps weren’t visible to the naked eye. Back then the first test set by Grandmaster Fenrir was none other than practice for this trial, but the amount of Divine Inscriptions Fenrir could hide in his mysterious portrait naturally wouldn’t be able to compare to the amount hidden here.

Qin Wentian involuntarily trembled when he sent out his heart sense. A terrifying picture appeared in his mind.

Each step was filled with peak-tier, third-ranked attack-type Divine Inscriptions. However if it was only that, it wouldn’t pose much of a challenge to the Divine Inscriptionists that came here today. The thing that caused Qin Wentian to have a headache was that each and every Divine Inscription within this formation was connected in a marvellous linkage. If someone were to neutralise a section, the power of the surrounding runic outlines would instantly congregate together, attacking the threat.

The Divine Inscriptions weren’t scattered about as unique standalones but rather, they were part of a complete picture. A slight change would affect everything else, creating a butterfly effect.

If he walked out, he could slowly take his time to neutralise the Divine Inscriptions, but at the moment of neutralization, the other peak-tier third-ranked Inscription traps within the surroundings would instantly activate. How then, could one continue onwards?

The perception of the other Inscriptionists couldn't be compared to Qin Wentian, yet they too could sense the intricacies of the linkage that connected the various Divine Inscriptions together. One of them shook his head, "This formation is unbreakable."

"Unbreakable?" The countenance of many sunk as they heard that. If that was the case, wouldn't that mean they had to take the first option, to barge through with force? Yet the inevitable results were clear to all, the incident of their comrade's death was still fresh in their minds. Zhu Sha turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian as he spoke, "Your perception is the highest, how long do you need to neutralise this?"

"Very difficult, I have no confidence," Qin Wentian replied. Zhu Sha frowned, and ignoring Qin Wentian's reply, he continued, "I will give you seven days of time."

After which, he closed his eyes in silent meditation.

To him, seven days was already an extremely long time. If Qin Wentian was still unable to neutralise the traps, they could only use the first method.

A cold light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes, but he didn't say anything. He continued closing his eyes and quietly contemplated the runic outlines.

Even if it weren't for the sake of the Star-Seizing Manor, if he wanted to advance, he would still have to break the formation...No matter how difficult it was, he had no choice but to neutralise

it. Time flowed by, nobody dared to make any reckless moves. Qin Wentian didn't contemplate the runic outlines of singular Inscriptions but rather, he was trying to see the complete picture, imprinting it into his mind. He knew with utter certainty that there was no way to neutralise this if he chose to study the Inscriptions one by one. In that case, he could only look for clues by studying them as a whole.

Through Qin Wentian's perception, the overall picture became increasingly clearer and more complete.

However, he involuntarily trembled with fear when the completed picture finally surfaced in his mind.

He saw a Divine Condor inclining its proud, majestic head, with animosity filling its eagle-sharp eyes. It was trying to soar in the air but was unable to do so.

Because above it, there was a gigantic statue with its foot pressing it to the ground, suppressing it. The condor desired the freedom of the skies yet was unable to soar through the air. Hence, its hatred transformed into an intense baleful aura, and whoever dared to step on it, must die.

This scenario caused Qin Wentian's heart to palpitate wildly. He opened his eyes, shifting his gaze to the blurry silhouette of the Ascendant statue above.

The Ascendant statue was suppressing the Divine Condor. How should he solve this? Not only was the Divine Condor suppressed,

the cultivators themselves were unable to levitate, so if they wanted to cross to the other side of the transparent door, they had no choice but to step on the condor.

In the blink of an eye, seven days had passed. Yet the Divine Inscriptionists remained motionless, they were still contemplating ways to break the formation. “Grandmasters, are you guys done?” Zhao Lie’s personality was more impatient, he had already been asking this same question repeatedly for the past few days.

“This old man is useless, I’m unable to break it.” An old man from his camp shook his head.

“If that’s the case, does that mean we can only rely on force to barge through?” Zhao Lie asked again.

“Yeah,” the old Divine Inscriptionist muttered.

“Very well, you do it then,” Zhao Lie spoke with a voice filled with ill-intent. His words caused the old man to frown as he replied, “This old man isn’t strong enough, I’m afraid that I wouldn’t be able to succeed.”

“If that’s the case, tell me what’s the use of keeping you alive?”

Terrible flames wreathed about Zhao Lie’s body as he punched out, causing a flame sabre to manifest as its terrifying temperature engulfed the surroundings, splitting the old man into two before turning his corpse into ashes.

This scenario left the other Divine Inscriptionists thunderstruck.

Zhao Lie then turned his gaze onto them as he asked, “How about you guys? Can you break it?”

The countenances of the other Divine Inscriptionists in his camp were extremely ugly to behold. “We... we will try...”

“Great.” Zhao Lie smiled. After which he turned to the other transcendent powers and stated, “Shouldn’t the Divine Inscriptionists the rest of you invited make a move as well?”

Those from the Pill Emperor Palace, Hua Clan and Star-Seizing Manor all turned their gazes onto the respective Divine Inscriptionists of each camp.

Zhu Sha eyed Qin Wentian as he spoke, “The period of seven days has already passed.”

Qin Wentian opened his eyes as he replied, “I still need more time.”

“There’s no more time, I’ve already said that I would only give you seven days of time. If you still can’t neutralise it, we can only choose to use the first method.” Zhu Sha faintly continued, “You’ve already seen how that old Divine Inscriptionist from the Skyember Sect met his end.”

Zhu Sha let his words hang in the air, the meaning behind them clearly understood by all.

AGM 263 - A Painful Lesson

Qin Wentian stared at Zhu Sha, he clearly understood Zhu Sha's meaning. If they had no choice but to choose the first method, the Divine Inscriptionists would be the one forced to make a move first.

And just like what Zhao Lie said, if the Divine Inscriptionists couldn't break the formation, what use did they have?

In the eyes of these transcendent powers, the Divine Inscriptionists were merely tools to be used.

Naturally, the Divine Inscriptionists were also clear on this point, but didn't the same thing hold true for them as well? They were making use of the strength of these transcendent powers to block incoming dangers as they attempted to break the formation.

However, the current scenario was something that these Inscriptionists had never experienced. They couldn't break the formation and not only that, they were trapped where they stood. Once they made an attempt to neutralise the Inscriptions, the result would only be their deaths.

Such an occurrence caused the conflict between both parties to directly erupt outwards. The powerful cultivators of the transcendent powers wanted to force the Inscriptionists to take action. If they couldn't neutralise the formations, there was no use in keeping them alive. Qin Wentian stared at Zhu Sha, and upon seeing his ice-cold expression, he replied, "I have just gained some

insights regarding a way to break the formation. If Senior wants me to neutralise the Inscriptions right now, the only result would be death. However, if Senior can give me some more time, there would still be room for hope.”

Qin Wentian’s voice was unperturbed, with no hints of anger or rage within.

The current him, had long learnt how to mask his emotions, and he wouldn’t easily show what his inner thoughts were.

Zhu Sha frowned and was about to say something as Yang Fan interjected, “Give him some more time then.”

“Very well, I will give you three more days.” Zhu Sha snorted with displeasure, he knew that his attitude would offend Qin Wentian, but he just didn’t care about it.

So what if Qin Wentian was a powerful third-ranked Inscriptionist? Did he even have the time to inscribe Inscriptions during actual combat? Zhu Sha didn’t fear him at all.

A look of comprehension flashed on Zhao Lie’s countenance as he noted what was happening at the Star-Seizing Manor camp. He was considering whether or not they should wait for Qin Wentian?

The people from the Hua Clan and Pill Emperor Hall similarly cast their gazes in the direction of Qin Wentian. From the conversation, they could discern that Qin Wentian should be the

strongest Divine Inscriptionist within the camp of the Star-Seizing Manor.

And among those from the Pill Emperor Palace, Bai Fei also took notice of Qin Wentian. An expression of bewilderment involuntarily appeared on her face. She could faintly feel that Qin Wentian looked somewhat familiar, like she had met him before. The feeling kept prodding her, but she couldn't remember an occasion where she could have acquainted herself with such a powerful third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster.

It had been around half a year's time since she last saw Qin Wentian.

And in the past half year, Qin Wentian's features had lost all traces of its earlier youthfulness. His features were now even more exquisitely sculpted, filled with the charm of masculinity, and added to that his longer black hair as well as the marked change in his aura, it made Bai Fei unable to recognise the current him.

Qin Wentian's transformation was too huge, especially in terms of his demeanor.

In the first place, Bai Fei wasn't even that familiar with Qin Wentian. To her, Qin Wentian was only a genius from a small country, and wasn't qualified to enter her sights. She had never seriously regarded his existence, hence it was only natural that she was unable to recognise him now with a single glance. She only felt that he was faintly familiar.

“Fine, let’s wait three more days,” Zhao Lie muttered. Although he was famed for his impatience, he knew that with their strength, if they chose to forcefully barge through the sea of Inscriptions, the amount of casualties would be disastrous. Even he himself didn’t have absolute confidence he could deal with the power of the traps.

Hence now, he could only choose to wait.

“Do you really have a solution?” Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian, asking in a low voice. Her attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions wasn’t too bad, but she couldn’t make heads or tails out of the current situation.

“Let me ponder over this a little more.” Qin Wentian was staring at the faint shadow of the Ascendant statue in the air.

He had reason to believe since the supreme Ascendant set up this test, there would surely be a way to pass it. This must be something he had set up to ensure that people would be worthy of gaining his inheritance.

However, this ‘test’ was too difficult and the price one would pay if they failed it, was death.

Within these three days, there were many who had already lost patience. And when the third day arrived, Zhu Sha immediately confronted Qin Wentian, “Time is up.”

Qin Wentian slowly opened his eyes, as he stared at Zhu Sha. “I’ve no way to neutralise the Inscriptions, but I can try walking over them. However, my power alone is insufficient, I would require the aid of experts from the Star-Seizing Manor to accompany me in crossing over together.”

A dangerous light flashed in Zhu Sha’s eyes. Qin Wentian was unable to break the formation and he still wanted the experts of the Star-Seizing Manor to make the trip together with him?

Didn’t that mean he wanted the experts from the Star-Seizing Manor to share the risk with him?

“How many do you need?” Zhu Sha asked.

“At least ten people,” Qin Wentian replied.

“You are an Inscriptionist invited by the White Deer Institute. Doesn’t the White Deer Institute have enough people?” Zhu Sha coldly remarked.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, but his countenance instantly returned to normal. However, Zhu Sha had already seen the minute changes in his expression.

“Don’t worry, the experts that White Deer Institute sent this time round are all elites. Furthermore, you are more familiar with them, so their power should be sufficient,” Zhu Sha continued.

Qin Wentian frowned as he spoke, "Bailu Jing, how about it?"

Bailu Jing couldn't help but feel that there was something strange going on when he heard how Qin Wentian addressed him. Previously, Qin Wentian had always been extremely polite, addressing him as Brother Jing.

"I guess we have no choice then," Bailu Jing indifferently replied, yet he had already understood Qin Wentian's intentions.

"Fine, but I cannot guarantee that we will be able to succeed. We will have to depend on luck and destiny, so follow closely and stand only to my left and right. Remember that speed is of the essence, so move as fast as you can towards the door.. And not only must we be swift, every step we take has to be filled with absolute power, pressing as heavily as you can onto the ground," Qin Wentian explained. "There are only two points to note: speed and strength. Using your fastest speed along with the strongest power of suppression you can muster."

The countenances of everyone flickered with uncertainty. To maintain their top speed while ensuring each and every step they took contained immense power? It was easier said than done.

After all, if they wanted to be fast, their steps would have to be light. It was tremendously difficult to accomplish what Qin Wentian had just mentioned.

Bailu Jing nodded his head, he trusted in Qin Wentian. "We will do our best."

“Doing your best is not sufficient, we must definitely succeed. To fail means death.” Qin Wentian’s countenance turned solemn, his words causing Bailu Jing and those from the White Deer Institute to re-assess this mission with greater gravity. Zhu Sha frowned in suspicion, but no matter what, since Qin Wentian was going to be the first to barge through, he would be the first guinea pig.

“Let’s plan our positions. Me and Bailu Yi in the middle, Bailu Jing will stand behind me, while the others will stay to my left and right. This will offset the gap in power from my and Bailu Yi’s lower cultivation base.” Qin Wentian instructed. Bailu Jing nodded his head, and the members of the White Deer Institute swiftly complied.

“Very well, prepare yourselves.” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath. At this moment, Astral pressure gushed forth from the bodies of all twelve of them, as illusory wings appeared on their backs.

“Go!” Qin Wentian stepped out of the area of safety as the rest mirrored his actions. As their steps landed on the ground, the sounds of explosions rumbled as the formation began to activate.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian and the rest swiftly took another step forward, one filled with great power, fiercely stomping onto the ground. The combined power of their stomps temporarily suppressed the activation of the formation, causing the dangerous aura that was exuding out, to diminish.

“He is combining their strength with the gravitational effect of the Ascendant statue to suppress the formation.” A bright glow flashed in the eyes of those Divine Inscriptionists. This fellow was truly bold, he had actually come up with such a method.

Qin Wentian and the others moved with lightning speed, as they mirrored Qin Wentian’s steps, which seemed to have an unusual rhythm to them. And every time the surrounding hidden traps threatened to erupt forth, their steps would slam down onto the ground, causing the power of the traps to instantly dissipate as they were suppressed.

Although they were able to suppress the traps around them, the chain reaction caused by the activation of the formation was already beginning to merge the power from the other traps. The culminating energy was a hair’s trigger away from a massive explosion.

“QUICKLY!” Qin Wentian roared as he rushed forward, a unique cadence to his steps. They continued mirroring his steps and cutting their way forwards with increasing speed, stomping onto the ground with even more force, forcibly suppressing the congregation of the other traps.

In the blink of an eye, under the thunderstruck gazes of the others, Qin Wentian and the rest were about to reach the other side.

Although it was dangerous, it wasn’t impossible. And just when they were exulting, only a few steps short of reaching their goal, the terrifying power of the peak third-ranked Inscriptions

coalesced in the form of an incomparably sharp arrow, as it fired towards them with explosive speed.

“Damn.” The countenances of Qin Wentian and the rest underwent a drastic change. They hadn’t managed to suppress its activation in time.

“You guys go on ahead, leave me.” An old man abruptly broke away from the group, as he caused a gigantic shield of Astral Energy to form, blocking the path of that runic arrow.

Impressively enough, the old man actually managed to block the incoming attack. However, the chain reaction caused waves of energy to explode towards him from all sides, resulting in the manifestation of a horde of demonic beasts, which devoured him from where he stood. This formation, was too terrifying.

“Uncle Zhong!” Bailu Jing’s countenance sank as he roared in agony. Qin Wentian turned and grabbed him along, as they all dashed out of that door, safely crossing over to the other side.

“They succeeded.” The rest remaining behind breathed in wonder.

Qin Wentian’s strategy had worked.

“Let’s go, we’ll do the same as them.” Yang Fan abruptly stood up. Zhu Sha nodded his head, it was undoubtedly the best moment to act. They had to catch up to Qin Wentian, that brat’s ability

with Divine Inscriptions was truly excellent, and they could continue making use of him if there were more traps in front.

Yang Fan and those from the Star-Seizing Manor copied Qin Wentian's strategy, using speed and strength to suppress the activation of the formation.

However they soon discovered that it wasn't as easy as they had imagined. As soon as they had taken a second step, they could feel the whole space rumbling as terrifying waves of energy gushed towards them.

"BREAK THROUGH IT!" A terrifying aura erupted forth from Yang Fang, as he defended against the attack. Soon after, the rest of their team encountered obstacle after obstacle, and despite their efforts, the fearsome traps were unceasingly activated. They had not yet reached the other side, and already seven cultivators had fallen from their original team of twenty.

Those people that had fallen, were all peak-level Yuanfu cultivators.

"That bastard," Zhu Sha growled, his face growing dark with menace.

Only now did he understand that when Qin Wentian requested their cooperation earlier, he had already anticipated his response. Qin Wentian had played him perfectly, resulting in a team made up entirely of those from the White Deer Institute, exactly as he'd planned.

Not only that, their attempt at crossing seemed easier, only one from their group had fallen.

Finally, when Zhu Sha and those from the rest made it across, the Star-Seizing Manor had lost a total of eleven peak-level Yuanfu cultivators. One could say that the price they paid was harsh indeed.

The Li Clan's three brothers opened their eyes, staring at the vanished silhouettes as they calmly stated, "It was truly a foolish choice to offend a Divine Inscriptionist in this trial of Divine Inscriptions."

The three brothers could clearly see that the unusual path Qin Wentian treaded, was the safest and most perfect path.

Their calm voices resounded through the air, rocking the hearts of the remaining transcendent powers. Although Qin Wentian didn't intentionally act against those from the Star-Seizing Manor, although it could be said that their losses had nothing to do with him, the Star-Seizing Manor had paid an extremely painful price for their arrogance.

If they had just politely made their request in the first place, with Qin Wentian leading them across, could their losses be so severe?

AGM 264 - Myriad Variations Within The Formation

The experts from the Watermoon Mountain Villa had never been discourteous or showed ill intent to the Li Clan's three brothers. After all, the brothers all had good relationships with them and had been personally invited to represent them.

Not only that, since the Star-Seizing Manor wanted to be the villain, why would those from the Watermoon Mountain Villa make things difficult for themselves and offend even more people?

“Grandmasters, how should we best proceed?” Someone from the Watermoon Mountain Villa respectfully inquired.

Old First replied, “The path through this formation is like a boat on rocky waters, Little Brother Qin's perception is stronger than ours, that's why the path he treaded earlier was smoother. We will follow his path.”

The attainment of all three brothers of the Li Clan was also extremely high. When Qin Wentian led the way, they all noticed the unique cadence of his movements.

But, because of the Star-Seizing Manor's attitude, no other Divine Inscriptionists saw fit to warn them. They had chosen to keep their mouths shut instead.

So what if those from the Star-Seizing Manor died? What did it

have to do with them?

“Grandmaster Li, shall we proceed then?”

“Let’s go. Everyone from the Demon Cult, let’s work together. With more people we will have more power, and it will be easier to suppress the activation and to defend against any unexpected attacks.” Old First cast his gaze over to the experts from the Demon Cult. They naturally didn’t reject, nodding in agreement. At the same moment, Zhao Lie was also staring at the Inscriptionists that the Skyember Sect invited. “Dear Grandmasters, Zhao Lie apologises for my earlier rudeness, I hope all of you don’t take it to heart. As long as we can safely reach the other side, I, Zhao, will definitely reward you heavily.”

The Divine Inscriptionists didn’t say anything, they knew Zhao Lie only acted like this because he was forced by the circumstances, but even so, how could they say no?

The Zhao Lie back then was extremely tyrannical, casually slaying an old Inscriptionist. If they said no now, their situation would definitely be the same as that old man. Obviously what they wanted to do was to abandon the members of the Skyember Sect, but evidently, it was impossible. With Qin Wentian leading the way, the rest all mirrored his team formation - the Divine Inscriptionists in the middle leading the way, with experts on the left and right of them aiding in defense. In spite of this, even though they managed to barge across, they still suffered heavy casualties, and not one of them could mirror Qin Wentian’s success. There was a total of over two hundred cultivators that came to the secret realm today. However, in just a short period of

time, eighty of them had already fallen. The death rate could be said to be extremely terrifying.

This was potentially the highest amount of fortune one could obtain during a trial, ever since the trial grounds were discovered. And correspondingly, the degree of danger was greater as well. The slightest mistake on their part would result in death, hence the survivors didn't feel joy but instead, bore it with a heavy pressure weighing down upon their hearts.

And after Qin Wentian stepped past that transparent door, he realised that even though the evergreen pine trees, the ancient mountains and that sculpture in the great hall were still visible, they could only be seen but not touched.

Not only that, after stepping past that transparent door, it seemed as though he had been transported into a different space. Those from the White Deer Institute that had accompanied him earlier had all disappeared.

“Did we trigger a formation that was inscribed by a space-type Inscription?” Qin Wentian could still remember that when they stepped past that door, he could vaguely feel the sensation of spatial energy.

He knew of Spatial-type Divine Inscriptions from the secret manuals Bailu Yi passed him. Spatial-type Inscriptions were extremely mysterious, as they touched on the concept of space.

Qin Wentian's heartbeat quickened as he took a look around his

surroundings. He was in the middle of an extremely vast space, there were mountain peaks as well rivers and oceans. Qin Wentian understood that he had just stepped into yet another formation.

Not only him, anyone who went through the transparent door would also definitely enter this formation.

Lifting his head upwards, he could still see the Ascendant statue up in the skies. It was as though the statue would impose its presence no matter where they ventured to inside this realm, emanating the gravitational pressure that prevented them from levitating.

“Although the entrance to the great hall only looks to be a foot away, I wonder how far it is exactly.” Qin Wentian mused, as the thirst of desire filled his heart.

From this formation, it could be seen how powerful that Ascendant was when he was still alive. He was even skilled in setting up spatial formations.

The power from the Spatial-type Divine Inscriptions was absolutely a priceless treasure.

And that Ascendant left behind such a trial, how could he not have a purpose behind it.

There was a very high probability that the Ascendant was doing all this in order to search for an inheritor!

Stepping out, Qin Wentian moved forwards. However, he halted his steps just after reaching a hundred paces. A look of interest could be seen on his face as he contemplated the barrier before him. Moments later, he pierced forwards with his finger imbued with Astral Energy, causing thunderous rumbling sounds to echo out as a destructive beam of sword light tore the barrier apart.

Only then did Qin Wentian continue onwards.

During this journey, Qin Wentian met with countless dangers. There were many traps and barriers that directly barred his path. If he couldn't neutralise them, there was no way to proceed.

This made Qin Wentian understand that if one wanted to pass all the 'tests' here, one must either have an extremely high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, or one must have a cultivation base high enough to force their way through the traps.

But of course, the inheritor the Ascendant was looking for was undoubtedly someone with both qualities.

"The traps are getting increasingly dangerous, the power they contain now is already sufficient to slay peak-level Yuanfu cultivators." Presently, Qin Wentian was sitting on the ground, taking a break while manifestations from the powerful Inscriptions he inscribed clashed directly with the traps. After several moments, both his manifestations as well as the trap were destroyed. Only then did he stand up and continue, all the while involuntarily sighing in his heart.

Despite his high level of attainment, the path ahead was increasingly treacherous. He had to take every step with caution, he didn't dare be even slightly complacent.

Qin Wentian used his expertise in Divine Inscriptions to plough forwards when finally, he saw a silhouette standing not far away from him.

It was a middle-aged man with the Hua Clan emblem pinned on his robes. His eyes were filled with malevolence as he grinned coldly at Qin Wentian.

“Grandmaster Qin, how are you? How about we walk together?”

“Member from the Hua Clan.” Qin Wentian's countenance didn't reflect the slightest change when he noticed the middle-aged man. He merely nodded his head lightly and replied, “Sure.”

“Then, please,” The middle-aged man stated with a laugh, gesturing Qin Wentian to stand in front of him.

Qin Wentian glanced at him before replying, “Senior's strength is many times higher than mine, would Senior please take the lead? I will naturally remind Senior if there are any traps in the surroundings.”

“Grandmaster Qin is too kind. Grandmaster Qin's perception and attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is unrivalled within

third-ranked Inscriptionists, how could this level of traps cause you difficulty? I humbly beseech Grandmaster Qin to take the lead instead.” The middle-aged man had a smile that was not a smile reflected in his eyes, and he spoke with mock politeness, as if hiding a knife behind his back.

“Since that’s the case, Junior will take the lead. But if I meet anything that I require Senior’s help with, I will have to trouble Senior then,” Qin Wentian, just as politely, replied.

“Sure.” The middle-aged man nodded. “Naturally.”

Qin Wentian didn’t continue speaking, but proceeded walking forwards instead. He knew that currently, anyone with the status of a Divine Inscriptionist would be treated as a precious treasure.

Qin Wentian decisively agreed to that middle-aged man’s request because he had no choice. The middle-aged man’s robes were all torn and tattered, indicating that the journey for him up till this point of time had not been smooth sailing at all. Since the middle-aged man met Qin Wentian by luck, how could he still let him go?

In the blink of an eye, over ten days had passed as the two of them travelled together. The distance to reach the evergreen pine trees, ancient mountains and the great hall was still only a foot away, yet they were still walking forward as though there was no end.

“Grandmaster, why haven’t we arrived yet? Are you trying to delay things somehow?” the middle-aged man questioned with

suspicion.

“If Senior doesn’t trust me, feel free to go on ahead on your own,” Qin Wentian casually replied.

“I’m just kidding, please don’t take offense.” The middle-aged man instantly laughed, trying to melt the tension. Over these ten days, although Qin Wentian would occasionally require his power to break through some obstacles, it was still many times easier compared to him travelling alone.

The path ahead was filled with unknown danger, how could he distance himself from such a talented Inscriptionist? There was no doubt that the other cultivators were all stuck within this formation. And although the traps weren’t as numerous compared to the formation earlier, here they were even more cunningly hidden and powerful enough to kill any peak-level Yuanfu cultivator that triggered it.

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At this moment, Bailu Yi felt a strong sense of unease, she had met an expert from the Star-Seizing Manor.

Although Bailu Yi’s attainment couldn’t be compared to Qin Wentian, she was still a powerful Inscriptionist in her own right. Hence, how could that expert spare her? He directly threatened and forced her to accompany him, journeying together.

“Senior, the magnitude of power contained in the traps ahead are beyond our abilities, even if we worked together.” Bailu Yi had an extremely weary look on her face as she spoke to the black-robed old man behind her.

The old man behind her didn't like to talk, and gave off an extremely sinister feeling. He didn't reply with words to Bailu Yi's statement, but rather, he let his gaze roam all over her body, licking his lips, causing Bailu Yi to instantly pale as her countenance turned increasingly unsightly to behold.

Gritting her teeth, she continued walking ahead.

The old man in black kept on staring at her back view lasciviously, as a nefarious fire flickered in his eyes.

However, if Bailu Yi's luck wasn't great, Bai Fei's luck was even worse.

She had come here with Zhan Chen, and because of her master, those from the Pill Emperor Palace were extremely protective of her. Yet she couldn't have imagined that after the first formation, not only would she not come across anyone from the Pill Emperor Palace but rather, would meet an expert from the Skyember Sect instead.

The expert looked to be about 26 to 27 years of age, but in actuality was already over thirty. He didn't bother masking his evil intentions, and immediately forced Bai Fei to lead the way.

But how could someone of Bai Fei's strength level be strong enough to do so? If it weren't for sheer luck, she would long have died via a triggered trap within the formation. And for those times she ended up in danger, the young man would always act to save her. She didn't know what he intended to do with her.

As they proceeded onwards, Bai Fei's robes became more ragged, revealing her beautiful shoulders, as well as patches of jade-like skin. The 'beauty' of this kind of partial nakedness was even more alluring, compared to a female being fully unclothed.

"Miss Bai, how about we find a remote spot and enjoy ourselves? I'm sure you don't want to meet death without knowing the taste of a man, right?" The young man grinned evilly, teasing Bai Fei. But if he really were to force himself on her, Bai Fei would also be helpless to prevent his actions.

Yet it was obvious that this young man didn't want to lose his 'meat shield' so quickly. But Bai Fei knew if this continued on, she would either end up dying by the traps or becoming the plaything of the young man. Both of these endings were far from reassuring, like dark shadows grinding at her heart.

And as for those rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings; Zhan Chen, Zhao Lie, Hua Feng, Bailu Jing, and Zhu Sha, they traversed through the formation at a swift speed. Although they weren't well versed in Inscriptions, their level of power was sufficient enough for them to use brute strength to force their way through. However, despite their impressive speed and strength, there were still a few traps that they barely survived from, leaving them all in similar states of suffering.

Dealing with this formation was turning out to be beyond their expectations!

AGM 265 - Coerced

Qin Wentian and the middle-aged man continued onwards. Although this formation was fraught with danger, there would surely be an exit. At most, he would rather spend his time attempting to neutralise those traps he was confident in. If he faced levels of dangers that were beyond his abilities, Qin Wentian would rather take a detour than deal with it head on.

And just as Qin Wentian took yet another alternate path, a silhouette appeared at the edge of his vision. His heart involuntarily trembled as his body flickered, appearing next to a Puppet.

This... was Bailu Yi's Puppet.

Strangely enough, after that the Puppet blinked at Qin Wentian, it pointed its finger in a certain direction, as though it was trying to tell him something. Qin Wentian's eyes narrowed as he asked, "Are you being coerced by someone?"

That Puppet nodded, causing Qin Wentian's heart to clench. "Bring me there."

"Grandmaster Qin." Just as Qin Wentian was about to leave with the Puppet, the middle-aged man appeared beside him, "Grandmaster Qin, what's happening? It would be better for us to hurry up and break through this formation."

"Senior, my friend just ran into trouble. Let's go together, your

level of power should be sufficient deterrence,” Qin Wentian replied.

The middle-aged man had a bitter smile on his face, did Qin Wentian just treat him like a hired thug?

Those who were still alive at this point, all either had a terrifying level of power or a high level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions. How could it be so easy? And if the offending party was also someone like him, someone from a transcendent power, how could it be worth offending him over Qin Wentian’s friend?

“Grandmaster Qin, it’s best if you stop meddling in other people’s business.” The middle-aged man amicably laughed. Qin Wentian’s brows creased but in the next moment, a raging wind gusted by as he saw the middle-aged man swiftly slam his palm onto the Puppet, causing explosive sounds to ring out. The Puppet immediately shattered into pieces, laying strewn about all over the ground.

Qin Wentian’s countenance instantly sank, regarding the middle-aged man with a noticeably sharpened gaze. “Don’t worry, I’m doing this so you can be more at ease and concentrate on finding the way out.”

This, the destruction of Bailu Yi’s Puppet, was an unmistakable threat.

After a moment of silence, Qin Wentian turned and continued walking ahead. An unknown emotion flashed in the middle-aged

man's eyes as he silently followed behind Qin Wentian. But this time round, he maintained a certain distance apart.

Evidently, he could still remember the painful lesson that was dealt to those at the Star-Seizing Manor, and so he definitely wouldn't give Qin Wentian any chances to borrow the power of the Divine Inscriptions to make a move against him.

The middle-aged man became increasingly wary. Not only did he follow a safe distance away from Qin Wentian, when his help was required to 'break' the traps, he would directly refuse. He was afraid that Qin Wentian might be luring him into a trap of his own.

And in that moment, Qin Wentian abruptly stopped as he stared ahead. "Grand Formation, I need your help."

Before them were mountains to his left and right. The path right in the middle appeared to be free of obstruction, yet Qin Wentian could clearly sense the aura of a formation within it.

The middle-aged man frowned, he didn't sense anything out of the ordinary. But still, he decided to test out Qin Wentian's words.

Abruptly, he sent out a palm strike, aiming at the space in front of Qin Wentian. And at the instant his attack landed, the space shimmered. An overwhelming surge of destructive energy crackled as it dissipated. The middle-aged man smiled, "Grandmaster Qin's perception is truly beyond words. If there are other traps, please neutralise them as soon as possible. I believe that the exit is near."

Anticipation flashed in his eyes, he knew what he said was right, the exit shouldn't be far away.

“Senior, this formation is too powerful. If Senior doesn't act, it would be truly difficult to neutralise this formation.” Qin Wentian frowned.

“I believe in Grandmaster Qin's abilities.” The middle-aged man smiled before he stood there with his arms crossed, appearing extremely at ease.

“If that's the case, delays will be inevitable.” Qin Wentian paused as he started to inscribe a Divine Inscription, creating runic outlines that emitted a faint amount of energy. The middle-aged man stared intently at Qin Wentian's actions and then suddenly, his body flickered and he appeared right beside Qin Wentian, his palms circulating with a terrifying, fiery-red energy. The high temperature caused the surrounding atmosphere to distort, as a fearsome pressure pressed down on Qin Wentian. Without words, the middle-aged man was saying he would kill Qin Wentian if he made the wrong move. Qin Wentian remained silent, focusing on completing his Inscription.

And after a period of time, he moved forward and started to direct the manifestation of his Inscription to attack the formation ahead. With every step he took, the middle-aged man followed closely beside him; he could kill Qin Wentian at any second.

“Does Senior really need to be so cautious?” Qin Wentian laughed.

However, the moment he turned his head, his eyes became fixated with something behind the middle-aged man's back.

“Who are you?” Qin Wentian asked in a cold voice. The middle-aged man's expressions changed, yet he remained in the same position.

He smiled coldly as he replied, “Grandmaster Qin, these puny tricks won't work on me.” However, he saw only that Qin Wentian's countenance shifted drastically, and abruptly, a terrifyingly sharp aura erupted forth behind the middle-aged man, causing him to freeze in shock.

As he turned back to face the incoming threat, he simultaneously formed his left hand into the shape of a claw and extended it towards Qin Wentian. Even if there really was an enemy behind him, he still had to restrain Qin Wentian's movements.

But just as the middle-aged man turned his head, Qin Wentian had already stomped on the ground, sinking into the earth. Sword-type Divine Energy rumbled into his Yuanfu as he sent out several sharp swords created from Astral Light flying towards the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man knew that he was tricked the instant he turned his head. Just as he suspected, there was no one behind him, yet at the same time, he could feel waves of terrifying sword intent explosively rushing towards him.

Using his fiery palm to frantically defend against the waves of sharp swords, the middle-aged man suddenly stumbled. The Divine Inscription carved by Qin Wentian earlier glowed with a radiant light, as cracks appeared on the earth where the middle-aged man was standing on. Making use of this opportunity, the swords immediately slashed forwards, aiming for his legs. The middle-aged man's reaction was insanely quick, he quickly stomped on the ground, jumping upwards and dodging the sword slashes. However, he had forgotten about that gravitational pressure exerted by the Ascendant statue in the air. An overwhelming pressure bore down on him, forcing him to land on the already cracked ground from before.

He lost his balance upon hitting the ground, and this time around the middle-aged man couldn't react in time as Qin Wentian suddenly appeared in front of him, blasting forth with his Falling Mountain Palms. The collision's impact pushed the middle-aged man towards the traps within the formation that Qin Wentian had yet to break.

"SAVE ME!" The middle-aged man shrieked in terror, but Qin Wentian merely retreated a few steps back as he watched his opponent getting incinerated by the triggered traps.

He took a huge risk in order to kill his captor but if he hadn't taken the risk at all, he would've been unable to overcome his opponent. He'd had no other choice.

Only after his captor's body had completely burned into ashes did Qin Wentian turn back to rush towards the place he had found Bailu Yi's Puppet, his eyes filled with ice-cold intent. Even though

Bailu Yi could sense her Puppet's destruction, she would definitely understand that Qin Wentian would wait for her there.

In that time, Qin Wentian sat there as he prepared a formation to await the arrival of Bailu Yi.

But Qin Wentian was stunned to see Bai Fei arrive first instead of Bailu Yi. Not only that, she was in an extremely sorry state. Trailing behind her was a sinister young man who was also in a similar state albeit somewhat better, indicating that their journey here hadn't been easy at all.

“It's him.”

Bai Fei's eyes lit up the moment she saw Qin Wentian.

The sinister young man behind her also had an expression of interest on his face when he saw Qin Wentian.

“Move quickly.” The young man prodded Bai Fei on, and a few breaths of time later, they both reached Qin Wentian.

“Grandmaster, what are you waiting here for?” The young man smiled politely at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian glanced at Bai Fei. Her robes had even more visible patches, and other than her beautiful shoulders, even the outline of her ample snow-white mounds were clearly visible, no doubt causing evil desires to bloom in the minds of males who looked at

her. Her countenance was extremely haggard, and she looked to be under great pressure. Evidently, she was being forcibly coerced by the young man.

Bai Fei mistook the look in Qin Wentian's eyes. She gritted her teeth, her countenance growing even more unsightly.

“Hehe, if she is to Grandmaster's liking, I can gift her to you. She's a beauty from the Pill Emperor Hall and is still untainted yet.” The smile on the sinister young man's face grew even more amicable.

However, Qin Wentian merely shot a glance at him as he replied, “I still have something on, don't bother me and go on ahead first.”

The young man was still smiling, it wasn't such an easy thing for him to meet Qin Wentian, the most talented Divine Inscriptionist from the Star-Seizing Manor Camp. How could he easily let him go?

“Grandmaster, why don't we form an alliance? Come with me, I definitely won't mistreat you,” the young man continued.

Bai Fei interjected, “Grandmaster... Have we met before?”

The sensation of familiarity grew increasingly stronger. She was sure she had met Qin Wentian before, but she just couldn't remember where.

Qin Wentian indifferently glanced at her, but didn't bother to reply her. And at this moment, sounds of footsteps could be heard from afar. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze over as his eyes narrowed. The newcomers were none other than Bailu Yi and the old man clad in black from the Star-Seizing Manor.

As the black-robed old man saw Qin Wentian, a brilliant light flickered in his eyes. It was actually him!

As a member of the Star-Seizing Manor, he had personally witnessed Qin Wentian's performance during the exchange. Also, when he remembered the incident from the previous formation, in that the Star-Seizing Manor was 'harmed' by Qin Wentian, an evil fire could be seen flickering in his eyes.

"Grandmaster Qin, what a good plan, causing my Star-Seizing Manor to lose such a large number of powerful peak-level Yuanfu cultivators." A malicious smile appeared on the face of the old man as he spoke, yet Qin Wentian stared right at him, with an ice-cold light in his eyes that held an unspoken resoluteness. Not only did Qin Wentian hold no fear of him, perhaps he was even planning to kill the old man here.

The expression on the old man's face didn't falter. He walked behind Bailu Yi, aware that Qin Wentian's killing intent was most likely because he was holding Bailu Yi hostage.

"Grandmaster Qin?" A look of contemplation dawned on Bai Fei's face. She was trying to remember which of the Divine Inscriptionists she was acquainted with, with the surname of Qin.

“Are you alright?” Qin Wentian asked Bailu Yi.

“How well can I be after being forcibly coerced for so many days.” Bailu Yi glared at Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian breathed easier. Seeing how Bailu Yi was still able to joke around with him, he garnered that in these few days, she and her captor hadn't been in too perilous a situation.

“Release her and we will call this matter quits.” Qin Wentian stared at the old man as he coldly remarked.

“Hehe, Qin Wentian, aren't you overestimating yourself?” the old man shot back with amusement.

“Qin Wentian?”

Bai Fei's mind rumbled as an image rose unbidden from her memory, superimposing onto the young Inscriptionist in front of her. Staggering backwards, her eyes widened in shock.

There was no mistake, it was him. She had finally recognised him! This monstrous Divine Inscriptionist was actually that young man from that small country!

AGM 266 - Berate

The change was too great, in a mere six months, Qin Wentian's transformation had left Bai Fei almost unable to recognize him.

Although it could be said that she didn't really have much of an impression of Qin Wentian back then in Chu, they had still met a few times before and had even exchanged words. The memories of Stellar Martial Cultivators were all exceedingly good, and not recognising Qin Wentian could be an indicator of how much he had changed.

She could still vaguely remember Qin Wentian as an impulsive youth, with hints of immaturity in his aura, as well as that 'pride' of a genius from a small country. Back then she held Qin Wentian in total derision, and had once told Qin Wentian to wake up from his fantasy, to stop dreaming of being together with Mo Qingcheng. Bai Fei would never have expected that today, she would meet Qin Wentian again under such circumstances.

The youth back then had completely rid himself of all childishness, his features now had an intense look, extraordinarily sculpted. His eyes reflected a calm confidence, but now, also flickered with cold intent, causing fear to those he looked at.

This was a marked difference compared to the faint arrogance he had unconsciously exuded before. And what confounded her the most was that his once 'lowly' character was now a peak-tier, third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist today, able to seamlessly kill off over tens of peak-level Yuanfu cultivators.

Such a huge contrast caused Bai Fei to temporarily be unable to reconcile the differences. That youth, had actually come to the Moon Continent.

Could it be that he didn't understand that regardless of how talented he was in Chu, the Grand Xia Empire was like a sky-high mountain that was unscalable to him.

"It's actually you." Bai Fei stared at Qin Wentian. "Are you intentionally pretending not to know me?"

Qin Wentian merely glanced at Bai Fei as he shot back, "Am I very familiar with you?"

Bai Fei's countenance froze, her faintly covered snow-white peaks trembled as she drew in a shivering breath, the sight of it causing the blood of males to surge with arousal. "Mhm?" The sinister young man felt extremely interested as he calmly noted what was happening.

Bai Fei and Qin Wentian were acquainted with each other, but it seemed as though Qin Wentian was holding a grudge against her.

Other than that, Bailu Yi who was a captive of the Star-Seizing Manor elder, was the person Qin Wentian wanted to save.

A cold light flashed in that black-robed elder's eyes as he shook his head, angered by Qin Wentian's impudence.

“I think, you are still unaware of the current situation.” The old man snorted as he brandished a palm towards Qin Wentian, a fearsome energy emanated from it as though his palm strike was capable of sinking even the stars and moon.

“Hey hey, don’t break the peace.” The young man took a step forth as he too sent out his palm, blocking the attack of the old man, the impact causing the sound of rupturing air to ring out.

“What do you mean?” The black-robed elder coldly stared at the sinister-looking young man. “We all just want to exit the formation safely, why is there a need to fight against each other?” The young man laughed. “Brother Qin, this place is fraught with danger, so if you can help us leave this place, I can guarantee that he will release his captive. I would also gift this beauty to brother Qin to deal with. Isn’t that perfect? Moreover, this friend from the Star-Seizing Manor has a bad temper, why act to ignite it? Wouldn’t it be a win-win situation if we all cooperated instead?”

Bai Fei’s countenance stiffened, she was to be gifted to Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian naturally understood the faint, underlying threat behind the sinister young man’s words. He replied, “Sorry, I have no way to trust any of you.”

“Hmph.” The black-robed elder coldly snorted as he placed his hands threateningly on Bailu Yi’s shoulders. “Do you think you have a choice?”

“Brother Qin, please reconsider. Miss Bailu is as pure as jade, and has the beauty of that which could cause the moon to hide and shame the flowers.” The sinister young man laughed evilly. After hearing his words, the black-robed elder grinned as he started caressing Bailu Yi’s back, causing her to turn pale-white.

“If you dare try anything again, you can stay here forever,” Qin Wentian replied. He then continued, “The traps ahead are many times stronger compared to before, I can assure you that even with your strength, you would be unable to force your way through it. I personally witnessed an expert from the Hua Clan making that attempt, but all that’s left of him now are ashes. That was why I stayed here to further contemplate the formation. Of course if you wish to seek death, I won’t stop you.”

The old man’s palm froze in mid-action, not daring to make another move. “Does that mean that you agree to cooperate?”

“Release her first,” Qin Wentian coldly replied.

“Hehe, don’t worry, I will personally take care of her safety. Just lead the way.” How could the black-robed elder release the bargaining chip that was Bailu Yi?

Qin Wentian frowned, “I don’t trust you to take care of anything female.”

“Haha, seems like you have feelings for this girl.” The black-robed elder laughed, as he narrowed his eyes. “But since I know this, all the more reason for me not to release her.”

Qin Wentian's countenance became colder, "Since that's the case, you can kill me right now and test your luck against the traps."

Qin Wentian's eyes were steel-like, filled with an unbendable determination. The old man frowned, how unexpected that Qin Wentian would act in such a crazy manner, he was too much of a slave to his emotions.

"Brother Qin, don't talk like this, death won't solve anything. Bailu Yi is such a beautiful woman, it would truly be a waste if she were ravaged by that black-robed man. How could you die in peace, then?" The young man continued smiling evilly. Neither party was willing to back down.

Indeed, Qin Wentian's countenance grew increasingly ugly to behold. After a moment of silence, he continued, "Take me in her stead. You guys can walk behind the two of us, we will be your 'meat shields'."

The black-robed elder's eyes flashed, as he exchanged glances with the evil young man. Soon after, the two of them laughed out loud. If that was the case, they would accept the conditions.

"Come stand before us then." The black-robed elder grinned.

Qin Wentian didn't hesitate, immediately walking over. Only when he stood right in front of the black-robed elder did he release his hold on Bailu Yi.

Qin Wentian placed both hands on her shoulders as he stated, "I'll protect you." Bailu Yi froze, shyness could be seen on her innocent face. She hadn't thought that Qin Wentian would perform such an intimate action.

However an instant later, she could see an extremely terrifying light flickering in Qin Wentian's eyes as he used his strength and pushed her far away.

"HOW DO YOU WANT TO DIE?" All of a sudden, Qin Wentian stomped onto the ground, activating the Inscriptions he had inscribed while waiting for Bailu Yi's arrival earlier. The ground cracked beneath the black-robed elder's feet, as a suction force pulled him downwards. Simultaneously, Qin Wentian borrowed the gravitational force from that Ascendant statue, using it to power his own Inscriptions.

A blood-curdling scream echoed in the air, the black-robed elder's legs were rended to pieces by a sword-type Inscription hidden underneath the earth.

Bai Fei stood there, stunned. Suddenly, without warning, she felt someone slamming her with a palm, pushing her out of the formation.

Bai Fei was unceremoniously blasted onto the ground as she involuntarily cursed, "Bastard." Yet her heart couldn't help but secretly sigh in relief as she witnessed how powerful Qin Wentian's trap was.

That fellow had long completed his preparations, creating a multi-layered formation here.

"MERCY!" the old man screamed, but how could Qin Wentian show mercy to him? Being merciful to one's enemies equated to being cruel towards oneself. In fact, not only did he ignore the old man's plea, he even increased the tempo of the sword slashes, eventually mincing the old man's body into little bits.

As for that sinister young man, the moment Qin Wentian stomped his feet to activate the formation, he had also been caught inside the trap. This was a multi-layered formation; there were trapping Inscriptions as well as killing Inscriptions embedded within. Qin Wentian had been waiting for Bailu Yi's arrival, he didn't expect Bai Fei and her captor would be here as well.

A golden radiance shrouded the young man within, blocking him from the trap's attacks. At the same time, he repeatedly tried dashing outwards, only to feel as though he was in a maze, he couldn't get out.

Eventually, the young man halted his movements, not daring to move randomly about. He wasn't familiar with Divine Inscriptions and formations, and knew that it would be extremely tough for him to escape. However, he also knew that as long as he was cautious, he wouldn't be easily killed by the formation. Hence, he decided to pause his movements, he didn't want to suffer the same fate as that black-robed elder.

The terrifying keen of swords wailed, yet the sinister young man manifested a pure gold body of a sculpture in front of him, deflecting the sword slashes.

“Brother Qin, your formation won’t be able to kill me. Let me out and from now onwards, both of us will have nothing to do with each other,” the young man called out.

Qin Wentian’s countenance remained cold. He knew that if this man didn’t die, there would surely be repercussions.

However, Qin Wentian also understood that it was one thing to use third-level Inscriptions to slay an unsuspecting peak-level Yuanfu expert and a different ball game altogether if he wanted to do the same with someone that was on his guard.

Receiving silence as an answer, the sinister young man’s expression grew cold as killing intent flickered in his eyes. A golden lance then appeared in his hands, a menacing aura of destruction emanating from it.

“Careful,” Qin Wentian warned. Abruptly, a beam of golden light directly penetrated through the formation, causing a small rupture in the Inscription, as it rushed towards Qin Wentian and his group.

“Run.” Qin Wentian grabbed Bailu Yi before dashing away. The young man had an extremely powerful Divine Weapon, it would only be a matter of time before he broke through Qin Wentian’s formation.

Qin Wentian's actions were exceedingly decisive, choosing immediately to leave, pulling Bailu Yi along. Bai Fei's countenance stiffened before she too, followed after Qin Wentian. She was too weak in here, her only hope of survival lay with Qin Wentian.

"Scram." Qin Wentian abruptly turned his head back, coldly staring at Bai Fei.

Bai Fei stuttered, "You..."

"I, Qin, am merely a poor and uncouth fellow who isn't worthy enough to interact with Miss Bai Fei," Qin Wentian stated detachedly, his words causing Bai Fei to pale. Back then she had regarded Qin Wentian with utter contempt but today, the circumstances were reversed. Now she was the one 'begging' to follow Qin Wentian.

"Even now, you... you... are still unworthy to be together with Qingcheng!" How could Bai Fei stand for such an attitude. She spat coldly at Qin Wentian, "As for you two, you look truly compatible with each other."

"Worthy or not, that is not something for you to decide. I saved you today for one reason, and one reason only—that you are in the same sect as Qingcheng. As for me and Bailu Yi, only friendship exists between us. Tell this to Qingcheng for me. I, Qin Wentian, will definitely pay a visit to the Pill Emperor Hall one day to take her back."

And with that vow, Qin Wentian immediately turned and walked

away, leaving the dumbstruck Bai Fei rooted to the spot!

AGM 267 - Zhan Chen's True Face

After they left the area, Bailu Yi stared intently at Qin Wentian.

The coldness he had radiated had already dissipated, and as he noticed Bailu Yi staring at him, he cheekily commented, "You like looking at me that much?"

"Cocky." Bailu Yi glared at him, shifting her eyes away. However, she couldn't help herself. A moment later, her gaze shifted back as she asked in a light voice, "Is Mo Qingcheng really your girlfriend?"

She had clearly heard the conversation between Qin Wentian and Bai Fei earlier. Bai Fei was from the Pill Emperor Hall and Qin Wentian personally stated that he would make a trip over there in the future to take Mo Qingcheng away. If that was the case, it meant that everything Qin Wentian had said before, was real.

Back then when Qin Wentian mentioned Mo Qingcheng to her, she had thought that he was joking.

"Mhm." Qin Wentian shrugged.

Bailu Yi's beautiful eyes lighted up, "Can you tell me more, I'm really curious about the story between you two."

"Even beautiful women love gossip?" Qin Wentian laughed. "Mo Qingcheng and I came from a small country named Chu. That

place, was under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace. My clan had some conflict with the Royal Clan and by a twist of fate, Qingcheng saved me when she discovered me unconscious in a forest. However in the beginning, I didn't know that she was the one who had saved me, she only told me about this after we were acquainted for a period of time.”

Qin Wentian began telling the events of his past while Bailu Yi listened closely, entranced by their story.

“You crippled Hua Xiaoyun's arms?” At the end, Bailu Yi exclaimed in shock.

“Yes. Luckily, the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He, was also present at the time. If not for that, there was no way the Hua Clan would have spared me that easily.” Qin Wentian nodded.

“If that's the case, does that mean your purpose for coming to the Moon Continent was to look for Mo Qingcheng?” Bailu Yi felt extremely touched. Truly, distance doesn't matter when it came to true love.

However, she was also very clear on the difficulty of ‘taking’ Mo Qingcheng away from the Pill Emperor Hall.

“It wasn't just for that, my main purpose for coming here was primarily to kill Hua Xiaoyun, and also of course, for your White Deer Institute,” Qin Wentian continued.

“White Deer Institute?” Bailu Yi didn’t understand.

“If I tell you this, you cannot hold it against me for keeping it a secret from you earlier,” Qin Wentian replied.

Naturally, Bailu Yi’s curiosity was greatly piqued after she saw how mysterious Qin Wentian was acting. “Sure.”

“Do you know of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction?” Qin Wentian looked intently into Bailu Yi’s eyes, studying her expression. Bailu Yi’s heart pounded madly when she heard those words, causing her to almost stumble as great waves rocked her heart. This was the greatest secret of the White Deer Institute, which only core members were privy to, how could Qin Wentian have known it?

When he saw the change in Bailu Yi’s expression, Qin Wentian understood clearly that Bailu Yi too, knew of this secret.

“You...” Bailu Yi trembled as she stared at Qin Wentian.

“I’m the successor of the Azure Emperor,” Qin Wentian replied, Bailu Yi was still in a daze from the impact of his words, feeling as though her brain had short-circuited.

Qin Wentian was the successor of the Azure Emperor?

Inserting his hands inside his robes, Qin Wentian withdrew a command token. The word ‘Azure’ was clearly inscribed on top of the token.

“Token of the Azure Emperor,” Bailu Yi’s voice quavered, and only when Qin Wentian put away the token did she recover somewhat. She drew in a deep breath, “Are you here to take over our branch at the White Deer Institute?”

“Do you think it’s possible?” Qin Wentian seriously inquired.

Bailu Yi contemplated for a moment before she replied in a low voice, “It’s hard to say. After all, the White Deer Institute has stood alone for so many years. It would be truly difficult to make everyone in the Institute submit to you just because of a token from the past.”

“I’ve no intentions of making the Institute become my servants. Even though the Institute is merely one of the branches from the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction, why turtle like this in the Grand Xia Empire? Why not rock the entire world instead of hiding in the Moon Continent?” Qin Wentian’s words were brimming with confidence, causing waves of commotion to assail Bailu Yi’s heart.

“This means taking a risk, and if anything went wrong, there’s a high possibility that the White Deer Institute would never recover,” Bailu Yi replied. “Qin Wentian, promise me this. Do not reveal any information regarding the ‘hidden’ branches of the Azure Faction before you have sufficient power to do so. Too many transcendent powers participated in the fall of the Azure Emperor back then, so if they caught wind that there are still living descendants of the Azure Emperor hiding in Grand Xia, they would definitely act to remove its roots.”

“Don’t worry, I would never act without sufficient power. I too, won’t reveal my connection to the White Deer Institute before that happens. At most, I will use you as an excuse and let the others misunderstand the relationship between us,” Qin Wentian teased, causing Bailu Yi to roll her eyes at him.

“Okay, you have to work hard to gain the Institute’s approval then, okay?”

“Does that mean that you’ll support me?” Qin Wentian laughed. Bailu Yi glared at him, “Wasn’t the purpose of you telling me because you wanted me to support you?”

Qin Wentian lowered his head with a smile, not replying but continued walking ahead. He muttered in a low voice, “If you didn’t support me, I would have chosen to give up on this branch. The White Deer Institute would have remained as the White Deer Institute for all eternity.”

Bailu Yi’s heart trembled when she heard Qin Wentian’s words. If she didn’t support him, Qin Wentian would have chosen to give up? Qin Wentian had unhesitatingly told her such a huge secret not only because he wanted her support, he also wanted to know how she felt about it. This was trust, Qin Wentian was already treating her as one of his closest confidants.

“I shall lead the Azure Faction to the pinnacle of Grand Xia once again.”

A radiant smile beamed on Bailu Yi’s face when she heard his

words. In a similar fashion, she also believed that Qin Wentian would be able to do it.

Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi continued walking towards the place where Qin Wentian slayed the middle-aged man. A distance away from there, he held out his hand, gesturing for Bailu Yi to stop, as he crouched down quietly behind a hillside.

Qin Wentian's perception could clearly feel that there was someone already there. These people were none other than Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall as well as his companion.

As someone ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, his speed in breaking through the obstacles could be considered fast indeed. Beside him was his companion, Qing Yue. Zhan Chen retrieved a medicinal pill from his robes and passed it over to her. "Qing Yue, eat this to replenish your energy. We will take a break here for a while before attempting to break through this later."

Qing Yue gazed at Zhan Chen, her beautiful features as calm as water. With no hesitation, she took the pill offered by Zhan Chen and consumed it directly.

"Someone has been here before. Since he could arrive at this point before us, there is no need to doubt his strength. Luckily, he is already dead. Not only that, Old Third of the three brothers was unable to neutralise this formation and has also perished within." Zhan Chen pointed to the two interspatial rings that were lying on the ground, as he continued in a calm voice, "The trap ahead should be the most dangerous trap within this formation, so as long as we break through it there's a high chance that we'll reach

the exit and obtain that Ascendant's inheritance."

An instant after he spoke, that refined, scholarly look on Zhan Chen's face was warped by wild ambition.

He was the strongest of all cultivators that had participated in the trial this time round. If that was the case, the position of that Ascendant's successor would definitely be him.

"Mhm." Qing Yue was clad in a light-blue dress, and the look in her eyes when she stared at Zhan Chen, was filled with love and tenderness, even in that moment...

"Zhan Chen, I believe in you." Qing Yue smiled. In an instant, the beauty of her smile eclipsed even the moon, causing Zhan Chen's heart to involuntarily shudder as a hint of regret flashed in his eyes.

"After my death, you will definitely be the leader of the Pill Emperor Hall." Qing Yue's smile didn't falter, yet her words caused Zhan Chen's countenance to undergo a drastic change as he stared at Qing Yue in stunned silence.

"I know that the pill you gave me was poison. It will turn me into a mindless zombie, following your every order." Tears rolled down her cheeks as she continued, "Zhan Chen, we've known each other for eight years, how can I be unclear of your personality? On the surface you appear so clean, so gentle and elegant. Yet you couldn't mask the ambition in your heart from me."

“I was the one that gave you the introduction you needed to enter the Pill Emperor Hall. Your talent was obvious to all, and in a mere eight years, you became the blazing sun of our sect, your radiance the brightest out of all the elites in our Pill Emperor Hall. But I know everything you’ve done, every action you’ve taken was all for the sake of furthering your own ambition.”

Qing Yue’s tears continued to fall, yet the smile on her face never wavered. “Back then when Martial Aunt had said that Qingcheng would definitely be one of the most important pillars of our Pill Emperor Hall in the future, I knew your heart would definitely be moved. I know I am no use to you now, so let Mo Qingcheng take my place instead. This is the only thing remaining that’s still within my power to do for you. Without me in the way, Martial Aunt would be more than willing to betroth Qingcheng to you. The two of you will be the future of our sect, while I’ll just be in the way. Zhan Chen, this is the last time I can help you...”

After speaking, Qing Yue turned and dashed towards the trap which Old Third died to, choosing death over being a mindless puppet.

She was heartbroken, her heart had died when she saw Zhan Chen taking out that pill. She knew him too well, how could he hide his intentions from her?

With a lifeless heart, what use was there for her to continue living on?

Qing Yue’s Astral Souls erupted into being as her aura heightened to its limits, rushing head first into the trap. Her beauty was

further accentuated underneath the starlight cast by her Astral Souls, and even Zhan Chen couldn't help but feel his heart clenching at what he had lost. An expression of agony flickered on his face, but swiftly, very swiftly, it was replaced by a look of utter determination. Nobody could shake his heart, his will was resolute, this was the path he had chosen, this was his Dao Heart.

From the start of his cultivation to now, his journey was filled with too much bitterness and fatigue. In spite of this, he would continue trudging on, all the way until he rose to the pinnacle of Grand Xia. His resolve was unshakable!

Closing his eyes, Zhan Chen stood still. He could feel Qing Yue's impending death, yet his heart had never felt this serene before.

But at the very moment of her death, Zhan Chen's eyes abruptly snapped open, a terrifying light flashed through them. He suddenly turned around, his silhouette flickering as he dashed towards the direction behind him. He had sensed someone watching him!

AGM 268 - Silent Endurance

The glint of light in Zhan Chen's eyes was even sharper compared to a sword's edge, his killing intent immediately erupting forth the moment he sensed he was being spied upon.

If news of this matter were to leak out, that he ruthlessly chose to sacrifice his companion for the sake of his goals, the Pill Emperor Palace would be the first to slay him.

Hence, that spy must die.

“Run!” Qin Wentian knew that Zhan Chen had discovered their presence, he hadn't expected Zhan Chen's perception to be this strong. Holding Bailu Yi's hands, Qin Wentian retreated with explosive speed.

“Hey, why don't you stay behind?” The voice of Zhan Chen rang out, the killing intent he manifested was so thick that it caused those exposed to it to feel their bodies turning cold.

How could Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi stop? Executing the Garuda Movement Technique to its limits, Qin Wentian dragged Bailu Yi along.

With a flick of his finger, Zhan Chen concentrated Astral Light ahead of him, as an ancient sword coalesced from it. Zhan Chen instantly stepped on top of it as the Astral sword functioned like a skateboard, powered by his cultivation base, causing great clouds of dust and earth to kick up as it sped after Qin Wentian, shrinking

the distance between them.

Although Qin Wentian's movement technique was godly, his cultivation base was only at the third level of Yuanfu. The same went for Bailu Yi. How could their speed match up to a peak-level Yuanfu cultivator who was ranked eleventh on the Heavenly Fate Rankings?

The disparity of their power levels were too far apart.

Qin Wentian's countenance grew extremely unsightly as his gaze turned cold. He also hadn't expected to discover Zhan Chen's secret and now, Zhan Chen wanted their deaths to ensure their silence.

"Bzzz!" With a wave of his hands, Qin Wentian sent out the Yellow Springs Monument, which appeared on a mountain slope.

"Come." Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi directly stepped onto it. Qin Wentian continued stepping in a rhythmic manner as thunderous sounds rang out. An instant later, a crimson glow emanated forth from it, along with a terrifying pressure.

When Zhan Chen dashed over, he only saw Qin Wentian on the verge of dashing into a trap. With a wave of his palms, a screen of swords manifested around him.

"DIE!" Zhan Chen spat out, as that screen of swords transformed into a layer of sword shadows, flying towards Qin Wentian.

The speed of the sword shadows was so fast, it created a shrill sound as the air ripped apart. “Down!” Qin Wentian pulled Bailu Yi along as they tumbled down the mountain slope, narrowing avoiding the attack.

Zhan Chen coldly snorted, as he rode his Astral sword forward, directly rushing into the formation. He had no fear of the majority of traps here.

Qin Wentian’s countenance sank. He was unwilling to die like this.

“Little Yi, Wentian.” Right at this moment, an excited voice called out in a certain direction. Hope bloomed on Bailu Yi’s pale face, that voice was exceedingly familiar to her.

Only now did Qin Wentian notice a silhouette madly dashing over. This person was none other than Bailu Jing.

A look of unwavering resoluteness flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes. He sliced the skin of his finger and pressed it down onto the Yellow Springs Monument, channeling his blood energy within it.

Zhan Chen slashed down with his palms as a terrifying sword began to form in mid-air, cleaving downwards to Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi.

A crimson light flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes as he gestured for

the Yellow Springs Monument to fly forward, smashing towards Zhan Chen. Zhan Chen only felt the pounding of his heart, as well as a surging of his blood, when a deafening sound echoed the moment his sword attack slashed upon the stone monument.

“RUMBLEE~” The monument rebounded back from the impact of the collision, slamming onto Qin Wentian. His body and Bailu Yi’s grinded upon the earth as the force of the rebound flung them backwards, causing them to cough up several mouthfuls of blood. Only at this moment did Bailu Jing arrive.

“Stay your hand!” Bailu Jing roared, his whole person transformed into a shadow and an instant later, a killing technique descended from the skies. A golden thread manifested, shooting towards Zhan Chen. Zhan Chen flicked his fingers, his monstrous sword intent ‘cracked’, transforming into countless sword fragments that attempted to slice apart the golden thread.

The golden thread proved impervious to his attempts, and continued descending downwards, seeking to tear Zhan Chen apart.

“Great Sun Nine Beheading Technique!” Zhan Chen’s gaze stiffened, as the sword Qi he projected grew stronger and stronger. He stabbed forth with his finger, his attack landing onto the golden thread as a terrifying destructive energy ignited, causing the surrounding space to distort. And finally, with this last attack, that golden thread snapped. But it bought enough time for Bailu Jing, who now stood protectively in front of Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi.

“Brother.” Bailu Yi called out, Bailu Jing acknowledged her with

a nod, a bone-chilling coldness radiated out from him as he stared at Zhan Chen.

“Ranked #56 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Bailu Jing. Based on your current strength, your ranking would surely improve when the time comes for the Venerate Heavens Sect to refresh it,” Zhan Chen stated, staring back at Bailu Jing.

Bailu Jing’s eyes were filled with killing intent, he knew that Zhan Chen’s earlier strike was meant to kill Qin Wentian and his sister Bailu Yi.

A terrifying pressure gushed forth as Bailu Jing released his Astral Souls. Of his three Astral Souls, one was a divinity covered in raging flames, the second one a wind shadow, while the third one, was a resplendently glowing Seven Slaughter Astral Soul.

His Astral Souls originated from the third, fourth and fifth Heavenly Layers respectively!

Bailu Jing, who was always so composed, now exuded towering flames of anger that seemed to reach the Heavens!

“Big Brother Jing, everything was just a misunderstanding.” At this moment, Qin Wentian’s voice drifted over, causing Bailu Jing to start. Qin Wentian then continued, “Zhan Chen, why are you pursuing us for no reason? Did we do something that offended you? I don’t think we’ve ever interacted before.”

Since Zhan Chen was ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, and someone chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, there was no need to doubt his strength. Even though Bailu Jing might be powerful, it was obvious that it was to their disadvantage if a fight really broke out.

Zhan Chen shifted his gaze onto Qin Wentian, meeting clear eyes with no hints of hatred. He felt taken back at how deep Qin Wentian's scheming ran. By intentionally pretending that it was all a misunderstanding, Qin Wentian was saying he would keep his silence on what he had just witnessed. And as for Zhan Chen's earlier attempt to murder them, Qin Wentian couldn't care less.

Did he really not mind? Or was he merely enduring it in silence?

"Haha, Zhan Chen, you are actually here as well." At this moment, a group of cultivators walked over. These newcomers were none other than Zhao Lie and Old First of the Li Clan's three brothers. Old First was evidently unlucky, in meeting Zhao Lie and then being forced to lead the way.

"It's that Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster. Excellent, with two Inscriptionists, we can definitely exit this bloody space." Zhao Lie's eyes flickered with fire as he glanced at Qin Wentian. He assumed that Zhan Chen had been coercing Qin Wentian to lead the way but Bailu Jing refused, which led to the conflict between them.

"Hehe, that's what I think as well. I wonder if Grandmaster Qin is willing to lead the way?" Zhan Chen stared at Qin Wentian as a grim smile appeared on his face. Qin Wentian understood, if they

didn't die today, the killing intent in Zhan Chen's heart would never fade.

However, wasn't it the same for him as well? If there was a chance, he would definitely slay Zhan Chen.

"Naturally." Qin Wentian smiled, agreeing without hesitation.

"With Little Brother Qin leading the way, our path forward would surely be many times smoother." Old First laughed heartily, the earlier tension in the air melting away. Bailu Yi naturally understood Qin Wentian's intentions, pretending that they saw nothing earlier.

And as they resumed their journey, Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi kept their distance from Zhan Chen. Bailu Jing didn't question them, Qin Wentian intentionally wanted to keep what they witnessed a secret. After a while, they returned to the formation where Zhan Chen and Qing Yue had conversed at.

And in that moment, even more people appeared. The new arrivals were experts from the Hua Clan.

"Is everyone here?" Behind them, a voice drifted over. Zhu Sha and two others from the Star-Seizing Manor had arrived as well. The ice-cold gazes of Zhu Sha and Yang Fan then landed onto Qin Wentian. From their perspective, Qin Wentian definitely had to pay for the deaths of over ten peak-level Yuanfu cultivators they had lost.

However, they could read the current situation. They knew that they couldn't harm Qin Wentian, as they still needed to depend on his strength to break through this goddamned space. "Grandmaster Qin, please." Zhan Chen made a gesture of invitation. Qin Wentian swept a glance at the characters in front of him, his countenance serene, yet he knew that they were currently in an extremely perilous situation.

"Right." He nodded in agreement as he moved forward and started to inscribe Divine Inscriptions. Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi stayed behind Qin Wentian, while Old First stood beside Qin Wentian, working together with him to neutralise this formation. Qin Wentian's actions were very slow, causing Old Li to feel that there was something going on. It was as though Qin Wentian was doing this intentionally.

In actuality Qin Wentian was looking for an opportunity, but as he thought of the strength of those behind him, he knew that it wasn't possible for him to kill them all with a single move.

Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhao Lie, Hua Feng; all of them were rankers in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. There was no way he could simultaneously kill them all with sneak attacks. He could only focus on neutralising the formation.

An instant later, Qin Wentian picked up one of the interspatial rings, yet he left one lying on the ground. Old First faltered, before picking up the remaining ring with his trembling hands, his face a mask of agony. "Old Third." Old First tightly clutched the interspatial ring of his third brother. An instant later, his countenance froze, he saw Qin Wentian inscribing a word—Zhan—

before him.

“Zhan, Zhan Chen.” Old First’s heart pounded, as he felt his body trembling, a glint of hatred flashing past his eyes. However an instant later, he took a deep breath and calmed himself, pretending as though he hadn’t seen anything out of the ordinary.

Qin Wentian blocked the word with his body, and immediately wiped it away after writing it as he continued to neutralise the formation. After each trap was neutralised, they slowly advanced with the the rest of the group, who quietly followed them from behind. Gradually, the ever-green pine trees and ancient mountains appeared at arm’s length. The exit was very near.

“Energy fluctuations from Divine Inscriptions.” Qin Wentian abruptly shifted his gaze forwards. Although those trees and mountains appeared quite near to them, they were shadowed by a faint distortion that shimmered in the air, taking the shape of a rampart manifested by Divine Inscriptions, blocking their way. His movements involuntarily halted, and he closed his eyes, silently contemplating the intangible rampart in front of him.

Qin Wentian could feel that freedom was just a step away!

AGM 269 - Unworthy Successor

Those behind him all frowned when they noticed Qin Wentian had halted.

A baleful aura emanated forth from the middle of Zhu Sha's brows as he icily questioned, "What are you doing?"

"The difficulty of this formation is exceedingly high, I naturally would need a period of time to study it. If you don't feel comfortable waiting, why don't you do it yourself?" Qin Wentian shot back, his reply causing Zhu Sha to snort, a glint of coldness flickering in his eyes when he looked at Qin Wentian.

After this matter was concluded, he would definitely deal with Qin Wentian.

A mere Divine Inscriptionist dared to be so arrogant in front of him? Insufferable idiot, Qin Wentian didn't know the meaning of death. Of course, Qin Wentian was aware that Zhu Sha held killing intent in his heart. He acted ignorant, closing his eyes and then spent half a day in contemplation. Those behind him could only wait quietly for him.

Finally, Qin Wentian opened his eyes as he spoke to Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi, "Brother Jing, both of you try placing your palms on those two positions over there."

After speaking, a beam of Astral Light shot out as Qin Wentian waved his hands, causing two positions on the rampart to light up.

“Right.” Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi nodded as they walked forward.

“Wait a minute,” Zhu Sha called out, a look of sharpness could be seen on his face as he interjected, “Why the two of them?”

“This is merely a probe and there might be danger. Of course, if Senior is willing to do so, I’m more than happy to let you be the guinea pig.” Qin Wentian laughed, his reply causing Zhu Sha’s countenance to sink. This brat was too scheming, previously they had all fallen for his trick. He intentionally sought them out for help first, and when they rejected his request, he immediately followed their ‘suggestions’ and directly exited the first formation with those from the White Deer Institute.

This time around, maybe he was trying reverse psychology? Asking Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi for help first to lure Zhu Sha and the rest into making a move.

“Let them go first, Zhu Sha and one other stand behind them,” Yang Fan commanded. Glancing at Qin Wentian, he really wanted to see what tricks Qin Wentian had up his sleeves. If the Bailu siblings were successful in escaping this formation, Zhu Sha wouldn’t be left behind.

Zhu Sha and another expert from the Star-Seizing Manor nodded their heads, as they followed closely behind Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi.

The Bailu siblings naturally trusted Qin Wentian, and placed

their palms in the position indicated by Qin Wentian. An instant later, that intangible rampart shimmered and ‘solidified’. Abruptly, two doors appeared on the rampart and the Bailu siblings vanished from sight.

“Huh?” Zhu Sha and the other expert froze. They instantly dashed forwards and placed their palms in the same position as the Bailu siblings did, but this time around, a fearsome ominous aura exploded forth instead.

“Be careful.” Qin Wentian leisurely walked forward, however his warning was too late. Zhu Sha and the other expert hastily pulled back as they felt the ominous aura gushing towards them.

“BREAK!” Zhu Sha howled in rage, blasting forth with both his palms, causing two gigantic palm imprints to appear, both circulating with an overwhelming energy. BOOM! Although the ominous aura dissipated upon impact, Zhu Sha was left with a pair of badly mangled hands.

“Senior’s movements were too fast, I couldn’t warn you in time.” Qin Wentian smiled as he walked over with Old First.

Zhu Sha’s palms were trembling, his eyes dripped with venom.

He couldn’t warn them in time? How could he believe such bullshit? Zhu Sha’s comrade had even worse injuries compared to him - both of his arms had been mutilated. Yang Fan’s countenance sank, he knew Qin Wentian had done this intentionally.

In spite of this, he couldn't do anything to Qin Wentian. The seeds of worry couldn't help but blossom in his heart, and he knew that there must certainly be a way to exit this formation. The Bailu siblings had already totally vanished.“

This formation is ever-changing, the second resonance needs to occur from another position.” Qin Wentian's steps stopped in front of the rampart. He locked eyes with Old First and in an instant, both of them blasted out with their palms, imprinting it in a particular position on the intangible rampart.

“STOP THEM!”The countenance of Yang Fan and the rest drastically changed, all of them were still stunned from the counter-attack of the rampart to Zhu Sha and his comrade. No one expected Qin Wentian would suddenly make a move, catching all of them unawares.

But it was already too late. The rampart shimmered into existence as Qin Wentian and Old First vanished together. This occurrence caused the remaining cultivators to turn ashen with dismay.

Qin Wentian and Old First had already arrived at the other side of the rampart, and joined up with the Bailu siblings.

“Little Brother Qin, my youngest brother...?” Old First turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian, with worry apparent in his voice.

“I and Bailu Yi managed to hear the conversation between Zhan Chen and his companion. Old Third was forced by them to

neutralize that formation and eventually died trying. Not only that, in order to probe the formation, Zhan Chen fed a pill to his companion and sent her within. In the end, she died there too.”

Qin Wentian explained, his words causing a sharp glint of light to glow in Bailu Jing’s eyes. “So that’s the reason why he tried to kill you and Little Yi?”

“Yeah, I could only pretend that nothing happened. Luckily for us, Zhao Lie’s arrival prevented Zhan Chen from making a move,” Qin Wentian continued. After which, he turned his gaze onto the evergreen pine trees and ancient mountains, as well as the great hall situated in the centre, the sculpture of the Ascendant within.

They had finally arrived!

“With their strength, they will eventually break through the rampart,” Old First spoke, he knew that if those from the transcendent powers combined their powers, they would definitely be able to take down the rampart, albeit with some sacrifices.

“Mhm, let us enter the great hall first to take a look,” Qin Wentian agreed.

After which, the four of them proceeded onwards, it seemed that there were no longer other traps here. At the entrance of the great hall, all of them were taken aback by the vastness of the great hall, as well as the exquisiteness of the sculpture ahead of them. The sculpture had two ancient scrolls in his hands, and the resemblance could be said to be almost totally akin to a human.

Not only that, on the ground's surface were many runic outlines of Divine Inscriptions revolving of their own accord, illuminating the great hall.

“Hmm, these don't seem like traps?” Old First asked Qin Wentian.

“Yeah, I think so. These are like outlets of power that required humans to kick start them. Not only are they not traps, they can be controlled by one who has a high enough attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.” Qin Wentian nodded, he shared the same sentiments as Old First.

“We will know for sure if we enter.” Bailu Jing laughed. He boldly took a step forwards and all of a sudden, the runic outlines glimmered. A flood of golden light inundated the area as several silhouettes appeared all at once.

There were a total of nine figures, whose bodies glowed with a golden hue. The sharp glints in their eyes were as terrifying as swords, as they stared at Qin Wentian and the rest.

“Four of you arrived at here at the same moment, which of you is the Inscriptionist?” One of the golden guardians spoke, his tone incisive.

Qin Wentian gazed back at the golden guardian as he replied, “I am.”

“And me, as well,” Old First spoke, narrowing his eyes. These nine golden guardians resembled Puppets, but somehow they weren’t true Puppets. Their eyes glimmered with human-like intelligence.

The golden guardian who spoke swept his gaze over to Qin Wentian and Old First, as he stated, “The nine of us are the ‘Golden Armored Puppets’ created by Master. Our individual strengths are fixed at the peak-level of Yuanfu and our mission is to guard Master’s inheritance. Master’s successor has to be both proficient in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions as well as having monstrous talent in cultivation.”

Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered, they had encountered many tests on their way here. His earlier conjecture was right, this entire trial was a test set by that Ascendant in order to choose his successor. Indeed, the traps in this realm could only be broken either via force by someone at the peak-level of Yuanfu, or a Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster with an exceedingly high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

“Little Yi, stand behind me.” Bailu Jing pulled his sister behind him. The aura these nine golden guardians were emanating felt exceptionally dangerous, four of the nine golden guardians had already stepped out, with a golden long spear equipped in their hands.

They, were the final test.

Bailu Jing had already released his Astral Souls, as a terrifying aura erupted forth from his body. This was the pressure generated by the Killing Path of his Seven Slaughters Astral Soul.

“You’re... not bad, but not good enough.” One of the golden guardians stared at Bailu Jing, after which, he disappeared from sight as his spear penetrated through space, like a streak of golden lightning.

Bailu Jing stepped forward, unleashing the Great Sun Nine Beheading Technique as the will of his Mandate gushed out. Momentarily, an abundance of golden threads appeared in the air, their glow so blinding they resembled a miniature sun, blazing with killing intent.

“BREAK!” The golden guardian coldly shouted. A beam of light shot out from the tip of his spear, smashing against the miniature sun, destroying it.

Bailu Jing’s expression froze upon witnessing this golden guardian’s fearsome combat prowess.

He unleashed the Great Sun Nine Beheading Technique again, the power of the sunlight channeling down through the golden threads. The terrifying sun flames blazed with a fearsome screech, as the threads cleaved down one by one with an imposing strength; even a peak-level Yuanfu cultivator would be hard pressed to defend against that attack.

Yet the strength of his opponent exceeded even his expectations,

Bailu Jing could do nothing to injure him.

Qin Wentian and Old First were also attacked by the golden guardians, with Qin Wentian stomping the ground as a fearsome sword-type Inscription exploded forwards. There were many complicated-looking runic outlines on the ground, he could harness their power to aid him if his comprehension were high enough.

A typhoon gusted as a storm of swords flew towards his opponent. However, the golden guardian was too powerful, easily destroying the manifestations of whatever Inscriptions Qin Wentian sent at him. He stepped towards Qin Wentian as he icily commented, “You are too weak, you are unworthy to become the successor. You don’t even have the qualifications to fight over the inheritance. YOU MUST DIE!”

After speaking, the killing intent that gushed forth from the golden guardian grew increasingly stronger as he continued walking towards Qin Wentian.

A terrifying light flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes.

How could Qin Wentian not be angered? With a single sentence, the golden guardian had condemned him, telling him that he didn’t even have the qualifications to fight with others over the inheritance.

“Ever since these trial grounds were created, only those with true ability have been able to reach this point. It wasn’t by virtue of

luck that all four of us gained entry into this place. So why then, am I unworthy to receive the inheritance?”

“The successor must not only have a high attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, he must also be exceedingly powerful in terms of his cultivation and combat prowess. I have no idea how the four of you arrived here, but with your cultivation base merely at the third-level of Yuanfu, how can you be qualified? This inheritance was left behind by Master for a talented son of heaven, only those with outstanding talent can compete for it.” The killing intent of the golden guardian didn’t diminish, as he slowly stepped nearer. “The inheritance is not for the likes of you. DIE!”

As his voice faded away, the golden spear dazzled with a golden radiance as it pierced towards Qin Wentian once again.

This golden guardian was serious. He wanted to kill Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s heart turned cold, a bone-chilling aura pouring out from him in waves. What an eloquent way of saying, “The inheritance is too good for the likes of you”!

AGM 270 - Do You Know, Who You Truly Are?

The killing intent of the golden guardian intensified, as a sharp pressure gushed forth from him. As he stepped forwards, the golden spear penetrated through space once again, a streak of golden lightning imbued with boundless force, slashing towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian continuously stepped out on the ground, as runic outlines around him glimmered with Astral Light. An Azure Dragon exploded forth from nowhere, flying ahead to clash with the golden lightning. A deafening explosion thundered out as the Divine Inscription ruptured into pieces.

“The nine of us are the protectors of the inheritance. If the successor is outstanding in both fields of attainment and combat prowess, he could defeat us by borrowing power from the runic outlines on the floor. As for you, you are skilled in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions but exceedingly weak in terms of cultivation base. At your level, fighting for the inheritance is simply courting death.”

The golden guardian spoke each word caustically, dripping with sarcasm. Every step he took created a sharp pressure that bore down onto Qin Wentian. Under that pressure, Qin Wentian felt as though his body was about to be penetrated through from the sharpness.

Qin Wentian kept retreating, when suddenly the sound of wind gusting drifted in, and a few other silhouettes appeared within the

great hall.

These new arrivals were none other than Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhao Lie, Hua Feng and their respective followers. They combined their powers and used the strongest force they could muster to break apart the rampart and immediately dashed towards the great hall right after. Only upon confirming that Qin Wentian and the rest had yet to obtain the inheritance, did they let out a sigh of relief. The blood on the mangled palms of Zhu Sha was still fresh, his killing intent had reached the height of Heavens.

Now that the inheritance was in front of them, there was no longer a need for Qin Wentian.

He had already outlived his usefulness. “Grandmaster Qin, how do you want to die?” Zhu Sha grinned.

Qin Wentian’s countenance was unperturbed, “Don’t tell me you guys don’t wish to exit the secret realm any longer?”

Zhu Sha’s countenance changed, but then one of the golden guardians interjected. “Since you guys are here, you all have the right to participate in this final trial of the successor selection. As long as you can defeat us, the inheritance will be yours and the destruction of this realm will soon follow. At that time, you can easily exit from this space.”

The murderous urges in Zhu Sha’s eyes intensified after hearing the golden guardian’s words. He grinned coldly at Qin Wentian. However, Zhan Chen and Yang Fan’s attention were fixed

on the ancient scroll in the sculpture's hands. They had already forgotten about Qin Wentian's existence.

If they could obtain the inheritance of the Ascendant, they would be akin to a tiger that has grown wings. By then, they would be the only chosen in their respective sects or clans.

Within each group of transcendent powers, regardless of sects or clans, there were several who were chosen per generation. Although they were rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, their achievements weren't unique - the elites of the previous generations had also once achieved what they have now. Those past elites had already broken through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm, and so their positions in their respective sects and clans weren't something the current chosen ones of this generation would be able to compare to.

Not only that, there would always be new talents emerging, threatening to overtake their position.

All those chosen were baptized by countless bloody battles before they could emerge as future leaders, and now the inheritance of the Ascendant was undoubtedly the greatest opportunity that would give them an edge in their struggle for supremacy.

At this moment, an incomparably sharp sword appeared in Zhan Chen's hand. That sword gleamed with a brilliant light; it was a peak-tier third-ranked Divine Weapon.

As for Yang Fan, a pair of gauntlets appeared. It was similarly a

peak-tier third-ranked Divine Weapon.

Although the Heaven's Chosen didn't have in their possession a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon, it didn't mean that their transcendent powers didn't have them.

As a chosen, their respective sects or clans have already considered them as someone with the potential to eventually become a future leader. Hence, the requirements placed on them by their respective powers were extremely strict; they wouldn't allow those chosen to grow overly dependent on Divine Weapons. At most, they would only have one or two defensive-type or fleeing-type treasures, but definitely not that of the attacking-type. Danger motivates growth. By imposing these rules, only then would the transcendent powers be able to further draw out their potential. When facing against someone stronger than them, at the very least, they could still escape.

All this, purely because they were chosen.

If one day they could defeat the chosen of the other powers, their sect or clan would no longer restrict them.

A whistling sound pierced through the atmosphere, the golden guardians were all ready for battle.

The inheritance lay just behind the golden guardians, right in the hands of that sculpture, free for the taking if one had the capability to do so. Zhan Chen dashed towards one of the golden guardians, slashing out with his sword. In the next instant, a rain of swords

manifested, stabbing towards the head of his target.

The golden guardian reacted instantly, weaving about the long spear in his hands in an intricate dance. Golden light erupted forth, coalescing into a golden protective barrier around its body.

Then, with a single spear strike, it broke through the rain of swords.

Yang Fan and the rest similarly rushed out. Yang Fan's Star-Seizing Palms were augmented by his intimidating gauntlet. A menacing destructive energy swirled within his palms, as he directly exchanged blows with the spear of the golden guardian.

Meanwhile, Qin Wentian was in dire straits. It was as though that golden guardian had set his sights on him, seeking his death no matter what. As Zhu Sha noticed Yang Fan was currently busy fighting for the inheritance, he turned his cold gaze onto Qin Wentian. Now, the time had finally come. Zhu Sha's mangled palms shone with Astral Light, he abruptly dashed out, blasting forth with his palm, his attack violently smashing onto Qin Wentian's back. Qin Wentian turned pale, and there was still a golden guardian unleashing its attack right in front of him.

"WENTIAN!" Bailu Yi screamed. As she rushed over, Zhu Sha sent out another palm strike, knocking her aside and as she spat out fresh blood, the impact caused her to be flung out of the great hall.

With her strength, there was no way for her to partake in any of

the battles occurring within the great hall.

Qin Wentian made use of the complicated runic outlines on the ground, drawing upon their power in a bid to defend against Zhu Sha's Star-Seizing Palm. However, the disparity between their cultivation levels was too wide. Zhu Sha's attack easily breached through his defense, causing the blood and qi within his body to rumble. Qin Wentian's pupils widened; the golden guardian's spear attack resembled a streak of explosive lightning, penetrating through space with an unbelievable speed and of insurmountable force.

This spear attack wasn't something Qin Wentian could defend against.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" Bailu Yi closed her eyes, unwilling to see what would happen next. Bailu Jing was still entangled with his opponent, it was impossible for him to lend his aid.

"Puchi!" A crisp sound echoed in the air, as the long spear skewered through Qin Wentian and was pulled out at exactly the same instant, giving testament to its sharpness. The impact slammed Qin Wentian's body onto the walls of the great hall, and he fell to the ground convulsing, his mind blanking out.

"He deserved death." Zhu Sha coldly snorted, sending another palm strike at Qin Wentian. Bailu Yi had already somewhat recovered from his earlier strike, and she dashed over, throwing herself onto the path of the attack in an attempt to shield Qin Wentian. As the palm landed on her, the power of its attack hurled her backwards and she slammed into Qin Wentian, coughing up

several mouthfuls of blood.

“LITTLE YI!”

Bailu Jing's countenance went pale, and he howled in rage. However, in that moment of distraction, a golden spear narrowly missed his heart. The golden guardian was too strong, he couldn't afford to look away for even a second.

The nine golden guardians all had strength at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

Obtaining the inheritance was easier said than done.

“Hehe.” Zhu Sha coldly laughed when he saw what happened. He dashed out once more, wanting to completely exterminate both Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi. However, he abruptly halted, for at that moment, he could feel the cold stare of a golden guardian locking onto him, causing shivers to run down his spine.

These nine protectors didn't just want to kill Qin Wentian, they wanted to kill everyone, leaving behind only those who were qualified. If all these cultivators weren't strong enough, they all had to die here.

That golden guardian unleashed an attack towards Zhu Sha, who could only defend in response; he was too occupied to see how Qin Wentian was faring.

In the middle of all the fighting, Bailu Yi walked to Qin Wentian's side, her countenance turning white as a sheet when she gazed at the blood dripping unceasingly from his wounds. She tore one of her sleeves and tried bandaging Qin Wentian's injuries.

"Qin Wentian, wake up!" Bailu Yi was shaking him. "You can't fall asleep."

"Qin Wentian couldn't process any coherent thoughts, the injuries inflicted on his body were way beyond the limits of what a human body could tolerate. His mind felt extremely fuzzy, he only wanted to drift into that eternal sleep. In his blurry state of consciousness, he could faintly sense someone calling out to him.

The volume of the voice drifting into his ear grew increasingly softer. At this instant, it was as though he had already entered a world of absolute silence.

"Am I about to die? I'm unwilling to die like this!"

Qin Wentian felt extreme reluctance, he still had too many things he had yet to accomplish. How could he die here?

Yet, he was moments away from falling into an eternal sleep. The pain was overwhelming and he was so fatigued; he wanted nothing more than to slip into that sweet oblivion, no longer wanted to think about anything.

Within Qin Wentian's body, the candle flame still burned.

Surrounding the flame, one could see the golden strands of thread intertwining.

In that moment, the last wisps of his consciousness were transported into that flickering flame. But the candle flame seemed to be weakening, as the intensity of the light it emitted diminished. He could feel his consciousness fading away... Was he really about to die?!

Throughout this cruel path of cultivation, each turn was fraught with countless dangers, he had survived them all just to reach this point. Yet, he was still dismissed by the golden guardians, rejected on the bounds that he was an unworthy successor. How could he accept such a judgement?

Why was he unqualified? Just because he started his cultivation at a later time, resulting in a lower cultivation base?

The candle flame continued burning as the power of his bloodline surrounded it. Even the barbaric, fearsome power of his bloodline seemed to be waning away.

And in that split second, within the flickering flames of the candle, Qin Wentian saw a familiar silhouette.

“Uncle Black.” Qin Wentian’s heart trembled.

“Wentian.” A voice rang out in his heart.

“You cannot die here.”

“I... can’t die here?” Abruptly, countless scenes appeared in his mind, fueling Qin Wentian’s heart with powerful emotions, bolstering his will to survive.

Where did Uncle Black go? Was Qingcheng doing fine at the Pill Emperor Hall? Headmaster Diyi was still imprisoned in the Nine Mystical Palace, the ‘hidden’ branch of the Azure Faction had yet to reclaim their former glory. How can he die here? The weakening candle flame wavered before becoming completely motionless. An instant later, it burned with a light way brighter than ever before. The golden strands of thread that were his bloodline power, integrated into the candle flame and fuelled its radiance to burn brighter and brighter. An instant later, Qin Wentian’s heart lighted up like a blazing inferno.

“AWOOO!” Qin Wentian’s blood rumbled, emanating a fearsome gut-wrenching pressure. His was an ancient primordial bloodline that originated from time immemorial.

What made Qin Wentian thunderstruck was that within his body, something took form within the flickering flames of the candle. There was a towering primordial beast that seemed as though it gazed at everything in the Heavens and Earth with disdain.

Qin Wentian trembled, why was his bloodline so powerful? And why did such an overwhelming bloodline seemed to fear and defer to that candle flame burning in his heart?

“You, do you know who you are?”

A voice echoed in his heart. He, Qin Wentian, possessed such a bloodline. Did he know his true origins?

The golden guardian had said it before, that he was unworthy to be the successor?

In that case, he wanted see if this Ascendant's inheritance was even qualified to brand him as unworthy.

The candle flame burned even brighter as his injuries recovered.

As long as it wasn't extinguished, he would never die!

The golden strands of blood around the candle flame transformed into a beam of lightning, shooting straight towards the centre of Qin Wentian's brows. He could sense something taking form, the creation of a third eye forthcoming!

AGM 271 - Control Of The Great Hall

Qin Wentian only felt a stab of pain in the space between his brows, it was as though he could feel a peculiar energy writhing there.

This unusual stab of pain was resonating with the candle flame in his body. Qin Wentian faintly sensed that his heart's eye was centred between his brows. The golden threads connected the candle flame and the brow's centre, and Qin Wentian innately comprehended that this reaction was linked to a power of his bloodline.

Within his body, there wasn't just a single type of bloodline limit.

That domineering, savage and violent bloodline that was once locked down by fetters, felt as though it originated from an ancient primordial beast, the king of all demons.

Yet even this domineering bloodline deferred to the candle flame in his heart. The candle flame was the manifestation of yet another bloodline existing within him, and was of a higher grade compared to that of his primordial bloodline.

Two kinds of high-grade bloodlines existing within a single body.

Qin Wentian asked himself, who was he?

Who were his parents?

The middle-aged man he had seen in the tiny Astral-Being should be his father. Why would he fragment all his memories and store it within that Astral-Being, leaving it for Qin Wentian to discover?

There were thousands upon thousands of thoughts in his mind, yet there was no way for him to verify anything. He wanted to open his eyes, yet he did not.

Because he discovered that even with his eyes closed, he could clearly see what was happening outside. It was as though he had a sort of ‘second sight’, and the happenings outside were directly etched into his heart.

He saw the bloodlessly pale countenance of Bailu Yi, whose heart was clenching with worry for fear of his death. He saw Bailu Jing engaged in a desperate life-and-death struggle with his opponent, as well as the rest of the golden guardians.

However, he could see that abruptly, Bailu Yi had an expression of joy on her face. Her bloodlessly pale countenance regained some color, she had noticed that Qin Wentian had stopped bleeding and his wounds were mending. She could feel his aura rising, as he brimmed with vitality once again.

Suddenly, Bailu Yi froze. In the centre of Qin Wentian’s brows, a beam of golden light shot forth. It was a golden-colored eye.

“This...” Bailu Yi’s heart pounded. However, an instant later, that golden-colored eye closed again. Only then did Qin Wentian

open his eyes, gazing at her.

“You woke up?” Bailu Yi smiled.

This fellow had finally awakened.

She was really frightened earlier, thinking that Qin Wentian would never regain consciousness ever again.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head before shifting his gaze to the battlefield. At this moment, he actually discovered that he could see through the cultivation bases of those that entered his vision.

Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhu Sha, all of these people had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

And the golden guardians’ claims were true, they too had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

“Huh?”

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows, how was this possible? Weren’t these golden guardians a type of Puppet? How could they have cultivation bases?

It was impossible for Puppets to cultivate, but after his golden divine eye had been activated, he could clearly sense that the

golden guardians didn't have any Yuan Meteor Stones embedded in them to draw power from, but rather, they had their own cultivation bases!

This could only mean that these guardians were humans, not Puppets.

Why would peak-level Yuanfu cultivators be willing to transform into Puppets? Qin Wentian didn't understand.

He swept another glance towards the rune-covered grounds. And in that moment, the complicated criss-crossing runic outlines were directly imprinted into his mind, and there was no need for him to use his heart sense to contemplate it any more. Now, a single glance was enough for him to decipher the mysteries behind them.

Each runic outline, represented a completed Divine Inscription. And regardless of the complexity of the runic outlines entwining and interweaving against each other, Qin Wentian could unravel all of them with but a single glance.

And right now, a bright light suddenly flashed in his eyes, as laughter could be seen within. So, that's how it was.

The Ascendant himself was an extremely accomplished Divine Inscriptionist. Over here, he left a complete peak-tier fourth-ranked Inscription that was able to divide itself into countless peak-tier third-ranked Inscriptions.

Such a level of accomplishment left Qin Wentian at a loss for words. He could only gasp in amazement.

If it weren't for his body's transformation, he wouldn't have realised that this great hall itself was basically one gigantic Divine Inscription. In the twinkling of an eye, Qin Wentian's consciousness integrated with this gigantic fourth-ranked Divine Inscription.

He unravelled it, comprehended it, and it would be an extremely simple task if he wanted to apply it.

Qin Wentian's lips curled up in a fiendish smile, causing Bailu Yi to be stunned. What was this fellow thinking about now? And what was that golden eye she had seen earlier?

“You left behind a fourth-ranked Divine Inscription here, and if no one noticed this, they could either depend on their personal combat prowess or with the assistance of the third-ranked runic outlines inscribed on the floor to deal with these golden Puppets. But if someone discovered the final secret regarding the fourth-ranked Inscription, they could choose to end everything with a mere snap of their fingers and become your true successor. Meticulously planned out indeed.”

Qin Wentian knew that the endless tests in this secret realm were meant to filter out the most eligible successor the Ascendant would feel satisfied with.

However when he, Qin Wentian arrived at this ending point, the

golden guardians said that he was unworthy to receive the inheritance. But, how about now?!

Qin Wentian stood up, and a terrifyingly harsh light flickered in his eyes as he swept his gaze over to those who were still locked in combat.

“Follow behind me.” Qin Wentian smiled to Bailu Yi. Bailu Yi froze, “Do you still intend to compete for the inheritance? Let’s leave here instead.”

After speaking, Bailu Yi wanted to pull Qin Wentian away. Although she could faintly sense the transformation that happened in Qin Wentian’s body, she knew for a fact that his current cultivation level was too low. How could a mere third-level Yuanfu cultivator be able to compete against a transcendent powers’ Heaven’s Chosen, no matter how talented he may be?

Even if he borrowed strength from the runic outlines, it was impossible for Qin Wentian to contend for the inheritance against these monsters.

This place was too dangerous, they needed to leave immediately.

However, Bailu Yi only saw Qin Wentian remaining motionless. He smiled at her. “Trust me.”

Bailu Yi was slightly hesitant. Before this she had always believed in Qin Wentian, but now it felt like an impossible feat, no matter

how much she wanted to believe.

After all, what Qin Wentian had in mind wasn't too realistic.

Even her brother Bailu Jing, as a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, didn't have any hope when it came to contending for the inheritance. He was only strong enough to fight evenly against the golden guardian, he couldn't defeat them.

"Wow, you actually didn't die." At this moment, Zhu Sha's malicious voice drifted over. That golden guardian earlier was in shock as well, turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian.

His most powerful spear strike hadn't actually killed Qin Wentian?

"Deal with him for me." He pointed towards Zhu Sha, as he commanded another of his ilk. In the next moment, another golden guardian lunged towards Zhu Sha, as the first golden guardian walked towards Qin Wentian.

"Good recovery strength," that golden guardian icily remarked. Abruptly, his long spear exploded forth. This time around, there would be no more mistakes. He would definitely ensure the death of Qin Wentian.

His blunder earlier, was a humiliation.

Bailu Yi stiffened, as she grew white with fright. Yet she only saw

Qin Wentian casually continue his advance. An instant later, she felt countless beams of light erupting forth from the runic outlines engraved on the ground.

“ROAR” An Azure Dragon dashed towards the golden guardian, as a gigantic axe cleaved down from the Heavens, all accompanied by a rain of arrows.

Each of Qin Wentian’s steps ‘awakened’ a runic outline engraved upon the floor. His momentum was filled with towering might, he was an unstoppable force! “RUMBLE~!” The myriad of manifestations created by the Divine Inscriptions were all violently attacking the golden guardian with unbelievable speed. The force of their joint attacks caused the golden guardian to continuously retreat.

“Hmm?” The pupils of the golden guardian narrowed. What was going on?

The countenance of the previously stoic golden guardian underwent a drastic change, the runic outlines on this entire floor all began to light up, beginning to fuse together, enshrouding him within their radiance.

“How is this possible?” The golden guardian stared in shock, he couldn’t understand why this was happening.

Bailu Yi was also thunderstruck, did Qin Wentian’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions shoot up another level? “DIE!” That golden guardian roared, causing a terrifying vortex to shoot out

from his spear, aiming to devour Qin Wentian.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian snorted coldly. With a mere thought, the body of an enormous python manifested, sacrificing itself to the attack. With another thought, a meteor of arrows thundered forth, but were then deflected by the golden guardian, as he weaved his spear about in an intricate dance.

“SCRAM!” With a loud bellow, a colossal hammer slammed into the body of the golden guardian with overwhelming force, causing it to be flung through the air.

Their combat instantly attracted the others’ attention. The eyes of Zhan Chen and the other cultivators couldn’t help but widen when they saw the abnormal change in Qin Wentian.

The revolving light from the runic outlines grew increasingly brighter, and even the entire great hall was trembling as though resonating with Qin Wentian.

“This...” Zhu Sha turned ashen. Somehow, Qin Wentian had gained control of the great hall.

“We must kill him first!” Zhu Sha shouted, pointing to Qin Wentian. Yet in response, only a thunderous deafening sound could be heard, as the hall’s Divine Inscriptions in their entirety completed their fusion. An incomparably gargantuan constellation arm was birthed from the fusion.

“This?!” Everyone was flabbergasted.

“This fellow is controlling all the power from the Divine Inscriptions within the great hall.” Bailu Yi’s heart pounded rapidly.

Even that Ascendant himself would never have expected that the hidden fourth-ranked Inscription he left behind would actually be activated by someone with a cultivation base at the third-level of Yuanfu.

Even though Qin Wentian had evolved, he still wouldn’t have been able to contend for the inheritance with this group of monsters, not without the aid of these countless runic outlines.

And now, everything in this place was under his control.

A frigidness flashed in Qin Wentian’s eyes as he stared at Zhu Sha, a mere look causing shivers down the spine of this peak-level Yuanfu cultivator. Earlier it was Zhu Sha who struck out at Qin Wentian, and had even grievously injured Bailu Yi.

Zhu Sha, deserved death. In mid-air, that constellation arm descended from the Heavens. It emanated a pressure that resembled the Astral Novas of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Zhu Sha’s silhouette flickered, as he retreated with explosive speed. However, that gargantuan arm instantly appeared behind him, slamming him head first into the ground.

After the gargantuan arm moved away, the only thing that remained of Zhu Sha was a pool of blood. Without any trace of his corpse or bones, he was obliterated completely.

Qin Wentian then turned his gaze onto that earlier golden guardian. The look in his eyes actually caused the heart of the golden guardian to involuntarily tremble. The golden guardian instantly averted his eyes as he stated with deference and fearful respect, “Congratulations, you passed the test. The inheritance is now yours.

”The words of the golden guardian didn’t cause any signs of joy to appear on Qin Wentian’s face. On the contrary, the coldness in his eyes became more severe.

He had come face to face with death countless times before arriving at this ending point. Even if he was unqualified to become the successor, the golden guardian could have allowed them to safely exit the trial grounds. But instead, he directly moved to kill them.

Inheritance?

Qin Wentian laughed manically as he softly commented. “I almost died here earlier, and now you tell me that I have passed the test?”

“Test? What qualifications do you have to test me?!” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, that gigantic constellation

arm smashed down, shattering the body of the golden guardian into pieces!

AGM 272 - Inheritance? Abandoned.

Test?

“Do you think that if you approve of me, I would approve of this inheritance?”

“Before this, you said that I was unworthy and thus wanted to kill me. Treading on the fine line between life and death, only to become a ‘worthy successor’ now?”

The Qin Wentian at this moment, wasn’t the successor. He chose to be a plunderer instead.

Since the golden guardians wanted to filter out an eligible successor, he would choose to plunder the inheritance away instead.

They saw him obliterating Zhu Sha, then following it up by smashing the golden guardian into pieces.

Everyone in the great hall watched, their faces shifting through a myriad of emotions. All of their attention was fixated onto Qin Wentian.

Only to see Qin Wentian abruptly sweep his gaze onto Zhan Chen, as an intimidating killing intent gushed forth from him.

As Zhan Chen felt Qin Wentian's pitiless stare riveted on him, his countenance drastically changed. He knew that Qin Wentian wanted to kill him.

"Buzz!" A raging wind gusted as Qin Wentian's palm moved. Momentarily, that gargantuan constellation arm mirrored his actions, directly grabbing at Zhan Chen. Within the great hall, Qin Wentian was its controller.

Zhan Chen's Astral Souls immediately erupted forth as he bathed in a radiance illuminated by a boundless sword glow. At this moment, it was as though his whole consciousness had integrated into the sword. "LACERATE!" Zhan Chen roared. A drop of blood flew from his finger, landing onto the sword glow. An instant later, a gigantic blood-colored sword manifested as it exploded towards the constellation arm. The blood-colored sword blocked the movements of the gargantuan arm, causing thunderous, vociferous sounds to echo out unceasingly. Zhan Chen then pointed his finger at Qin Wentian, his countenance as heavy as a mountain.

"KILL HIM!" Zhan Chen hollered, as Yang Fan instantly moved. His palms shimmered with the boundless energy of the stars and moon as he dashed towards Qin Wentian.

But simultaneously, Bailu Jing appeared next to Qin Wentian, and responded with his Great Sun Nine Beheading Technique. Golden threads appeared in mid-air, slicing apart the manifestation created by Yang Fan's Star-Seizing palms.

"Hmph." Qin Wentian coldly snorted. Rumbling sounds echoed

in the air as the runic outlines on the ground started to 'hiss' once again. This time, their fused power targeted Yang Fan, while several manifested long lances flew towards Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen turned pale, then with a clap of his hands, a sphere of light appeared in mid-air. Zhan Chen immediately slashed apart the spear with a chop of his palms, causing the light rays from the sphere to envelop his body. An instant later, the crowd all discovered that Zhan Chen had already disappeared, reappearing again outside of the great hall. His speed was so fast, it was as though he had teleported. However, as he appeared again, he involuntarily spat out continuous mouthfuls of fresh blood.

Qin Wentian's gaze followed Zhan Chen. Their gazes locked, with eyes filled with killing intent so thick it even distorted the air.

Both of them wanted nothing more than to destroy the other.

As expected of the chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, Zhan Chen was extremely tough to deal with. Qin Wentian couldn't kill him even with the aid of a fourth-ranked formation.

If one were to compare their individual strength, Zhan Chen could easily kill him. After all, Qin Wentian had only cultivated for a short period of time, his cultivation base was still shallow and lacking. Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Yang Fan, and the gargantuan arm moved with a speed as quick as lightning towards him. Yang Fan's countenance grew incredibly unsightly as he hastily sent out continuous palm strikes, trying to buy himself time. Borrowing force from the gargantuan arm's attack, Yang Fan used it to augment his movement technique as he too retreated out

of the great hall. He knew that if he continued staying in a place under Qin Wentian's control, the only result would be his death.

Qin Wentian then nonchalantly turned his gaze onto Hua Feng and those from the Hua Clan. Their countenances sank, appearing extremely ugly to behold. But they retreated as well, leaving the great hall of their own volition. They stood at the threshold, an intense glacial light erupting in their eyes when they stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was invincible within those walls, none of them could be his match.

Hence, they chose to bide their time outside of the great hall. Even if Qin Wentian obtained the inheritance, he would have to leave eventually. And when he did... they'd make sure of his utter demise, not allowing even a corpse to be left behind.

The rest of the golden guardians all stared at Qin Wentian. They understood that they were all sitting ducks here, and to stick around would mean getting killed by Qin Wentian.

"Swoosh." The constellation arm swept towards them. One of the golden guardians howled, "This successor is rebelling, I'll delay him. The rest of you join forces to summon the Golden Armored King." As the sound of his voice faded, the long spear in his hands erupted forth like a dragon snaking through the clouds, directly clashing against the constellation arm. His entire body was on the verge of shattering from the impact while the long spears from the other golden guardians penetrated through space, all of them stabbing into the Ascendant Sculpture.

Sounds of cracking rang out as the exterior of the sculpture broke into pieces. Gradually, an intense beam of golden light shot out. Qin Wentian discovered that within the sculpture, there was actually a golden body similar to that of the golden guardians. The only difference was that this golden body appeared several times larger.

“Puppet.” Qin Wentian could tell with a single glance the difference between this golden body compared to the other golden guardians. The other golden guardians all had cultivation bases, they weren’t true Puppets.

While the huge, golden-armored frame in front of him, was that of a true Puppet.

“Chi, chi, chi!” The bodies of the golden guardians all exploded, voluntarily choosing self-destruction as they transformed into golden beams of light drilling into the golden-armored Puppet.

“Since you refuse to become the successor, you can succeed us all in hell then.”

Before exploding, the golden guardian blocking Qin Wentian roared out his last words of defiance. As the beam of golden light from his body entered the golden-armored Puppet, that Puppet’s eyes opened and then stood up. The two ancient scrolls in its hands were placed on the ground, and the eyes it regarded Qin Wentian with, was filled with a baleful aura so strong, that even the very air distorted around it.

“Boom!” The golden-armored Puppet stepped out, the power of his steps causing the entire ground to shake.

Qin Wentian’s eyes narrowed, his conjecture was correct. The nine golden guardians weren’t Puppets, but were humans instead.

And as for that sculpture, the others thought that it was the corpse of an Ascendant, remaining here to pass down his inheritance. But that ‘corpse’ was actually merely a Puppet.

Such a scenario couldn’t help but make people ponder over this further.

Qin Wentian stared at the golden-armored giant, his gaze so clear it was as though he could see through it. In this secret realm where only Yuanfu-level cultivators could enter, a fourth-ranked Puppet was indeed an invincible existence. “Bzzzz!” The golden-armored Puppet flicked out a finger in Qin Wentian’s direction. With that single flick, space contorted as the terrifying energy of Heaven and Earth gathered and condensed into the shape of a golden arrow, able to pierce through all matter.

Qin Wentian’s countenance changed, that gargantuan constellation arm instantly appeared before him as he blasted forth with it.

The two attacks collided, as the great hall was racked with tremors. The support from the countless runic outlines engraved on the floor fused their power together, working in conjunction

with the constellation arm against the golden-armored Puppet. Yet, the golden Puppet showed no fear at all. It continued advancing forwards, disregarding the attacks.

“BOOM!” The constellation arm flexed, closing its fingers around the golden-armored Puppet, while Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered and he dashed towards the golden Puppet with explosive speed.

The eyes of the golden Puppet were like lightning bolts shooting right into Qin Wentian’s mind.

Qin Wentian could only feel stabs of searing pain in the centre of his brows, and then an instant later, a concentrated beam of light also erupted forth from it, fighting back against the lightning from the golden Puppet’s eyes. Very quickly, he approached the front of the golden Puppet. Qin Wentian then placed his palms onto it, a cold smile appearing on his face.

Did the fourth-ranked Puppet truly think of itself as invincible?

Qin Wentian slammed forth with his palms, only to see that the golden-armored giant Puppet had a look akin to amusement flickering in its eyes. A mere third-level Yuanfu cultivator wanted to breach the defences of a fourth-ranked Puppet?

Was he dreaming?

“Fractured Void!” Qin Wentian’s palm zoomed out, directly

landing onto the head of the Puppet. In an instant, a surge of energy rumbled as it directly bypassed the exterior, destroying the Divine Inscription within that was powering the Puppet.

What sorcery was this?

Could Qin Wentian see through the position and intricacies of the fourth-ranked Inscription?

The location of the Divine Inscription embedded within any Puppet were secrets only known to their creators. How could it have been located so easily?

Even if the location was discovered, how could it be so easy to destroy it?

Yet with a mere palm strike from Qin Wentian, it discovered that the runic outlines of the Divine Inscription embedded within its head, was in the midst of being eradicated at this very moment.

Negation. Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions had already reached the level of Reverse Inscription, and now that his perception had evolved another level, he could clearly sense the location of, and comprehend the complicated runic outlines of the fourth-ranked Inscription with ease. How difficult would it be for him to neutralise it?

Qin Wentian repeatedly sent out palm strikes, each and every one of his attacks aimed at the head of that golden-armored Puppet.

The reverberation of its unwilling roars shook the space but very swiftly, gradually lowered in volume, corresponding the loss of energy with the rate of destruction for the Divine Inscription embedded within it.

A few moments later, the Puppet was powerless, to the point where it could no longer stand, and so it adopted a kneeling position instead.

“YOU WILL DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH!” Qin Wentian ignored the last words of the Puppet. Mere words couldn’t hurt him. He upped the tempo of his attacks, until the last wisps of consciousness were wiped away from the golden guardians, reducing it to an ownerless object. Only then did Qin Wentian transfer it into his interspatial ring.

From now onwards, this fourth-ranked Puppet belonged to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian leisurely stepped out, arriving at the place where the two ancient scrolls lay. After picking them up, Qin Wentian opened one of the scrolls as his consciousness sank into it.

“These ancient scrolls contain this esteemed lord’s understanding of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, as well as the many formations and Divine Inscriptions that I had personally created. From now on, it shall be imparted to you.” An archaic voice entered his mind, as several extremely powerful Inscriptions and formations appeared within his consciousness.

Qin Wentian smiled as his consciousness sank into the second ancient scroll. “The title of this esteemed lord is the Gold-Element Ascendant. From a young age, I have stumbled over many obstacles on my path for cultivation. It is fortunate that the Heavens do not abandon those who strive for their goals, any by a stroke of luck, I eventually obtained a heaven-defying cultivation art. This Gold-Element Ancient Scroll contains within it a cultivation art that would enable the practitioners to have an indestructible golden body. Once one succeeds in cultivating it, one’s body would be akin to a Divine Weapon, able to sweep across the Grand Xia unhindered, becoming an existence at its peak.”

“This esteemed lord was besieged and harmed by enemies, resulting in my final resting here. With my last breath, I chose to leave my inheritance to the future generations. If the fated successor passes all my tests and receives my inheritance, one must put in their utmost effort to cultivate my legacy. There are three important points that one must note: First, the cultivation of this heaven-defying art must not ever be divulged to another, including one’s elders or ancestors of one’s sect or clan. Back then, this esteemed lord was harmed by none other than those I called family. Second, this cultivation art is extremely tyrannical in nature, and one may be subjected to abnormal changes during the course of cultivating it. Only those that possess an undying will, the strongest of the strong, are able to successfully cultivate it. Third, let me reiterate once more, never let anyone else know that you are cultivating this secret art. If my enemies were to find out, you would die without a doubt. Naturally, if you were to one day succeed in your cultivation and step into the Celestial Phenomenon Realm, only then could you investigate the identity of my enemy. If you possess the heart to undertake this, be the sword of revenge for this esteemed lord!”

The voice gradually faded, as Qin Wentian's eyes gleamed with an intense light.

Gold-Element Ancient Scroll, heavenly-defying art?

One can cultivate it, but must definitely keep it an absolute secret from others?

A cold light radiated from Qin Wentian's eyes. Once again, he thought of those nine golden guardians from before. They weren't true Puppets, but had the base of a living human instead. "Little Brother Qin, congratulations on obtaining the Ascendant's inheritance." Old First laughed uproariously. Old First, Bailu Jing, Bailu Yi, still remained inside of the great hall.

Qin Wentian smiled at Old First. After which, he walked to the entrance of the great hall, turning his gaze onto the rest of the cultivators. "The disputes we had within this secret realm, were only for the sake of this inheritance. Now that this inheritance is in my hands, I know for sure that all of you would want to kill me to plunder it. I, Qin, am not so arrogant to think I can still survive with the entire Moon Continent at my back. My fellow cultivators, I am willing to give up this inheritance to all of you."

After speaking, Qin Wentian flung the ancient scroll outside, causing everyone to be stunned by his actions.

The inheritance of the Ascendant?

Qin Wentian had voluntarily relinquished it!

AGM 273 - The Dust Settles

Qin Wentian had chosen to give up on the inheritance.

The nine golden guardians were all puppetified humans, and if it weren't for his heart sense evolving to another level, activating his third eye, he would definitely have fallen for their lies, believing that they were all Puppets.

The nine golden guardians didn't release their Astral Souls, but it was obvious that they cultivated in a strange art, resulting in their bodies becoming puppetified. After reading through the Gold-Element Ancient Scroll, Qin Wentian wondered... had the nine golden guardians cultivated this before?

And Qin Wentian was even more suspicious after he heard the words of that Ascendant. That Ascendant reminded his successor that this was an extremely tyrannical art, one would come across abnormal changes in one's body when cultivating it. Not only that, the voice further reiterated that one must never let the elders of their clan or sect know about it. This made Qin Wentian feel that something was wrong, even though the voice did explain it was harmed by those he called kin, and that the ultimate reason for him leaving behind this inheritance was to find a fated successor that could wreak vengeance for him in future. Qin Wentian couldn't help but doubt its words.

If it were merely to find a successor, why restrict the entry level of this secret realm to the Yuanfu level? Why not allow Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns to enter?

Maybe the reason could be explained in that the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were usually a bunch of older men whose potential was already exhausted. But that totally didn't match up to the golden guardian's logic when he told him that his cultivation base was too low to be qualified as a successor?

In addition, although his cultivation base was currently lacking, he knew of his own extraordinary background and he had already obtained the inheritance of the Azure Emperor. Hence, in front of this Ascendant's inheritance, his heart didn't waver in the slightest.

Also, Qin Wentian's character was extremely decisive. Since he had doubts regarding the veracity of that Ascendant's words, he might as well directly abandon it.

He felt not the slightest compunction towards this decision.

He didn't choose to give it to Bailu Jing nor Bailu Yi because from his perspective, there was an extremely high probability that there were problems with this cultivation art.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the cultivators outside the great hall. They made no movements, only dumbly stared at that ancient scroll he flung away. Evidently, no one had expected Qin Wentian would do this.

But Bailu Yi and the rest held countenances that drastically changed. It wasn't easy to obtain this inheritance, and now that Qin Wentian had received it, he was freely giving it away?

For the cultivators outside the great hall; Zhan Chen, Yang Fan, Zhao Lie and Hua Feng, the transcendent powers behind them could be said to be the representatives of the entire Moon Continent. If all of them truly combined their forces to hunt down Qin Wentian, he would have no choice but to flee, which would affect his plans for establishing a foothold in the Moon Continent, as well as affect the Bailu clan's White Deer Institute.

“That ancient scroll contains the cultivation art of the Gold-Element Ascendant. I choose to drop all my rights to it, my fellow cultivators. As for this other scroll, it contains all the insights on the Dao of Divine Inscriptions that the Ascendant had comprehended. In the eyes of a Grandmaster, there's nothing more tempting than this, hence I will be retaining it. In this way, let it be known that I, Qin have not let all of you down, and therefore let us wipe the slate clean after exiting this realm. Naturally, if you still wish to hold onto your grievances, then I will be happy to play with you.”

Qin Wentian's voice resonated in the air. Although he made this move, he also understood in his heart that it wasn't so easy for all the grudges and grievances to be wiped away merely with a single sentence. For example, Zhan Chen's secrets had already been discovered by him. How could he still be spared?

But now, since he honestly spoke his thoughts out, naturally Qin Wentian wasn't so foolhardy as to become the target of a multitude of arrows. At the very least, seeing that he was giving up the inheritance, how could the proud chosen of the other transcendent powers still have the face to beseech their elders to personally make a move against Qin Wentian?

After speaking, Qin Wentian caused the doors of the great hall to slam shut with a flick of his sleeves, no longer bothering with the bloodbath he knew would soon occur amongst the cultivators outside these walls.

The eyes of the cultivators outside all gleamed with an unknown light as they stared at the ancient scroll.

So, this ancient scroll was the cultivation art left behind by the Gold-Element Ascendant.

“That cultivation art is mine.” Zhao Lie immediately stepped out, as a flaming sabre appeared in his hands, its temperature was so high that the air around him became scorched. Laughing madly, he dashed towards the ancient scroll.

The moment he moved, the others were jolted awake from their shock and reacted as well. Yang Fan extended his palms as a huge palm imprint appeared in mid-air, whistling towards the scroll, intent on grabbing it.

“Stay your hand.” Zhao Lie slashed down with his sabre, the power of his strike causing space to break apart.

While at this moment, Zhan Chen and Hua Feng also made their moves.

They could sense the truth of Qin Wentian’s words, that

inheritance must be real. If that ancient scroll was fake, the matter would eventually be revealed. At that time, after they exited the realm, Qin Wentian would definitely be hunted down.

There was an 80% probability that the ancient scroll was real!

However, at this moment the entire space started to rumble. The golden guardians had said that once the inheritance was obtained, this entire space would soon start breaking down.

In the middle of the air, gales of powerful wind began to howl and that Ascendant statue started to break apart. As it crumbled, countless cracks appeared in the space around it. This entire realm was collapsing. The great hall Qin Wentian was in, rumbled as well.

Bailu Yi inclined her head, staring at the quavering great hall and asked, "What should we do?"

"Time to leave," Qin Wentian replied, he moved in the direction opposite the entrance of the great hall and and blasted his way through the walls as those following him all disappeared from sight.

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The windstorms became even more intense, sending the golden sand of the desert into their eyes, making it difficult to even open them.

“The space will soon shatter, but there shouldn’t be any life-threatening danger!” Bailu Jing shouted over the wind, wanting to grab hold of Bailu Yi. However, the force of the windstorms were too powerful, and they could only drift along with the air current.

Qin Wentian had his eyes shut as he contemplated his surroundings with his heart sense. But soon after, his heart involuntarily shuddered.

“Damn,” Qin Wentian murmured. A huge wave of sand was kicked up into the air by the windstorm, about to bury them underneath. They originally chose to stick together, but when that huge blanket of sand came crashing down, the impact caused them to be blasted in different directions, the four of them scattering.

Three days later, news was circulated that the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions had vanished. The entire ancient city had been buried by the desert.

Many people gathered over there to stare at the space near the original spot where the ancient city once stood. However, apart from a few remaining sand-covered ruins, nothing but golden sand could be seen.

“What happened in there?” Many of the onlookers were seized with curiosity.

The rumors stated that the secret realm was actually a Dao Cultivation Ground of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant, and there might even be an inheritance there. But if the rumors were

true, how could this have happened?

Why did the secret realm vanish? And who obtained the inheritance of that Ascendant?

This news gradually spread throughout the entire Moon Continent, but soon after, it was circulated that the ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Zhan Chen, had already returned to the Pill Emperor Hall.

After which, Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor, Zhao Lie from the Skyember Sect, and Hua Feng of the Hua Clan, had all respectively returned to their sects and clan.

And finally, it was said that the Ascendant's inheritance landed in the hands of Zhan Chen from the Pill Emperor Hall.

Many people sighed in their hearts, Zhan Chen was truly worthy of his reputation as the #11th ranker. Now that he had obtained the inheritance, the status of the Pill Emperor Hall would undoubtedly advance higher.

And as for the exact events that transpired within the secret realm, nobody knew except those that returned alive.

Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi had also returned to the White Deer Institute, and upon hearing the outside rumors and gossip, Bailu Yi couldn't help but snort disdainfully. All the rumors didn't have Qin Wentian's name in them. Presumably, the transcendent

powers' chosen getting forced out of the great hall was a matter of considerable shame to them. They were too embarrassed to spread such news.

Each and every chosen, with their cultivation bases at the peak-level of Yuanfu, had to depend on a third-level Yuanfu Inscriptionist to enter the great hall. And then, that same Inscriptionist forced them to retreat from the battle, thus winning the inheritance for himself. To add insult to injury, they were given the chance to contend once more for the inheritance, but only because he voluntarily gave it up soon after. Zhan Chen had even been injured in the following bloodbath. How embarrassing was that? Hence the truth of this matter was only known by those inside the realm, or with the dead buried in the desert.

Because for Qin Wentian's sake, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi chose not to spread the true events as well.

If this matter was known, Qin Wentian's name would rock the entire Moon Continent, but it would also push Qin Wentian right into the limelight, causing him to become the target for a multitude of arrows.

And it shouldn't be forgotten that although he had given up the cultivation art, he still had the scroll of Divine Inscriptions with him.

An ancient scroll containing the comprehensions of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendent was a priceless treasure in the eyes of Divine Inscriptionist Grandmasters. What if those fourth-ranked Grandmasters made a move against him?

In any case, no one knew where Qin Wentian was now.

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Bailu Yi stood atop the roof of a pavilion as she stared at the horizon.

Somewhere in that golden desert, inside a dilapidated-looking hall, Qin Wentian was sitting crossed-legged within, with a Puppet standing at his side.

This Puppet, was none other than the Puppet he had obtained from the trial grounds, the Golden-Armored King Puppet.

Qin Wentian naturally understood the methods on refining Puppets, and now that he came across this ownerless Puppet, how could he waste this opportunity not to bind it? This was an extremely powerful fourth-ranked Puppet!

In Qin Wentian’s perspective, Puppets were just like Divine Weapons, the methods of refining them were one and the same. After Divine Weapons were forged, Divine Inscriptions were inscribed onto it, granting it various powers and attributes one wanted that weapon to have. For refining Puppets, the only difference was that one had to leave a mind-link on the Puppet, allowing the creator or owner to control it completely. The Puppet would only lose this connection if someone forcibly erased the mind-link from it.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was repairing the Inscription embedded in the Puppet's head while sending out tendrils of his will to form a mind-link with it. The materials used to forge this Puppet made its defenses abnormally strong. Unless he met a powerful Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, the mind-link he created wouldn't be so easily wiped away. Of course, the exception was if his opponent was also someone that could ignore exterior defenses, and simultaneously have an exceedingly high level of attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

After several moments, the golden-armored Puppet finally stood up. Its eyes glimmered with a golden light, giving off the feeling that its gaze alone was sufficient to penetrate through the eyes of others.

A hint of laughter flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes as he stored the Puppet into his interspatial ring.

He had already formed a mind-link with the Puppet, hence he was easily able to absorb it into his interspatial ring. If the Puppet was still under the control of the golden guardians, he could only have kept it inside his ring after he erased the last of their mind-link.

Qin Wentian wasn't in a hurry to leave after refining the Puppet. He closed his eyes again and sensed the transformation that had occurred in his body.

The moment he closed his eyes, a bright glow radiated from the

centre of his brows. His third eye opened, golden in color, and everything within its sights was imprinted into his mind, deep into his heart.

The moment he opened his eyes, Qin Wentian's countenance shifted.

Golden light erupted forth out of all three of his eyes, containing within them the will of a Mandate.

His eyes could actually unleash the will of the Mandates he comprehended!

AGM 274 - Descendant Of Di

After the matter in the secret realm, the major powers of the Moon Continent regained their earlier days of peace. Naturally, those major powers not at the scale of transcendent powers hadn't obtained anything and suffered tremendous losses instead. The magnitude of danger in the secret realm this time around was unprecedented, and even the transcendent powers had lost a large number of their peak-level Yuanfu cultivators.

According to some of the later survivors, they only managed to find a way out after the collapse of the secret realm. Were it not for the destruction of the trial grounds, they would still be trapped within the formations.

And... the Pill Emperor Hall was undoubtedly the victor in the eyes of the crowd.

Because only the chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall had obtained the Ascendant's inheritance. This topic was endlessly discussed by the countless number of people in the Moon Continent.

Zhan Chen himself was someone ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, only a rank away from the top ten. Now that he had obtained the inheritance, the Pill Emperor Hall held him in even higher regard and many people speculated on when he would attempt to rank up, fighting his way into the top ten ranks of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Although there was only a difference of a single position between rank #11 and #10, the status it afforded could be said to be the difference between Heaven and Earth.

However, Zhan Chen didn't share in the excitement of the rest. Not only that, his face was currently tinged with vestiges of pain and sorrow.

"Zhan Chen, everything is destined, don't be too upset. Let everything be gone with the wind." Currently, his master was consoling him.

"No matter what, Qing Yue's death was caused by my uselessness, I wasn't strong enough to protect her," Zhan Chen lamented, but swiftly after, his eyes glinted with a burst of cold light. He harshly continued, "I have to be 50% responsible for Qing Yue's death, and as for the other half, it was all because of that Inscriptionist. If it weren't for him, Qing Yue wouldn't have died in the formation. This person, I have to kill this person personally with my own hands. A debt of blood must be paid in full by blood."

The killing intent in Zhan Chen's eyes was real. That was the killing intent he had towards Qin Wentian, he had to die.

Even if he disregarded the fact that Qin Wentian had personally witnessed his secret, there was also the matter of the heavy injuries he sustained at the trial grounds, being flung out of the great hall, and the ultimate humiliation of being 'gifted' the inheritance. There was no doubt about it, Qin Wentian's fate had been sealed.

Qin Wentian may have thrown away the inheritance, but he himself had thrown half his life away in the struggle to gain it. Eventually, he made his way back to the Pill Emperor Hall alive.

How could he spare Qin Wentian?

“Mhm, it’s good to see you have such devotion. Personally avenge Qing Yue, kill that man with your own hands,” his master calmly replied. “Master, Martial Uncle, I have something to do, I shall bid farewell first.” It was then that an exceedingly beautiful maiden faintly interjected, causing Zhan Chen’s gaze to land on her.

Mo Qingcheng, the disciple of his Martial Aunt, Luo He. Her talent was truly extraordinary, making rapid progress in terms of her cultivation base and alchemy arts ever since she arrived here. Not to mention, Luo He excessively doted on this disciple of hers. She wasn’t stingy in terms of resources, and even extremely valuable medicinal pills were all given to Mo Qingcheng for her consumption.

“Okay, go ahead. Zhan Chen, send her off.” Luo He nodded lightly.

“It’s fine, Senior Zhan Chen still has to cultivate, there’s no need to waste time on me.” Mo Qingcheng’s voice was as aloof as before, her attitude causing those wanting to be closer to her to feel that she was a thousand miles away instead. After speaking, she slightly bowed and departed.

Bai Fei, who was beside Mo Qingcheng, glanced deeply at Zhan Chen. There was an unknown emotion hidden in that look of hers.

Zhan Chen was the most outstanding cultivator below the realms

of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. He was always so cultured and refined, amicable and approachable. However, Bai Fei also knew that it was impossible between her and Zhan Chen. In her eyes, Senior Zhan Chen was way beyond her, standing right at the top, an unreachable presence.

Previously it was Qing Yue, and now, it was Mo Qingcheng.

Bai Fei couldn't help sigh in her heart. Hastening her pace, she chased after Mo Qingcheng. As Mo Qingcheng's beautiful back came into sight, Bai Fei's eyes flickered and her lips moved, as though trying to say something, but eventually stayed silent.

She knew that the Inscriptionist Zhan Chen spoke of was none other than Qin Wentian.

Zhan Chen, wanted to kill Qin Wentian.

If she really told Mo Qingcheng that Qin Wentian came to the Moon Continent and had even stepped into the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, she didn't know what her reaction would be. Hence, she chose to remain silent.

Since Senior Zhan Chen wanted to kill Qin Wentian, he was as good as dead. There shouldn't be any more possibility of Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng getting together.

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In the White Deer Institute, on the roof of a pavilion, Bailu Yi stared at the pond ahead as a hint of worry surfaced in her heart.

It had been already a month, but Qin Wentian had yet to return.

She was worried that he might be in danger.

“Haha, are you thinking of that fellow again?” The sound of someone laughing drifted over. Bailu Yi shifted her gaze over and glared at her brother. “No, what are you talking about?”

“You still don’t want to admit it? These past few days, someone has been cooped up in her room and has even neglected her cultivation.” Bailu Jing smiled at his sister as he teased, “Even if your own brother were to go missing for a year and half or more, you wouldn’t be as worried as you are now, right?”

“Your combat prowess is at such a high level, how could anything happen to you?” Bailu Yi laughed. “His cultivation base is still quite low, and even though he gave up that inheritance, if he were to somehow meet that group of fellows again, they would definitely not show mercy.”

“Shouldn’t you have more confidence in him?” Bailu Jing teased.

“You’re right, that fellow has too many methods up his sleeves, even if it was that bunch of people, killing him would be no easy task.” Bailu Yi’s countenance finally relaxed. Although she had not been acquainted with Qin Wentian for very long, that fellow had a

unique charisma, causing people to feel that he was extraordinary because of his demeanor, despite his low cultivation base. It truly wouldn't be so easy if people wanted to make a move against him. Zhan Chen, Yang Fan and Zhao Lie were all titled as Heaven's Chosen, but during the time when they competed for the inheritance, which of them hadn't been forced into retreat by Qin Wentian?

"Anyway, there are some troublesome matters concerning our Institute, an annoying fellow just arrived," Bailu Jing stated somewhat depressedly, causing Bailu Yi to start. "What happened to the Institute?"

"You should still remember what the elders said regarding our origins," Bailu Jing explained, his words causing Bailu Yi's heart to clench.

Of course she knew, she had even discussed the matter with Qin Wentian when inside the secret realm.

Qin Wentian held the Azure Emperor Token, he was the successor of the Azure Emperor. "Naturally," Bailu Yi replied.

"There's someone claiming to be from the direct line of descent from the Di Clan (Azure Emperor's = Dicang) who wants to take control of our White Deer Institute," Bailu Jing stated, causing Bailu Yi to show an expression of alarm.

A direct descendant of the Di Clan?

And he wanted to take control of the White Deer Institute?

How can that be? Then, what about Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian was the one that possessed the Azure Emperor Token.

And by right, no one else but the true successor should be aware of the matter of the 'hidden' Azure Faction.

Bailu Yi sensed that things weren't as simple as they seemed.

"When did the person arrive?" Bailu Yi asked again.

"He just arrived today and it appears that he's thoroughly investigated our White Deer Institute. He even knew about you." A helpless smile appeared on Bailu Jing's face. It was what Qin Wentian had deduced, that time had diluted all things relating to the Azure Faction. Although they followed the teachings and the ways of their ancestors, any true conviction they might have had as part of the Azure Faction had long faded away. Particularly the younger generations, they had no feelings of sentiment being part of the 'hidden' Azure Faction from the Azure Emperor Palace.

"He knows of me?" Bailu Yi felt slightly confused.

"That fellow is extremely arrogant. First, he wants everyone in the Institute to follow his orders, falling under his control. And as someone from the main branch, he would like to give restitution to

the White Deer Institute for being forced to hide their identities for thousands of years. Therefore, he will allow you to marry him, granting you entry to the main branch as compensation.” Bailu Jing couldn’t help but burst out into laughter as he spoke of this. Originally, he didn’t have many emotions with regards to the bloodline of the Azure Emperor, but after meeting such an absurd person, how could he have any good feelings? He only felt that this whole matter was so ridiculous that it was funny.

“Let’s go and take a look,” Bailu Yi replied, leaving together with Bailu Jing. They soon arrived at a courtyard with several people in it. And the one in the lead was actually not an elder of the Institute, but a young man clad in long golden robes, exuding the arrogance of nobility.

An elder quietly stood behind this young man, exuding almost no presence at all. This was an indication of how extraordinary the elder might be.

Upon noting the arrival of Bailu Yi, the eyes of the young man swept over to her in contemplation. Angelic features with the figure of a devilish succubus, his eyes couldn’t help but light up as he commented, “Is this Little Yi?”

“Little Yi,” Bailu Yi was stunned, her only response was to speechlessly gaze back at the young man.

Despite her closeness with Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian had never once referred to her as Little Yi. Yet this was the first meeting between the young man and her, and he actually called her Little Yi.

“May I ask who you are?” Bailu Yi inquired.

“Hi, my name is Di Cheng, from the direct line of descent of the Azure Emperor as well as his sole successor” The tone of this young man was filled with an unmistakable arrogance.

Bailu Yi looked at him as she cut to the chase, “Do you have the Azure Emperor Token?”

This courtyard was located right at the heart of the White Deer Institute. There was no need to doubt its security as only core members of the Institute were allowed to enter. Hence, Bailu Yi wasn't afraid that she would divulge the secret since everyone here already knew of their Institute's origin.

“For the moment, the Azure Emperor Token isn't in my hands,” Di Cheng replied, he hadn't expected Bailu Yi to be so direct.

“Since you don't have the token, what right do you have to say that you are the Azure Emperor's successor?” Bailu Yi icily shot back.

Bailu Yi secretly let out a breath of relief when Di Cheng couldn't produce the Azure Emperor Token. Although she fully trusted in Qin Wentian, the existence of the 'hidden' branches of the Azure Faction was an absolute secret, almost no one should know of it. She was really afraid that the young man before her might have taken out the token, indicating that Qin Wentian might have lied to her.

Yet, since Di Cheng couldn't produce the token, this suggested that this man's identity may not be what he claimed.

"Hehe." Di Cheng laughed. "Due to the passing of years, with too many storms of wind and rain, the token was lost ages ago. But there's no need for the other bloodlines originating from the Azure Emperor to hide any longer. As someone of the main bloodline, I hope that the White Deer Institute will follow their ancestral teachings, by supporting me and rising to prominence once again."

"You say that you are, and so it means that you are? Are we supposed to take your word for it?" Bailu Yi replied, without a hint of courtesy. "The 'hidden' Azure Faction has stayed in the shadows for so many years, and only the true successor with the Azure Emperor Token would know of our location. Who the hell are you and how did you know about my White Deer Institute?"

AGM 275 - Di Feng, Emperor Azure

During the era of the Azure Emperor, the Azure Emperor Palace was the strongest transcendent power in the whole of Grand Xia. The experts within were as numerous as the clouds.

And among those experts, not everyone had Di as their surname. There were the Azure Emperor's disciples, his loyal guardians, or even his servants. All of them formed the Azure Faction.

After the Azure Emperor Palace narrowly avoided getting destroyed, the majority of this group of people silently left, hiding in places around Grand Xia, to the extent where they changed their surnames and lived incognito. Yet despite staying in hiding, all of them had one mission—to follow once again the successor of the Azure Emperor. He who holds his token would gain control over all the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction, allowing them to rise from the ashes to the pinnacle of Grand Xia once more.

These were the ancestral teachings of the White Deer Institute.

However, their wait would stretch on for a long time, lasting over thousands of years. The loyalty of these 'hidden' Azure Faction branches gradually diminished with the passing of time, and now the only thing binding them are the ancestral teachings of their ancestors.

The one with the Azure Emperor Token would naturally be the successor. And back then, some of the Azure Emperor's disciples changed their surname to Di. They were one of the most loyal

groups to the Azure Emperor and the task of selecting the successor also fell to them.

The old man standing behind Di Cheng couldn't help but exclaim in anger when he heard Bailu Yi's suspicions. "Impudent."

The snort of anger echoed like the crack of a whip, echoing out loud in the silent courtyard.

Yet Di Cheng merely smiled as he waved his hands. "Little Yi is still young, don't be angry with her. Since Little Yi wishes to hear the truth, I can tell you this. Currently, the person in charge with the safekeeping of the Azure Emperor's Token has already been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. Perhaps, he has already confessed under torture. If that's the case, your existence and any other branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction will soon be exposed and all of you will be destroyed by our ancestor's enemies. Hence, I need to act preemptively, uniting all the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction."

"Our ancestral teachings stated that only the inheritor of the token would know of our location. Since the Azure Emperor Token is not in your hands, how did you know of us? Or has the main branch already gone against the original ancestral teachings?" It was then that a supreme elder from the White Deer Institute faintly interjected. Although his tone was calm, his words were filled with sharpness.

"I will explain it further to Senior in the future." Di Cheng laughed, "The White Deer Institute is the first branch I wanted to unite, I definitely won't mistreat the Institute. In the future, Little

Yi shall be my wife and your White Deer Institute can become one of the leading powers of the ‘hidden’ faction.”

“Who says I wanted to be your wife?” Bailu Yi didn’t expect this young man to be so shameless, he actually spoke as though he were giving a great boon to her and the Institute. This level of shamelessness made her take huge breaths to calm herself, resulting in the heaving of her ample chest, causing Di Cheng’s eyes to light up.

“We will continue this discussion later, Young Master, why don’t you go take a rest first?” Another supreme elder interjected, it was apparent that he had no more interest in continuing the discussion. Di Cheng also understood that it was impossible to subdue the entire Institute just like that, hence, he agreed and left.

After arranging the living quarters for Di Cheng, the upper echelons of the White Deer Institute gathered once again for a discussion.

Within the great hall, the core members of the Institute assembled. The four supreme elders, the nine grand elders, as well as the more powerful ones from the direct line of descent of the younger generations.

The one leading the discussion was none other than Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather, who was also the current headmaster of the White Deer Institute.

This old man had a head and beard full of white hair, yet his eyes

brimmed with the vitality of tigers and dragons, exuding an imposing aura in each of his movements. “Tell me, what are your thoughts on this matter?” The old man calmly spoke, directing the question to the four supreme elders.

“I disagree with their words, our White Deer Institute has already formed a faction of our own. Why do we still need to be under the control of others? Not only that, Di Cheng didn’t even have the token,” a supreme elder replied, showing his displeasure.

“Indeed, we have to ponder over this deeply. Our ancestral teachings are one thing, but still, we cannot be sure of Di Cheng’s identity.”

“I agree with Eldest Brother.”

The last supreme elder drummed his fingers on the supports of his seat before he added, “Let’s hear the opinions of the younger generations.” Bailu Yi silently took note of the attitude of the crowd. What made her astonished was that the supreme elders seemed to disapprove of the matter.

A bitter smile involuntarily appeared on her face when she thought of Qin Wentian. It seemed that the path Qin Wentian had chosen, wouldn’t be as smooth as what he had expected.

“Little Yi, what do you think?” One of the elders turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi. This elder was none other than her grandfather.

Bailu Yi pondered for a moment before asking, “I don’t presume to know the thoughts of the supreme and grand elders regarding the White Deer Institute. I only hope that our Institute will be the same as before, to remain hidden within the Moon Continent. When the successor truly appears before us, proving his identity and strength, only then should we all follow him in a bid to rise again to the pinnacle of Grand Xia. But of course, if the successor doesn’t appear, there’s no need for further discussion.”

Many of the elders froze for a second, but smiles could be seen on their faces soon after.

“We are all getting old and muddle-headed, seeing as a single sentence from this young lass has summed up the core of this issue. She’s right.” Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather smiled.

“If the successor really has the ability to allow the Azure Emperor Palace to rise again, I have no issues,” a supreme elder added. Each of the core members then expressed their thoughts and Bailu Yi discovered that the majority of the core members actually wanted the White Deer Institute to reveal their relations with the Azure Emperor Palace, and to rise once again in Grand Xia.

“Little Yi, you should have heard the opinions of our core members. Tell me more about your thoughts.” Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather glanced at her, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. “Great-Grandfather, it seems like the majority of our core members are dissatisfied with the status our White Deer Institute has today.” Bailu Yi gave a shallow smile.

“In the end, the Grand Xia Empire is still the world of the

transcendent powers. Although our White Deer Institute is powerful, in truth, the four transcendent powers of the Moon Continent have been silently putting pressure on us,” the old man replied. “Mhm, since the majority of us are dissatisfied, this means that we need to find an opportunity.” Bailu Yi nodded.

“You mean, to surrender to Di Cheng?” the old man asked.

“No, but I believe in the true successor of the Azure Emperor. The holder of the Azure Emperor Token, would definitely be someone phenomenal.” A sweet smile painted Bailu Yi’s face as her eyes lighted up. She discovered that the appearance of Di Cheng, may not be a bad thing for Qin Wentian.

At the very least with Di Cheng’s attitude, there was no way he would be able to convince the White Deer Institute to follow him.

Bewilderment shone on the face of Bailu Yi’s great-grandfather. Why did this lass have so much trust in a non-existent successor?

“But Di Cheng said that the person in charge of the Azure Emperor Token has been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. No one knows where the token is now.”

“Great-Grandfather, do you believe in his words?” Bailu Yi asked, causing the old man to shake his head with a laugh. “No, I don’t.” “Enough, we will discuss this further. The younger members can leave first, but remember to be cautious and not let word of this meeting leak out. If not, don’t blame the supreme elders from acting accordingly.” The old man’s voice carried a warning, this

matter was too serious and concerned the survival of the White Deer Institute. Even though everyone here was a core member, a reminder wouldn't hurt. It was better to be safe than sorry.

After Bailu Yi and the rest left, the White Deer Institute were still polite to Di Cheng, at least on the surface. They believed that Di Cheng was truly a descendant of the Di Clan. If not, there was no way for him to know so many secrets.

However, despite their hospitality, Di Cheng could clearly tell that the White Deer Institute had no intentions of bowing down to him. He didn't even have the opportunity to meet with any of the supreme elders after that. But Di Cheng was too shameless, he still continued strutting about in the White Deer Institute and would often find opportunities to get close to Bailu Yi.

His actions and attitude caused many of the core members to frown. Even if Di Cheng was a descendant of the Di Clan, how could the Di Clan dare to choose someone like him as a successor? It wasn't until the arrival of another young man, that those from the White Deer Institute discovered that their thoughts were correct.

This new arrival was named Di Feng, and his demeanor and bearing were worlds apart from the pompous Di Cheng. Composed, calm, with the feel of a leader. This man was extraordinary.

Not only that, his combat prowess was many times higher compared to Di Cheng.

After his arrival, Di Cheng toned down his attitude. Di Cheng no longer dared to strut around his identity as successor, which spoke volumes to those from the White Deer Institute.

Di Feng, was the true successor the Di Clan had chosen. And comparing Di Cheng and Di Feng, the core members from the White Deer Institute couldn't help but feel that Di Feng was too outstanding. Maybe, he truly had the capability to lead the Azure Faction to rise up once again.

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In the training grounds of the White Deer Institute, several gazes were fixed upon the two young men standing there now. These two, were none other than Di Feng and Bailu Jing.

Bailu Jing was evidently at a disadvantage when he exchanged blows with Di Feng, the impact causing him to retreat without pause. When the force completely dissipated, a sharp glint of light gleamed in his eyes as he stated, "You should have another identity. Am I right?"

Di Feng flicked his sleeves, a cold smile on his face. "Brother Jing has extraordinary strength, I'm sure your ranking will be upgraded during the next refresher. Yes, you are right, I have another title. I'm also known as Emperor Azure.

"Emperor Azure, Azure Emperor," Bailu Jing murmured, "Indeed as I expected, you are truly him. Only today have I fully

understood the implicit connotations behind the name of Emperor Azure.”

The spectating elders all started, this young man was actually the ‘Emperor Azure’.

“Emperor Azure.” Bailu Yi was stunned. The 5th ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking was exactly named Emperor Azure.

Emperor Azure’s name resounded throughout Grand Xia, but how many would have expected that his real name was Di Feng?

“Emperor Azure, Azure Emperor, so this is how it is,” Bailu Yi’s grandfather mumbled, he understood the unspoken meaning of this name.

It was only that such a grand character as Emperor Azure didn’t even receive the inheritance nor authority token of the Azure Emperor. Actually, this was also one of Di Feng’s regrets. It wasn’t that he didn’t have the strength, it was due to the environment he grew up in. When he was young, he followed his master in roaming the world. When he returned, it was already too late. He had already broken through to Yuanfu and hence, was unqualified for the test in the Emperor Star Academy, administered by Di Yi.

But still, Di Feng couldn’t care less.

Even without the Azure Emperor Token, he would still be the leader of the Azure Faction. “Little Yi, do you think this young

man has the ability to lead the Azure Faction back to its former glory?” Bailu Yi’s grandfather smiled at her, his question causing her expression to suddenly falter.

A sudden notion occurred to her. Could all of this be pre-planned? The Di Clan was too smart, they first sent Di Cheng over, causing everyone to have bad impressions of him. After which, they followed up with a Di Feng, ranked #5 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

Such a blatant contrast would definitely cause Di Feng to gain the approval of many.

Bailu Yi was contemplating on what to say, but right at this moment, somebody hastily walked in front of her and reported, “Miss Bailu, Qin Wentian, has returned.”

Bailu Yi froze, as a smile broke out on her face soon after. That fellow was finally back!

AGM 276 - Fairy Qingmei's Attitude

After Qin Wentian obtained that ancient scroll, he immersed himself completely into comprehending it, while also adjusting himself to the transformation within his body. This secluded acclimatization lasted two months, during which he had completely forgotten about the passage of time.

Throughout these two months, he marveled deeply at the strength of his bloodline, while pondering over the insights regarding the profound Inscriptions created by that Celestial Ascendant. Indeed, the Gold-Element Ascendant was truly and exceptionally a monstrous talent in terms of both cultivation and Divine Inscriptions.

Qin Wentian was thinking back to that ancient scroll he gave up. That cultivation art should be extremely powerful as well. Yet Qin Wentian had no regrets, he trusted his instincts. If it weren't for the fact that his third eye had activated, allowing him to see that the nine golden guardians possessed cultivation bases, he may not have suspected the inheritance. But he saw those nine golden guardians with strength at the peak-level of Yuanfu acting like Puppets protecting the inheritance, in addition to their willingness to give up their lives to activate the golden-armored Puppet. Adding these two observations together, a sliver of doubt couldn't help but enter Qin Wentian's heart.

Hence, he had chosen to abandon the inheritance.

Throughout these two months, both his power levels in terms of cultivation and Divine Inscriptions took a huge leap forward. He

was now even more confident in his own abilities. He believed that it wouldn't be too long before he'd gain a foothold of his own in the Moon Continent.

The pressure Qin Wentian felt when he first came to the Moon Continent pushed him to go even further, constantly upgrading his strength with the quickest speed. In fact, for his age, he could already be considered one of the most exceptional geniuses in the history of Grand Xia.

He started cultivation at the age of sixteen, then condensed his first Astral Soul from the fifth Heavenly Layer. Similarly, his second and third Astral Souls were also from the fifth Heavenly Layer. Up till now, he had not met anyone whose accomplishments rivaled him in this aspect.

He then stepped into Yuanfu before the age of eighteen, his name rocking the entire Chu Country and even had the power to decide who should wield the authority to rule. This was something many wouldn't be able to achieve in their entire lives.

And now, at the age of nineteen, he had broken through to the fourth level of Yuanfu, all in the span of two months. His Yuanfu receptacles expanded and his understanding of his Mandates deepened further.

At this moment, a beautiful silhouette was walking over from afar. Although Bailu Yi's beauty couldn't be compared to Mo Qingcheng, she was an extremely stunning woman in her own right. Clean, with a fresh and cool look, in addition to her innocent personality and sexy figure, it all guaranteed that she would

certainly be a head-turner wherever she went.

“Hmph, you’re finally back,” Bailu Yi pouted as she glared at Qin Wentian. In front of Qin Wentian, she no longer acted like the Teacher Bailu she was before. She was more casual and easygoing, like how friends interacted. There were even moments where her girly attitude could be seen, enhancing her charm even further.

A teasing smile could be seen on his face when Qin Wentian looked at Bailu Yi. “From your tone, why does it sound like this place is my home?”

“In your dreams.” Bailu Yi glared at him. “How were your ‘gains’ this time around?”

“Huge. Do you want to take a look at that ancient scroll left behind by the Ascendant?” A mischievous smile could be seen on Qin Wentian’s face, such a treasure would prove irresistible to virtually all Divine Inscriptionists.

If this matter was circulated to others, there would definitely be fourth-ranked Inscriptionists going into a frenzy because of it.

“Forget it, that inheritance was obtained by you, it should belong to you,” Bailu Yi replied after giving the matter some consideration.

“Well, I didn’t say that I would give it to you.” Qin Wentian laughed heartily, causing Bailu Yi to roll her eyes. Was this fellow

just making fun of her earlier?”

Well, I guess I can lend you the scroll for a few days, I’m a genius after all.” Bailu Yi didn’t know whether to cry or smile at this remark, so she chose the next best thing, punching Qin Wentian instead.

To be honest, Qin Wentian wouldn’t be stingy. Bailu Yi wasn’t just beautiful, during the fight for the inheritance, she had blocked Zhu Sha’s strike for him, suffering injuries.

“Where are Big Bro Chu Mang and that fatty?” Qin Wentian couldn’t help but ask as he noticed the approach of Little Rascal.

“I can only use the word ‘crazed’ to describe them. They hadn’t slacked off in their cultivation in the slightest, and these days they’re usually found in the Hell Arena, accumulating their battle records.” Bailu Yi’s words made Qin Wentian somewhat moved. That fatty was finally motivated and wasn’t skiving off anymore.

Undoubtedly, Leng Ning’s death also had a huge impact on him.

In this Grand Xia Empire where experts were as numerous as clouds, to be without sufficient strength meant that you could only stand aside when things important to you were about to be lost.

If the Qin Wentian back then had the power he had today, he definitely wouldn’t have allowed the Leng Clan to touch even a strand of hair on Leng Ning’s head. With his current level of

power, even dealing with that perverse freak, Yan Tie, would be mere child's play.

“Qin Wentian, come with me, I've something important to talk to you about.”

Bailu Yi's countenance suddenly turned solemn. After which, she led Qin Wentian to a secret corner near her residence. She didn't bring him to the central courtyard, where the elders had their discussions, as one would have to be a core member of the Institute to gain entrance there.

Di Feng and Di Cheng were exceptions because they knew the greatest secret of the White Deer Institute—that they were a branch of the 'hidden' Azure Faction.

Qin Wentian knew of it as well but had chosen not to reveal the authority token. Naturally, Bailu Yi wouldn't divulge this information to others.

“What happened?” Qin Wentian involuntarily questioned upon noticing the look of worry on Bailu Yi's face.

“During the past few days, a group of people came to our White Deer Institute. One of them is named Di Feng, but he has another title, that of Emperor Azure, someone ranked #5 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. They said that they're from the main bloodline, the Di Clan lineage of the Azure Emperor.” Bailu Yi's words instantly caused Qin Wentian's face to sink. Main bloodline, Di Clan.

Qin Wentian suddenly thought of the Emperor Star Academy's Headmaster, Di Yi.

He should still be imprisoned in the Nine Mystical Palace. Was he still alive or had he already been tortured to death by them? As he thought of this, Qin Wentian's thirst for power grew even stronger.

"Somehow, they knew that our White Deer Institute is one of the branches of the 'hidden' Azure Faction. Their purpose in coming here was to dominate and gain control of the Institute, to unite the Azure Faction and then ultimately lead the Azure Emperor Palace to rise to prominence once more," Bailu Yi explained, causing many thoughts to abruptly bloom in Qin Wentian's mind.

He already knew when he received the token that his road to unite the Azure Faction wouldn't be smooth. And now, someone from the Di Clan of the main bloodline had appeared, he wondered what their true intentions were.

And if they knew that the Azure Emperor Token was in his hands, what actions would they take?

Qin Wentian asked in a heavy voice, "Would the White Deer Institute recognize them without the Azure Emperor Token?"

"This branch feels very conniving. Initially, they sent the silk pants young master, Di Cheng, to give everyone a bad impression of them. After which, Di Feng, the young, charismatic hero, appears. The majority of the elders have a very good impression of

Di Feng, as though they could see hope if he were the one leading us. I think the White Deer Institute might very well agree to be under their control,” Bailu Yi explained as she continued, “Their explanation regarding the absence of the Azure Emperor Token was that the guardian of the token has already been captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. They are worried that he might divulge the secret of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. Hence, this matter convinced those who were initially against the Di Clan to change their minds.”

Qin Wentian pondered over Bailu Yi’s words for many moments. This matter was a challenge to him, but similarly, it was an opportunity as well.

The Di Clan of the main bloodline had already poked a hole for him to enter, their actions causing the White Deer Institute to have thoughts and discussions about returning to the Azure Emperor Palace once more. The only question remaining was: who would be the one to lead them?“

“After Headmaster Di Yi handed the Azure Emperor Token to me, because of my matters, he was eventually captured by the Nine Mystical Palace. I believed that even when faced with death, he would never divulge the Azure Emperor’s secret,” Qin Wentian stated with unshakable conviction.

Apparently, he had no choice but to move his plans forward. The White Deer Institute would be the first battleground in his quest to unite the Azure Faction. He had to win them no matter what.

“What are your next plans?” Bailu Yi asked again.

Qin Wentian gravely regarded Bailu Yi before he smiled, “Don’t worry, even if Di Feng from the main bloodline wanted to compete with me, the one victorious, will still be me.”

So what if Di Feng was ranked #5 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking? Given a few years time, Qin Wentian’s name would definitely be one of the most illustrious names to appear within the Heavenly Fate Ranking as well. He was aiming for the position of the top ranked.

This was his utter conviction, and also his ambition.

“Let’s go, I’ll share with you the comprehensions I acquired from the Ascendant’s scroll.” Qin Wentian laughed. Looking at that handsome countenance, Bailu Yi involuntarily broke into a smile as well. She believed that regardless of the challenges, Qin Wentian would definitely be the one victorious.

In the course of obtaining the Ascendant’s inheritance, he had already offended the ranked #11 Zhan Chen, ranked #18 Yang Fan, as well as Zhao Lie and Hua Feng. So what if he added the ranked #5, Di Feng, into the mix?

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In a place far, far away from the Moon Continent, where demonic beasts and humanity peacefully co-existed together, the Palace Mistress of the Celestial Lake Palace was respectfully looking at an alluring beauty in the main seat of the great hall.

Fairy Qingmei lazily laid there, as a few glints of demonic light sparkled in her eyes. Her jade-like hands drummed on the chair as she remarked in a low voice, “That old fellow, can he no longer wait?”

“From gathered news, there are currently two great powers that are already on different sides. No one will be able to prevent this,” the Palace Mistress quietly explained.

“Hehe, I didn’t think there’d already be worms eating the Azure Faction from within before they got the chance to rise up once more. Do they really want to go against the last orders of the Azure Emperor, directly seizing power into their own hands without waiting for the appearance of the authority token?” A grave smile with hints of cold anger could be seen on Fairy Qingmei’s face.

“I think that’s what they wanted to do. Throughout all these years, their power has consolidated, even nurturing powerful elites such as Di Feng. My news stated that Di Feng has already arrived at the White Deer Institute in the Moon Continent.” It seemed as though the Palace Mistress knew the matters and happenings of the Moon Continent like the back of her palm.

“How are things going with Qing`er and that little fellow? Could that lass’s heart already be moved by him?” As Fairy Qingmei thought of Qing`er, the grave-looking smile faded away, replaced by one of warmth and gentleness.

“I don’t think so. Master should be extremely clear about

Qing`er's personality. She may be ignorant, but that ignorance has made her as pure as jade, and as emotionless too. It would be exceedingly hard for someone to move her through emotions," the Palace Mistress replied. "As for that little fellow, he is pretty outstanding indeed."

"Oh?" Fairy Qingmei's pupils slightly narrowed, "It's rare to find someone that you have such a high evaluation of. Since this is the case, send some reinforcements over to the Moon Continent to help him. Naturally, it would be good if nothing untoward happened, but if something did happen, they should be made clear of my attitude."

AGM 277 - Blocked Path

After Qin Wentian passed the ancient scroll to Bailu Yi, she excitedly sunk her will and consciousness into it. Lost in the profoundness of the Inscriptions, she entered a state of forgetting everything.

Right from the start, she had always been deeply interested and mesmerized by Divine Inscriptions. Now the insights of an Ascendant were right in front of her and like Qin Wentian, she was unable to extricate herself once she started reading it.

The Gold Element Ascendant had many unique ways when it came to the application of knowledge and within the ancient scroll, there were powerful fourth-ranked Inscriptions, formations, ways to refine fourth-ranked Puppets and methods to forge fourth-ranked Divine Weapons.

Regretfully, Bailu Yi still didn't have a high enough level of attainment to comprehend them. She couldn't understand nor perceive clearly the Inscriptions within. She could only gain a slight amount of insight.

After they met up with Chu Mang and Fatty, the four of them then entered a closed-door cultivation session, secluded within the White Deer Cavern, while Little Rascal laid beside them.

In actuality, Qin Wentian had initially wanted to spend an even longer time meditating in the desert. He had only rushed back because he was worried that Bailu Yi and Fan Le would be worried

about him. Now that he'd returned, he would take this chance to discuss with Bailu Yi his thoughts and interpretations regarding the ancient scroll, further consolidating his foundation for both of them. Such an exchange left him feeling marvelous and extremely satisfied with his growth.

However, Di Cheng's current emotions were far from feeling marvelous nor satisfied.

If the Di Clan wanted to gain control over the White Deer Institute, not only did they need approval from a majority of the core members, they also had to place importance in forming good relations with the group as a whole. Only then would the White Deer Institute wholeheartedly submit to their authority and help them willingly. Di Feng was undoubtedly the most suitable candidate there that would gain the recognition of the Institute's core members.

In this cultivation-oriented world, other than the sake of obtaining benefits, it was also important to develop connections and good relations.

Hence during these few days, Di Feng had been staying in the White Deer Institute and would occasionally visit the supreme and grand elders, even interacting with those from the younger generations. Gradually, the feelings of admiration towards this talented young man grew stronger and stronger. There were increasingly more people who trusted and believed in Di Feng.

But for Di Cheng, the White Deer's Institute treatment and attitude towards him were spiraling downwards by the second.

Now, there was nothing for him to do and even his existence was completely ignored. And what's more, he had just received news that Bailu Yi was currently in closed-door cultivation together with another young man. How could he be feeling great?

“Is Little Yi still in closed-door seclusion?” At this moment, Di Cheng asked Bailu Yi's father.

“That lass.” Bailu Yi's father lightly shook his head. He knew that ever since Qin Wentian had come back, Bailu Yi hadn't left his side, even for a single moment.

He was perplexed by the situation. Normally, he would misunderstand the relationship between his daughter and Qin Wentian. However, he found that he had no objections to it because he had taken a liking to that young man. At the very least, Qin Wentian excelled in every aspect compared to Di Cheng. And also, despite both being descendants of the Di Clan, Di Cheng's level was too far apart when compared to Di Feng.

“Father, it seems that your daughter has already been abducted by Qin Wentian,” Bailu Jing remarked with a laugh, standing at the side. His words were spoken precisely for Di Cheng's sake.

Indeed, after hearing his comment, Di Cheng's countenance immediately changed. “Who is Qin Wentian? Is he even worthy of my Little Yi?”

Bailu Jing and his father took offense whenever Di Cheng referred to Bailu Yi as ‘his Little Yi’, yet they couldn't bring

themselves to take up the issue with him. After all, he was still a guest of their Institute.

“It doesn’t matter if he’s worthy or not, as long as Little Yi likes him.” Bailu Jing’s words deliberately mocked Di Cheng further.

As expected, after Di Cheng heard that, his unsightly countenance became even uglier to behold. “Master, the young missus has ended her closed-door seclusion.” Just then, a maid ran up to report. Bailu Yi’s father smiled, his eyes lighting. “This lass can finally bear to come out now.”

“I’ll leave first,” Di Cheng bid his farewell in a strangled voice, causing the Bailu father-and-son pair to exchange amused glances with each other. After which, Bailu Yi’s father stated, “Follow him, don’t let him cause any trouble.”

“Right.” Bailu Jing nodded as he turned and left as well.

Not long after Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi exited the cavern, a group of people crowded around them, causing them to feel slightly dismayed.

“That guy is Di Cheng,” Bailu Yi whispered, subtly pointing to the guy standing in the lead. When Qin Wentian swept his gaze over, he could see that Di Cheng had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu. And indeed, from the perspective of the Grand Xia Empire, this level of cultivation base wasn’t anything to boast about, especially when considering Di Cheng’s age.

Right then, Qin Wentian saw two elders of the Institute halting their steps as they passed by.

When Qin Wentian tried to determine their cultivation bases, he realized that he couldn't do so.

Apparently, with his current level of strength, his third eye would only be able to perceive the cultivation of those at the Yuanfu Realm.

These elders of the Institute should have a cultivation base at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, which was why he couldn't perceive it.

“Little Yi, I've missed you terribly. We haven't met once these past few days.” Di Cheng flashed a handsome smile on his face, causing Qin Wentian to be somewhat at a loss for words. This fellow was a ‘genius’ like Fan Le.

Now, Qin Wentian was even more certain that the Di Clan allowed Di Cheng to arrive first to let the Institute build up their bad impression of him. This wasn't something that Di Cheng faked but was his real personality instead.

Bailu Yi's countenance immediately changed, her anger boiling even more when she noticed Qin Wentian winking at her from the side.

“Di Cheng. From now onwards, kindly refer to me as Bailu Yi,” she angrily exclaimed. After which, she turned and locked arms

with Qin Wentian, glaring at him and forcibly marching him away.

“Eh...” A bitter smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face. This girl was using him as a shield, her actions causing many onlookers to eye them with expressions of interest.

Now, even if he wanted the members of the Institute not to misunderstand, any further explanation on his end would just cement this false impression even more. Although the truth was that they really were only friends, the members of the White Deer Institute wouldn’t think of it this way.

“Qin Wentian?” Di Cheng blocked their path. He narrowed his eyes, as a smile filled with malice appeared on his face.

“You’re in my way.” Qin Wentian smiled back in response.

“I know. I heard that you’re some unaffiliated cultivator with average talent in cultivation. The only noteworthy thing about you is your high level of attainment in Divine Inscriptions and that you’re currently a third-ranked Grandmaster,” Di Cheng replied.

Qin Wentian frowned slightly. This Di Cheng was really efficient, he had been investigated quite thoroughly.

“And?” Qin Wentian calmly replied.

“Although Divine Inscriptionists are highly revered by others, you shouldn’t let that get you in over your head. Because in the

eyes of transcendent powers like me, Inscriptionists like you are only tools to be used. Sure, we may need you to forge Divine Weapons and to refine powerful Puppets, but in the end, people like you are just tools. After all, it would be impossible for you to use Divine Inscriptions for combat. Who would allow you the time to inscribe them in the heat of battle? In the end, one's personal cultivation is still the key to strength."

Di Cheng said loftily, puffing out his chest. Qin Wentian was speechless. This fellow blocked his path to tell him a whole load of bullshit, just because he wanted people to hear how outstanding he was?

But could Di Cheng even be considered outstanding at all?

Naturally, when one talks about superiority, they're referring to the comparison between two parties of equal capabilities. Di Cheng knew he couldn't be compared to Di Feng. But as for a puny nobody like Qin Wentian? How could he let him climb over his head? He definitely had to suppress Qin Wentian.

In truth, Di Cheng wasn't stupid. He understood the purpose of why his clan sent him here. He made it clear that he didn't want to pursue Bailu Yi merely for her looks. It was because of her status in the White Deer Institute as well. He knew that if he could marry her, he would at least have some prestige here in the White Deer Institute. And if he really were to succeed, his Di Clan would definitely feel very satisfied with him.

"Are you finished?" Qin Wentian's tone was indifferent, staring at Di Cheng as though he was someone unworthy of his notice.

Such a reply caused Di Cheng's smile to stiffen, as he trembled slightly with rage. "Do you still not understand my meaning?"

Seeing how his opponent had no intentions to budge, Qin Wentian's countenance sharpened as a terrifying light from his eyes shot towards Di Cheng's. Di Cheng only felt an overwhelming sense of crisis engulf him as he involuntarily took two steps back in retreat. These steps of retreat, caused him to be filled with utter humiliation.

"Let's go." Qin Wentian smiled.

Bailu Yi played along as she acted innocent, watching the interaction with wicked amusement twinkling in her eyes. Her arms were still linked with Qin Wentian's, blatantly so in fact, as though she were deliberately doing it to tell Di Cheng to give up on her.

From a distance, Bailu Yi's father and Bailu Jing had smiles on their faces when they saw what happened. The bitter-looking smile appeared on Qin Wentian's face again. Misunderstanding, this was all a misunderstanding.

As Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi took a few steps forward, Di Cheng stepped up once again. Immediately, the pressure from a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu gushed out, pressing onto Qin Wentian.

"Since you don't understand, let me tell it to you plainly. Get lost from the White Deer Institute." The pressure intensified.

However, in the next moment, Qin Wentian's feet stomped continually on the ground as golden light gleamed in his eyes. Instantly, Di Cheng screeched as an intense bout of pain hit him. He felt as though the presence of death had descended onto him. Such might...was unquestionable. To even challenge it would be blasphemy.

“BOOOM!” A huge feeling of pressure rumbled his brain. Di Cheng's countenance paled as he staggered backward again.

Qin Wentian acted as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened and continued walking forwards. As his eyes swept across Di Cheng once more, Di Cheng's pale face lost even more of its pallor and he coughed out huge mouthfuls of blood.

“Buzzz!” Wrath warping his features, Di Cheng ignored his injuries and released his Astral Souls. His body was instantly enveloped by Astral Energy, forming a protective membrane around him as he glared hatefully at Qin Wentian.

By that time, Qin Wentian had already stopped in front of him. Reaching forth with his palms, he then retracted them with such speed that a crack resounded in the air. An instant later, countless runic outlines madly interweaved as the form of a great Roc manifested. Its immense stature moved with an unbelievable speed that belied its size, so fast that Di Cheng didn't even have the time to feel fear. He only felt the claws of the Roc grabbing his robes, violently flinging him out of the way, akin to when someone was taking out the trash. The implied meaning was clear, Qin Wentian was treating Di Cheng as rubbish.

“How dare you.” A cold voice rang out, and a silhouette appeared behind Di Cheng, catching him from mid-flight while absorbing the force of the impact. At the same time, that person sent out a palm strike, easily disintegrating the manifestation of the great Roc Qin Wentian had created.

Di Cheng stood up with the old man’s help, with blood still leaking from his lips. Near his chest area, his robes had already been totally shredded. Any semblance of a smile was completely gone. His countenance only reflected a feeling of sinisterness.

“Combat with Divine Inscriptions isn’t impossible. At the very least, to deal with someone of your standard, I can kill as easily and as many as I want. So don’t act so conceited in front of me with your half-witted intelligence.” At his indifferent remark, Di Cheng once again coughed out fresh blood, this time in frustration!

AGM 278 - Reverting To Simplicity, Comprehension

After finding out that Bailu Yi was close to Qin Wentian, naturally, Di Cheng would then seek out many members of the White Deer Institute to learn more about his love rival.

The members were all extremely familiar with Qin Wentian and Di Cheng easily discovered that he was a third-ranked Inscriptionist with a cultivation base at the third level of Yuanfu. He didn't hail from any of the major powers and knew of Bailu Yi only because of their mutual interest in Divine Inscriptions.

Hence, that was the reason for his earlier words. He wanted to knock Qin Wentian off his 'pedestal' by putting down Divine Inscriptionists and even claim that it was impossible to fight using Divine Inscriptions during actual combat.

But with his actions, Qin Wentian showed that it wasn't impossible, and on the contrary, easily dealt with Di Chang.

The Bailu Jing and his father all stared in amazement, their understanding of Qin Wentian's level of attainment deepened once again. The path of Divine Inscriptions was akin to the path of cultivation in the sense that they were both tremendously difficult to advance in. Moreover, most peak-tier, third-ranked Inscriptionists all already had a headful of white hair. It was extremely uncommon to come across such a young peak-tier, third-ranked Grandmaster that could even effectively use Divine Inscriptions in combat. Qin Wentian was too abnormal.

He would definitely step into the fourth-rank sooner or later, it was merely a matter of time. By then, his status would be completely different.

If he could step into the realms of ordinary fourth-ranked Inscriptionists before the age of twenty, the fame and status he would enjoy wouldn't lose out to the few names at the top of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. At the very least, such a character hadn't appeared before in the Moon Continent.

However, to cross from the third-rank to the fourth-rank, it was akin to the difficulty of Yuanfu stepping into Heavenly Dipper. This was a huge watershed, it wasn't so easy to break through.

But presently, none of them noticed that not far away, there was an elder whose eyes shone with an indescribable emotion when he saw Qin Wentian's execution of his ability with Divine Inscriptions.

"From now onwards, do not bother Little Yi any longer. You are unworthy of her." Qin Wentian stared at Di Cheng, his voice matter-of-fact. He was speaking for Bailu Yi on account of their friendship. A beautiful lady like her, in addition to her genteel personality and outstanding talent, her boyfriend would never be at the level of Di Cheng. As he said, Di Cheng was simply unworthy.

Di Cheng's countenance alternated between shades of green and white. Although he was humiliated by Qin Wentian when they

crossed blows, what could he do? In any case, he had already lost his persuasiveness. He was unlikely to convince the Di Clan's elder to deal with Qin Wentian for him. The purpose of the Di Clan visiting the White Deer Institute was to form a good relationship. How would it look if they saw him persuading an elder to mistreat Qin Wentian, a guest of the Institute? Especially after he had mishandled the situation.

No matter how bitter he was, Di Cheng could only accept this.

And just after Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi took a few steps forward, a chill wind suddenly gusted as yet another silhouette appeared, intercepting them once again.

Upon seeing the face of the person obstructing his way, Qin Wentian's countenance froze slightly, feeling slightly depressed. What was going on today? First, there was Di Cheng blocking his path and right after him, this aged-looking figure blocked it again. Although Qin Wentian didn't know exactly who this aged figure was, Qin Wentian knew that he had seen this old man before in the Institute. It should be one of the elders.

"Grandpa Tong, is anything the matter?" Bailu Yi faltered slightly as puzzlement shone on her face.

Grandpa Tong was her senior, the same generation as that of her real grandfather. He was one of the nine elders of the White Deer Institute. His words carried considerable weight as a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist in addition to being a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“Little Brother Qin, I wish to borrow something from you.” Bailu Tong’s eyes shone brightly as he stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian politely replied, “What would Senior like to borrow?”

“The ancient scroll of that Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s eyes widened as he involuntarily glanced at Bailu Yi. Did she reveal to Bailu Tong what had happened in the secret realm?

Back then he heard from Bailu Yi that the other transcendent powers made a pact to keep silent, there shouldn’t be anyone else who would know of the events that had transpired within the secret realm.

At this moment, Bailu Yi was stunned as well. She hadn't expected that Bailu Tong would know about this.

The ancient scroll of the Gold-Element Ascendant was a priceless treasure. Qin Wentian lent it to Bailu Yi only because of their closeness, as well as the fact that he trusted her. However, he wasn’t at all familiar with Bailu Tong. Anyone would be angered to have some stranger suddenly come up, randomly asking to borrow a priceless treasure. Qin Wentian was no exception.

Bailu Tong noted the expressions on their faces and instantly

understood. It seemed that the ancient scroll really did end up with Qin Wentian.

“I heard Little Brother Qin met with great fortune in the secret realm and obtained the ancient scroll of Divine Inscriptions of that Celestial Ascendant. I would just like to borrow the book to browse through some of the Ascendant’s insights. I’ll return it to Little Brother Qin right after that,” Bailu Tong continued, as a terrifying light flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes.

What status did Bailu Tong have? And how valuable was the ancient scroll? Blocking his path under the pretext of borrowing the scroll? Bailu Tong was obviously planning to take it for himself.

“Senior must be joking. Junior has such a low cultivation base, how could I even obtain anything of value from that secret realm?” Qin Wentian laughed, looking Bailu Tong in the eye.

Even if Bailu Tong knew that he had the ancient scroll, he wouldn’t go and admit it.

The ancient scroll may be a valuable treasure, but it was also a great source of trouble. Regardless of whether others knew about it or not, Qin Wentian would never admit that he was the one in possession of that ancient scroll.

“Oh? But my sources are reliable.” Bailu Tong similarly stared at Qin Wentian, as a smile appeared on his face.

Valuable treasures would naturally cause feelings of greed to appear in the hearts of men. If Qin Wentian didn't have such a close relationship with Bailu Yi and wasn't a guest of the White Deer Institute, Bailu Tong would have already resulted to using force to snatch it.

Plundering and theft weren't an uncommon thing in this cultivation-oriented world. Strength was everything.

"Senior must have been mistaken." Qin Wentian continued smiling. He was sure this matter wasn't divulged by Bailu Yi and Bailu Jing. And even if they had revealed it, Bailu Tong wouldn't be the first to receive the news.

Since that was the case, it must have been those chosen from the transcendent powers. They intentionally leaked this piece of news out.

"Since that's the case, will Little Brother Qin allow me to inspect your interspatial ring?" Bailu Tong laughed.

His words were truly too presumptuous.

Who in this world didn't have secrets? An interspatial ring is one of the most personal items owned by a cultivator. How could one easily allow others to inspect it?

"Grandpa Tong, you forget yourself." Bailu Yi frowned, although he was her elder, he had gone overboard with his forceful manner

of approach.

“Little Yi, this matter has nothing to do with you.” In fact, if it weren’t for her sake, how could he be this polite with Qin Wentian?

“Are you sure this has nothing to do with me?” Bailu Yi replied harshly, her tone filled with sarcasm. Her arms were still linked to Qin Wentian’s.

“You should understand the importance of that Ascendant’s scroll. Now that it’s right in front of me, your Grandpa Tong definitely needs to obtain it.” Bailu Tong stared at Bailu Yi, his tone as grating as chopping nails and slicing iron.

“Bailu Tong, don’t overstep your bounds.”

At this moment, a silhouette walked over. This was none other than the large-eyed elder whom Qin Wentian had met before.

Bailu Tong’s countenance didn’t shift in the slightest when he saw the large-eyed elder. As a Divine Inscriptionist, that ancient scroll of the Ascendant was only a few feet away from him. Such a temptation was irresistible.

“Great Elder.”

“I’ve already said what I wanted to say,” the large-eyed elder coldly berated. “Don’t forget it was Qin Wentian who aided our

White Deer Institute in that exchange, enabling us to enter the secret realm.”

“Hmph.” Bailu Tong flicked his sleeves and left. Evidently, he wouldn’t be forgetting this matter any time soon.

“Many thanks to Great Elder.” Qin Wentian respectfully clasped his hands in the direction of the large-eyed elder.

“As a guest of our Institute, it should be us who must apologize for the treatment you’ve just received. I, on behalf of the Institute, still hope that you will forgive us,” the large-eyed elder replied. After which, he shifted his glance to Bailu Yi. “Little Yi, you must take good care of Little Brother Qin, alright?”

“Mhm.” Bailu Yi mumbled, as a tinge of redness appeared on her cheeks before departing with Qin Wentian.

They set off once again to the back mountains. Over there, it was peaceful and quiet, the gentle breeze causing people to have a sense of tranquility.

Qin Wentian sat on the ground and an involuntary smile appeared on his face when he saw Little Rascal nuzzling its head into his chest.

He extended his right arm and as he flicked his left fingers, a beam of sword light flashed past and made a light cut. Soon, droplets of vibrant blood dripped downwards.

“Little Rascal, open your mouth,” Qin Wentian instructed.

“Yiyi ya!” Little Rascal shook its head, an appearance of reluctance appeared in its eye, as though it were angry at Qin Wentian.

“I know you followed me back then because you could sense something in my bloodline calling out to you. I know my blood is useful to your evolution and it doesn’t affect me if I lose a few drops of it, so don’t worry about me.” Qin Wentian lovingly patted its head.

A pouting expression appeared on Little Rascal’s face before it opened its mouth.

“How well-behaved.” Qin Wentian laughed as he proceeded to drip his blood into Little Rascal’s mouth. Moments later, a golden gleam could be seen flashing in its eyes as Little Rascal yawned and ran off, falling asleep to the side.

“There may be people intentionally spreading the news around, are you not worried at all?” Bailu Yi couldn’t help asking when she saw how relaxed Qin Wentian was. Bailu Tong’s actions couldn’t help but cause her to feel pressure.

How would others take this bit of knowledge, if even an elder of her Institute reacted like this?

“Valuable treasures would naturally stir the greed in the hearts of men. Why is there a need to worry? I just have to be stronger than what they can throw at me,” Qin Wentian replied. Bailu Yi nodded, “I agree, each predicament appears incomparably complex but yet, doesn’t simplicity lies on the other side of complexity? Strength can indeed solve everything, but sadly you are still too young, you are not powerful enough as of now.”

“Wait, what did you just say?” Qin Wentian’s eyes suddenly lit up, as he stared at Bailu Yi.

Bewilderment colored her face as Bailu Yi looked back at him. Qin Wentian couldn’t be angry, right? He didn’t seem like someone who would be so easily angered.

“Erm, strength can indeed solve everything, but sadly you are still too young, you are not powerful enough as of now,” Bailu Yi repeated.

“No, what was the sentence before that?” Qin Wentian’s heart was pounding with excitement.

“Each predicament appears incomparably complex but yet, doesn’t simplicity lies on the other side of complexity?” Bailu Yi mumbled. She didn’t know what Qin Wentian was thinking about.

“Yes, that’s it, seemingly incomparably complex, but in fact, simplicity is just on the other side of it.” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, as comprehension dawned on his face. He inclined his head slightly, enjoying the feel of that gentle breeze, immersing

himself in that pure feeling of enlightenment.

“Going from simplicity to complexity, that’s because one understands the essence of its application. Yet, reverting to simplicity from complexity is the highest level,” Qin Wentian murmured. Bailu Yi’s eyes flickered but she couldn’t understand what Qin Wentian meant.

Qin Wentian squatted down as he slashed a single vertical line in space. This was just an ordinary straight line, yet it clearly contained a surge of hidden energy within it.

Bailu Yi stared at that vertical line in confusion. She still didn’t understand. She walked up to Qin Wentian before squatting down and studying it, channeling a slight bit of Astral Energy into it to observe the changes.

A split-second later, a vast column of sword light exploded forth from the thin air, causing such shock to Bailu Yi that she fell over backward, sitting on the ground. She could only stare at Qin Wentian in amazement when she felt the power the column of sword light contained.

“You broke through...” Bailu Yi’s heart was pounding, her tone was filled with emotion.

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian smiled, as though nothing extraordinary had just happened. The confidence he normally radiated suddenly intensified by several degrees!

AGM 279 - Pressure

Bailu Yi's heart pounded madly as her beautiful eyes stared unblinkingly at Qin Wentian.

“Fourth-rank?” Her rosy lips moved, a quaver could be heard in her voice.

Within the Moon Continent, the youngest of all fourth-ranked Inscriptionists were at least aged fifty and above, with the majority of them all old eccentrics above a hundred years old. Almost all those monstrous geniuses were talented in both fields, but would rather spend the bulk of their time advancing their cultivation. Almost none of them would be willing to invest the effort in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions at all.

Qin Wentian, was definitely a different species compared to them.

“Not yet.” Qin Wentian smiled, his words causing Bailu Yi to gently let out a breath that she wasn't conscious of holding, as her twin peaks jiggled slightly from reflex. Obviously, she wasn't aware how much killing power her unconscious movements contained from the perspectives of males.

“You scared me.” Bailu Yi glared at him.

“What rank of Inscription is that?” Qin Wentian smiled as he asked, pointing to what he'd earlier etched, the ordinary-looking, simple vertical line that hid a mighty sword-type Inscription

within.

“The third rank,” Bailu Yi replied, but amazement was still reflected in her eyes. Although Qin Wentian hadn’t broken through to the fourth-rank, he had stumbled upon a higher truth in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. How many third-ranked Inscriptionists could inscribe a third-ranked Inscription instantaneously with a wave of their hands? Not even a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist might necessarily be able to do so.

“Instantaneous inscriptions, and you even condensed the essence of that sword-type Inscription into a single line. A major breakthrough indeed.” Bailu Yi smiled.

“It was all thanks to your advice, reverting to simplicity from complexity. Before this, from the first and second rank all the way to the third rank, the level of Inscriptions was originally simplistic in nature, yet they become gradually more complex. Each and every thread of the runic outlines interweaves to form a clearer and more complete picture as our understanding in Divine Inscription deepens. The complexity of the Inscriptions naturally corresponds with the level of difficulty. But now, following this line of thought, if we want to advance from the third-rank to fourth, wouldn’t that mean our Inscriptions will contain even more runic outlines, making it countless times more complicated? If that were the case, the difficulty of inscribing fourth-ranked Inscriptions would be beyond imagination.”

“Hmm, what you’re saying is correct, isn’t it? That’s why those geniuses talented in both fields would rather focus their efforts on cultivation. The difficulty in breaking through from the third-rank

to fourth-rank might be even tougher compared to breaking through to Heavenly Dipper from Yuanfu,” Bailu Yi continued, “Also, during a battle, a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign could easily kill a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist before he could even etch an Inscription. There won’t be anyone waiting for you to inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions during a real battle.”

Qin Wentian naturally understood this logic; this was also one of the reasons Di Cheng had used to humiliate him. And it was true. If not, him having an attainment at the peak-tier of third-ranked inscriptionists would already mean that his combat prowess could rival those at the peak-level of Yuanfu. Apparently, this was not the case.

It was impossible to compare the cultivation path and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions like this.

In spite of this, it wouldn’t affect the status and amount of respect a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist would enjoy. After all, being a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist meant that you could forge fourth-level Divine Weapons or set up fourth-ranked formations. There would be many people seeking their help, Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns included.

“There is a myriad of ways and methods to advance on the path of cultivation, and the same holds true for the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. Other Inscriptionists would naturally have their own method to inscribe Inscriptions while this, reverting to simplicity from complexity, is what I’ve comprehended. This is my way. In any case, where the water flows, the canal is formed. Although I’m still at the third-rank, it’s only a matter of time before I step into

the fourth-rank.”

Qin Wentian stated this matter-of-factly, with no hints of arrogance. His way of Inscription had a lot to do with the Spirit Refinement Method he’d unlocked in one of the old fogey’s memory fragments. The Spirit Refinement Method consisted of using Divine Inscriptions to convert Astral Energy into Divine Energy. The indicator for when one reaches the perfection stage of the first level would be the ability to instantly convert Divine Energy from Astral Energy from any type of first-ranked Divine Inscription. The indicator for when one reaches the perfection stage of the second level would be when one can instantly convert Divine Energy from Astral Energy, using any type of second-ranked Divine Inscription.

Now, for the Spirit Refinement Method, Qin Wentian still had not reached the perfection stage of the third level. But at the very least, he could already insta-inscribe some of the simpler third-ranked Inscriptions. This meant that he was at the minimum, already at the great success stage of the third level Spirit Refinement Method, he was only a hair’s breadth away from the perfection stage.

Indeed, the Spirit Refinement Method had contributed the most to Qin Wentian’s way of Inscriptions.

“In other words, are you saying that you are very close to breaking through to the fourth-rank?”

“Since I’ve already comprehended this insight, breaking through to the next rank merely requires more time in expounding and

meditating on what I've learned. It's like I've already found the doorway, I only need to open it wider. It shouldn't be too difficult," Qin Wentian replied with a smile, his casual words causing Bailu Yi's heart to palpitate again.

A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Inscriptionist?

She couldn't help trembling the moment she imagined it.

"I guess I have to go back into closed-door seclusion again," Qin Wentian smiled resignedly. Although he placed a heavier emphasis on the advancement of his cultivation, the Dao of Divine Inscriptions was the only thing that could allow him to gain the recognition of the White Deer Institute within a short period of time. Hence, he was temporarily choosing to focus on his attainment, aiming to break through to the fourth-rank.

In that case, as a nineteen years old fourth-rank Inscriptionist, his status and fame wouldn't lose out to those names ranked at the top of the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

The White Deer Institute would also view him in a new light, which would smooth his path to gaining control when he eventually revealed his Azure Emperor Token.

"Okay, you should do your best and focus, you must definitely break through, okay?" Bailu Yi pumped her little fist up in the air, her smile full of innocence and beauty. "As long as you step into the fourth-rank, with the additional weight provided by the authority token, any objections to you gaining control would go

unheard.”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. The difference in ‘weight’ for a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist to take out the authority token compared to a fourth-level Yuanfu cultivator taking out the authority token was worlds apart.

Bailu Yi then raised her hands, clenching it into a fist while Qin Wentian mirrored her actions. “Boom.” Their fists gently bumped each other before she turned and departed. It was a fist bump of support and friendship.

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, before sitting down cross-legged and proceeded to clear his mind. Time, he needed more time.

Before the Institute fully recognized Di Feng, he needed to overturn the current situation by revealing the authority token. If not, everything would be too late.

.....

In the quiet back mountains, the green grass was spread like a lush carpet. Sunshine, raindrops, and the gentle breeze nourished the area and over here, a young man sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, appearing cut off from the rest of the world. It was as though nothing could disturb the peace of his heart.

Beside the young man, a snowy puppy was imitating his actions,

attempting to sit cross-legged, its antics extremely adorable.

In the day, the snowy puppy would run about randomly, chasing its tail. At other times, an appearance of kinship would appear on its countenance as it licked the face of the young man, as though it considered him family. And yet, what was truly shocking was that every night, as the puppy laid down to rest, beams of Astral Light would cascade downwards and enter its body, causing a golden-colored radiance to emanate forth from it as it infused itself with starlight.

As for Chu Mang and Fan Le, they spent their days at the grueling landmark of the Moon Continent – Hell Arena. Over there, through the relentless tempering of real life-and-death situations, their combat prowess grew exponentially.

Chu Mang had long broken through to the sixth level of Yuanfu, while Fan Le had also just stepped into the fourth level.

The two of them also sparred often with each other during this period of time. Although Fan Le's cultivation base was still not at Chu Mang's level, he was strong enough to barely keep pace with him in a fight if he activated his bloodline limit. This period of time was well-spent.

Indeed, the Moon Continent offered a more enriching experience than the little country that was Chu.

Many things happened in the Moon Continent within this period of time as well. One of which, was the news that there was a

character named Qin Wentian who met a stroke of good fortune and obtained the inheritance of the Ascendant - an ancient scroll of Divine Inscriptions from the secret realm. Naturally, this news immediately caused huge waves of commotion the instant it was circulated. Several Grandmasters all felt the stirring of greed arising within their hearts.

The Gold-Element Ascendant wasn't just a supreme powerhouse in terms of his cultivation level; he was also a terrifying fifth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist. One could only imagine how tantalizing the inheritance was to fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists.

But when their investigations showed that Qin Wentian was in the White Deer Institute, there were many whose hopes were immediately shattered.

The White Deer Institute was a place that specialized in Divine Inscriptions. Since Qin Wentian was there, it was highly likely that the inheritance had already landed into the hands of the Institute. And indeed, their investigations further showed that it had been a long period of time since Qin Wentian had stepped out of the White Deer Institute. Either his movements were restricted, or he was imprisoned by the elders of the White Deer Institute.

And just at this moment, where many eyes were focused onto Qin Wentian, the man himself still remained in closed-door seclusion inside the back mountains of the White Deer Institute.

Today, Bailu You brought along two younger disciples towards the back mountains, but upon reaching its base, found themselves

running into Bailu Yi who blocked their way.

“Little Yi, what is the meaning of this?” Bailu You had an unhappy expression on his face as he irritably remarked.

“Uncle You, I know the purpose of your visit. He’s in closed-door seclusion now; please refrain from disturbing him.” Bailu You was the eldest son of Bailu Tong and had some attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscription, albeit not very high. His purpose of visiting the back mountains was as clear as day.

“When did the back mountains of my White Deer Institute get occupied by an outsider? I can’t even enter there even though my surname is Bailu?” Bailu You coldly laughed. “And in any case, I’m here today only because there’s a number of guests that wish to meet with him. Even without me saying so, you should know how important these people are.”

“He won’t meet them,” Bailu Yi stated with utter certainty. She naturally understood who those people were. Recently, there had been many fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists paying a visit to the White Deer Institute because they wanted to meet with Qin Wentian.

The White Deer Institute couldn’t reject the visit of these fourth-ranked Grandmasters as each and every one of them had extraordinary backgrounds. But it was obvious to Bailu Yi that there was someone who wanted to use these fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists to pressure Qin Wentian.

With the pressure mounting, if the Institute chose to forsake him, then Qin Wentian would be left with no allies in the Moon Continent. The only choice remaining for him that could ensure his safety would be to hand over the ancient scroll to the White Deer Institute. Undoubtedly, it would be the best course remaining to him.

“Oh? Little Yi, your friend is truly arrogant. He won’t even meet fourth-ranked Grandmasters?” Bailu You coldly laughed. “Even if he chooses to decline the meeting, he should be the one to reject it personally. Get out of my way.”

After speaking, Bailu You continued moving forwards. Bailu Yi’s eyes glittered, and as her silhouette flickered, she appeared once again before Bailu You, blocking his path.

“IMPUDENT!” Bailu You shouted, as a fearsome aura gushed forth from him. Since it came to this, he wouldn’t bother to take into consideration familial ties any longer. Even if it meant that he had to make a move against Bailu Yi, he had to see Qin Wentian today.

Bailu Yi’s countenance turned incredibly unsightly. She didn’t expect that someone from her own family would act against her.

“Since Senior wishes to meet me, why would I reject?” It was then that an ephemeral-sounding voice drifted over from afar, causing Bailu Yi’s eyes to light up. She couldn’t be more familiar with the owner of this voice!

AGM 280 - Extraordinary Character

Bailu You snorted as he pushed his way past Bailu Yi and made his way up the mountains. After hearing Qin Wentian's words, she naturally stepped aside and followed behind her uncle as they made their way to the mountain top.

Qin Wentian was sitting in the grassy region of the mountain slope. Upon noting Bailu You's arrival, he gave a slight bow and smiled, "Does Senior have any requests for me?"

"Grandmaster Qin, it's truly difficult just to secure a meeting with you." Bailu You spat out the words 'Grandmaster Qin' one by one, his tone heavily tinged with mockery. Evidently, to him, Qin Wentian wasn't worthy of the title 'Grandmaster'.

"Senior must be joking. Junior was in closed-door seclusion these past few days and Little Yi only barred Senior's path because she was worried that I would be disturbed. If we have offended you unknowingly, please accept my apologies." Qin Wentian was still smiling, as though he didn't hear the mockery in Bailu You's words.

Bailu You was unwilling to give way, and he continued sarcastically, "Grandmaster Qin is in closed-door seclusion? Wow, can it be that you broke through to the fourth-rank?"

Qin Wentian continued smiling, he didn't bother to reply with words.

Bailu You couldn't help but curse in his heart, Qin Wentian wouldn't be so easily provoked. "Today, several esteemed guests have paid a visit to my White Deer Institute, hoping to meet with Grandmaster Qin. All of them are fourth-ranked Grandmasters, and so I wonder if Grandmaster Qin would be willing to give them some face."

"Oh, I don't know anyone in the Moon Continent, why would people be wanting to pay me a visit?" Qin Wentian curiously inquired.

Bailu You's face darkened ominously. Qin Wentian truly didn't know how high the Heavens were. He even dared to use the term 'to pay me a visit' when the guests were all fourth-ranked Grandmasters?

"It is not 'to pay you a visit', but rather, to summon you to meet with them." Bailu You clearly placing emphasis on the word 'summon'.

"Oh." Qin Wentian nodded but didn't comment further. These fourth-ranked Grandmasters really chose the right time to visit. After exchanging glances with Bailu Yi, and noting the worried expression on her face, Qin Wentian instantly understood. The fourth-rank Grandmasters were definitely here for one thing only—the ancient scroll of the Ascendant.

Although Qin Wentian had already stopped commenting, Bailu You jabbed in with even more sarcasm, "'Grandmaster' Qin? Why are you still not preparing to move?"

“Hmm, and why must I move?” Qin Wentian had a puzzled expression on his face as he stared at Bailu You.

“You...” Bailu You’s stare turned chilly, as he glared at Qin Wentian. “There are many fourth-ranked Grandmasters who wish to see you now. Tell me, if you don’t move, are you expecting all of them to come look for you instead? Are you avoiding them?”

The tone of Bailu You was as cold as winter’s frost, yet he didn’t expect Bailu Yi to interject, “Uncle You, you should be extremely clear on their motives. Why do you want to be their mouthpiece?”

Bailu You’s purpose was extremely clear, he wanted Qin Wentian to be pressured by the Grandmasters. Only then, for the sake of self-preservation, would Qin Wentian submit to Bailu Tong, his father.

“Senior must be joking, why would I avoid meeting them?” Qin Wentian softly commented. But gradually, the smile on his face disappeared as his tone turned as sharp as swords. “I don’t wish to meet them because I don’t wish to. What do you mean by using the word ‘avoid’?”

Bailu You’s cold smile stiffened, he glared at Qin Wentian and was about to say something more when Qin Wentian spoke once again, “If they want to see me, let them come. I will wait for them here.”

“You... you expect fourth-ranked Grandmasters to personally pay

you a visit?”

“Why not? Weren’t they the ones who wanted to meet with me?” Qin Wentian shrugged, as he continued, “It’s not like I need a favor from them, nor have they shown me any form of courtesy before this. If you want me to pay a visit just because of a single word from them, wouldn’t that mean I’m debasing myself? Oh, could it be that Senior loves to debase yourself?”

Bailu You’s eyes narrowed as he forced out a smile. “Sharp words. Since that’s the case, I shall go inform the many fourth-ranked Inscriptionists that they are to pay a visit to ‘Grandmaster’ Qin.”

After which, Bailu You flicked his sleeves and left. The young men behind him stared at Qin Wentian with venom dripping from their eyes.

After the three of them had departed, Bailu Yi’s countenance showed a mixture of trepidation and anxiety. She explained, “During the period of time when you were in closed-door seclusion, the news of you obtaining the Ascendant’s inheritance has been leaked. Bailu You is the son of Bailu Tong, so you should be extremely clear about their motives. The fourth-ranked Inscriptionists banded together against you, and it seems they intend to use pressure tactics to overwhelm you.”

Qin Wentian lightly nodded, as he slowly stood up. He couldn’t help but smile reassuringly when he saw how worried Bailu Yi was. “Don’t fret, watch how I’ll deal with them if they push me too far.”

Bailu Yi's eyes brightened as she understood the unspoken meaning of Qin Wentian's words. "Were you successful?"

"Yeah." Qin Wentian smiled.

"Really?" Bailu Yi inquired again.

"Yup, yup." Qin Wentian continued nodding.

"Fourth-rank? You are not lying?" Bailu Yi asked for the third time as the amazement in her eyes intensified, this was too incredulous.

A fourth-ranked Grandmaster at the age of nineteen.

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes and walked over, laughing as he lightly rapped Bailu Yi's head. "Absolute truth, I am not lying to you."

"This is too wonderful!" Bailu Yi seemed overcome by her emotions, involuntarily jumping up with excitement and then embracing Qin Wentian into a hug. "Oh heavens, I've actually just witnessed a nineteen-year-old stepping into the level of fourth-ranked Grandmasters. This is history in the making! This is too crazy, Qin Wentian, you are too crazy!"

"Eh..." Qin Wentian didn't expect Bailu Yi to lose control like

this. As he felt her soft and supple peaks pressing into his body, he didn't know where to look. Hence he chose to look at Bailu Yi's face.

Bailu Yi's actions resulted from a combination of her innocence and pure happiness. Upon seeing that Qin Wentian was staring at her, Bailu Yi blinked, and stopped jumping about as a tinge of redness blossomed on her cheeks. Her current bashfulness, when coupled with her innocent-looking face, caused the Qin Wentian at this moment to become akin to an idiot.

Although he was already accustomed to beauty, at that moment the Bailu Yi in front of his eyes was too beautiful.

"Wait for me, I will go blow this matter up." Bailu Yi's eyes suddenly glowed as sudden inspiration struck her. As she jogged away, it was as though she felt something as she gingerly rubbed her head. She turned back to Qin Wentian and scolded, "Damn it, you used so much strength."

"... did you only just realize that now?" Qin Wentian turned speechless. After which, he only saw Bailu Yi smile sweetly at him before she left at top speed.

"Blow up the matter?" Qin Wentian stared at her exquisite figure as he blinked. This lass, if given a chance, would surely turn the whole world into chaos.

Without having to wait too long, Qin Wentian soon noticed a row of silhouettes advancing up the mountain. Among them, there

were several that had heads full of white hair, some even looked so ancient, as though they were ready for the grave, while a few others had an amiable and kindly look on their faces. However, regardless of how they looked, all of their auras held hints of similarity—they were exuding an air of faint arrogance.

Powerful Inscriptionists were all used to being revered and respected by others. Even the transcendent powers would not easily offend fourth-ranked Grandmasters, using a vast fortune instead to enlist their aid or even buy them over to their side. These methods were effective, as long as they were willing.

Fourth-ranked Inscriptionists would never lack in wealth, and they wouldn't lack in fame as well. No matter where they were, they were like shining moons, drawing the attention of the stars around them. And even now, they were accompanied by Yuanfu experts from the seventh to the ninth level of Yuanfu to act as their bodyguards and ensure their safety.

For some that had limited success on the path to cultivation, if they had talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, they would then invest all their efforts into it, spending large amounts of time studying and researching Divine Inscriptions. This was because even if you were a fourth-ranked Grandmaster with a cultivation base at the Yuanfu level, the amount of status and fame you would enjoy would still be extremely significant.

Hence, it was inevitable for them to unconsciously exude that aura of faint arrogance.

When they came face to face with Qin Wentian, he could clearly

sense the heightened atmosphere around these fourth-ranked Grandmasters.

“Two are Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, while the others are all at the Yuanfu level. Even the weakest among them are at the fifth level of Yuanfu.” Qin Wentian swept his gaze past them and instantly perceived their cultivation bases.

Not only that, Qin Wentian realized that he was even acquainted with one of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

“Junior pays his respect to Grandmaster Fenrir.” Qin Wentian politely dipped into a bow of respect. Back then in the exchange organized by the Star-Seizing Manor, Grandmaster Fenrir had been the judge. Not only that, Qin Wentian knew that Grandmaster Fenrir was an exemplary example of fairness, and even held him in admiration.

Grandmaster Fenrir laughed in response, a bright glow shone in his eyes as he stared intently at Qin Wentian, as though he was witnessing something extremely shocking.

“During the time when we met at the Star-Seizing Manor, I could already tell that you are no ordinary character. And now, indeed as I expected, the Heavens bestowed upon you good fortune. But of course, you must have worked hard too. Congratulations.” Grandmaster Fenrir nodded with a smile, his tone calm and composed, as though he was talking to an equal. There were no hints of superiority in his manner.

Qin Wentian could easily feel the sense of good-naturedness emanating forth from Grandmaster Fenrir. He also understood the meaning of Fenrir's words, hence Qin Wentian replied as he laughed, "Junior has good luck, and back then during the exchange, I've benefited tremendously from the experience I gained there. Now that I've met Grandmaster Fenrir again, I have to convey my gratitude."

After speaking, Qin Wentian dipped into another bow, his movements filled with sincerity and respect.

"Good." Grandmaster Fenrir smiled, as he nodded. His feet then subtly shifted to the side, as though he intentionally wanted to distance himself with the other fourth-ranked Inscriptionists. He silently made a mental note, this young man was definitely not some mere carp in a little pond, he would surely transform into a dragon that would soar into the nine heavens one day.

He knew that this was an opportunity, and so it would be good if he could form a good relationship. But if not, he must never offend Qin Wentian.

But apparently, the others didn't notice Grandmaster Fenrir's minute movements, and naturally, they couldn't understand the profound depth and implicit meaning within the simple conversation between Fenrir and Qin Wentian.

Not only that, they were even under the impression that Grandmaster Fenrir was hinting that Qin Wentian had already obtained the Ascendant's inheritance, and Qin Wentian had even admitted it!

Hence, their eyes that were now staring at Qin Wentian, began to brighten with the glint of greed. They were looking at Qin Wentian as though they were looking at their prey!

Inheritance of the Ascendant? They would make this little upstart hand it over today!

AGM 281 - Swords And Daggers Drawn

Swords and daggers were drawn and being pressed to his throat; this was what Qin Wentian was feeling now.

Bailu You was also in the group, as he was the one that led all these Divine Inscriptionist Grandmasters over. However, the wine drinker's heart was not in the wine, his motives were different from the rest. He didn't really wish for Qin Wentian to hand the ancient scroll over, he only wanted Qin Wentian to feel the pressure.

And when Qin Wentian began caving in from the pressure, he would naturally do the 'good-guy act' and step out to offer him hope.

Hence, Bailu You currently stood to the side, watching the current scene unfold with a faint smile on his face.

But at this moment, the sounds of footsteps rang out. Bailu You turned his head only to see a newly arriving group rush over. It was the large-eyed elder, together with Bailu Yi, Bailu Jing and their father.

“Did that lass think that they would be able to stop this, just with the appearance of the Great Elder?”

Bailu You naturally could discern what Bailu Yi was thinking. As the newcomers arrived, Bailu You stood up and bowed slightly, “Great Elder.”

“Mhm.” The large-eyed elder casually nodded, yet he was feeling extremely confused in his heart. He only tagged along because he was feeling bored; Bailu Yi had only told him that there would soon be a good show to watch.

“Father.”

Bailu You suddenly noticed the arrival of his father, Bailu Tong as well. Bailu Tong nodded in response, he knew that the large-eyed elder was on his way here, which was why he decided to join in as well.

His scheme must not be spoiled by Bailu Yi.

The fourth-ranked Grandmasters didn't show any signs of impatience. They merely remained silent, with no hint of their thoughts showing on their faces as they noted the arrival of Bailu Tong and the large-eyed elder.

They weren't impatient, and neither was Qin Wentian. He merely stood at one side, appearing extremely relaxed.

Eventually, one of the fourth-ranked Grandmasters, with sunken eyes and a high nose, couldn't hide his greed any longer. He narrowed his eyes, his gaze resembling a poisonous serpent and stared straight at Qin Wentian, causing the latter to feel extremely uncomfortable.

“Qin Wentian.” Three bodyguards stood behind him, all of them at the ninth level of Yuanfu. The Inscriptionist himself was an old man that had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu. “You wanted us to personally pay you a visit? This is the first time I’ve met a third-ranked piece of crap so arrogant that he would even dare request us fourth-ranked Grandmasters to personally pay him a visit.”

“Senior must be joking.” Qin Wentian pointed to the path behind the old man as he smiled.

“What do you mean I’m joking?” The old man’s gaze bore into Qin Wentian’s.

“I had no intention of asking Senior to pay me a visit, I think Senior must have been mistaken. Oh, the pathway is just over there, so please don’t let me take up more of your time, Senior. Good day.” Qin Wentian’s smile grew even wider. His implied meaning was obvious—it was not I who wanted to meet with you, but you who wanted to meet with me. But if you don’t wish to meet me, the path is right there, goodbye.

“You...” How could the old man fail to understand Qin Wentian’s meaning, his caved-in eyes became more sunken, as glints of cold light erupted forth.

“What’s the use of a sharp tongue? Wanting us to leave right after we’ve just arrived, aren’t you overestimating yourself too much?” the old man sharply retorted.

An expression of pity appeared on Qin Wentian's face. "Senior, are you a retard?"

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, the countenance of the old man instantly sank. Qin Wentian was calling him an idiot in front of everyone?

Ever since he stepped into the ranks of the fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionists, nobody had dared to humiliate him. A terrifying pressure emanated out from his three ninth-level-Yuanfu bodyguards, gushing towards Qin Wentian.

As long as the old man gave a command, they would immediately attack.

"I will give you a chance to apologize." The old man's countenance had already turned bone-chillingly cold. It was still too early to contend for the ancient scroll, but right now, for the matter of his humiliation, he first wanted Qin Wentian to apologise.

"Senility has no cure." The expression of pity disappeared from Qin Wentian's face, his gaze turning sharp as he stared at the old man in front of him.

These people were too much, wanting to use pressure to overwhelm him. How could he still remain even-tempered in his heart? In front of so many Grandmasters, out of respect for the rank they held, Qin Wentian initially still tried to be courteous.

But since that old man refused to reciprocate his kindness, why would he still fear to break the pretence of cordiality?

“Impudent!” the three bodyguards roared, as they dashed forwards. However, even before they could gather any momentum, the coldness of Qin Wentian’s voice penetrated their hearts. “If you take another step forward, die.”

As the sound of the word ‘die’ faded away, a glacial killing intent erupted forth from Qin Wentian, so frigid it caused people to tremble involuntarily.

In the face of such killing intent, the three bodyguards actually felt fear. Even with the advantage of their higher cultivation bases, their instincts were telling them that the young man in front of them was truly capable of carrying out his threat.

With just a single sentence from Qin Wentian, the entire mountain slope was filled with silence.

The gentle breeze gusted past as the lush green grass swayed in tandem.

Qin Wentian’s eyes were like ice-cold blades drilling right into that of the fourth-ranked Grandmaster.

“I’ve already indulged you enough by addressing you as ‘Senior’, yet you overstepped your boundaries time and time again just because you don’t understand your limitations. Since you are

unable to understand the meaning of my words when I put it across nicely, let me reiterate once again,” Qin Wentian icily stated, “I, Qin, am training my cultivation here in the White Deer Institute’s back mountains. If you want to come, just come, if you want to leave, what does it have to do with me? Don’t give me pretty words such as ‘requesting you to pay me a visit’, I don’t give a damn about what you want to do. First, I’m not a junior of your sect. And second, I have no need to seek your help, so why would I need to request you to pay me a visit? If you have nothing here, then get out of my face.”

Qin Wentian’s overwhelming words caused everyone in the vicinity to freeze as unknown emotions flickered in their eyes.

Arrogant, this brat truly stank of arrogance.

Although Qin Wentian’s words were logical, only those with the power to back up one’s words would be taken seriously in this cultivation-oriented world. Who wouldn’t show a modicum of respect to these esteemed fourth-ranked Grandmasters? Yet Qin Wentian’s speech was like a harsh slap to their faces.

One could say that with a single sentence, Qin Wentian instantly offended that fourth-ranked Grandmaster. Even if he survived today, there were too many methods that fourth-ranked Grandmaster could employ to deal with someone at the Yuanfu Realm. Even the large-eyed elder was wiping away the sweat from his forehead, where did this brat get his confidence from?

Glancing at Bailu Yi who was standing by his side, the large-eyed elder started in surprise. Bailu Yi’s eyes flickered with a hint of

assuredness, appearing extremely at ease. Her confidence in Qin Wentian wouldn't lose out to the confidence Qin Wentian had in himself.

Grandmaster Fenrir merely smiled and silently watched on.

He wanted to see how Qin Wentian would solve the situation today.

As for that old man with the sunken eyes, his countenance turned increasingly malevolent from Qin Wentian's words.

'If you have nothing here, get out of my face?'

A junior at the Yuanfu Realm dared to speak in this manner with him?

'If you take another step forward, die.'?

Where did he get his confidence from?

Unless, Qin Wentian's attainment had soared even higher after acquiring the ancient scroll inheritance from the Ascendant, allowing him to inscribe even more marvelous peak-tier third-ranked formations. Could it be that Qin Wentian assumed that by borrowing power from peak third-ranked formations, he would be able to deal with them?

“Brother Liang, the temper of juniors nowadays is truly fiery, indeed.” A black-faced, middle-aged man laughed. The Brother Liang he was referring to, was naturally the fourth-ranked Inscriptionist with the sunken eyes.

“If we weren’t within the grounds of the White Deer Institute, that Qin brat would have already died ten over times based on Brother Liang’s temper,” the black-faced, middle-aged man stated. The old man narrowed his sunken eyes, wondering why they were wasting so much time conversing with Qin Wentian. It didn’t matter if they were in the White Deer Institute or not. They could just kill him and plunder the ancient scroll away.

However, since the White Deer Institute allowed them to enter, it meant that they too, hadn’t yet obtained the ancient scroll and wanted to use the fourth-ranked Grandmasters as pressure to force Qin Wentian to give in. Both parties understood the intentions of each other clearly.

Hence, all of them were still spectating, waiting with bated breath. Because the old man with the sunken eyes had the most impatient nature, he was the one selected to start the ball rolling, making things difficult for Qin Wentian.

“Indeed, this young pup has no respect for his elders. He ought to be punished,” added another person.

This man had a flowing white beard and looked akin to an immortal. He was already above 150 years of age and had stepped into the level of a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist for a very long time. This old man was extremely well known in the Moon Continent

and had even instructed many Grandmasters of the current era before.

“Eccentric Song feels this way as well?” The black-faced, middle-aged man laughed. After which, the old man with the sunken eyes glanced at Eccentric Song as he asked, “How does Eccentric Song feel that this young pup should be punished?”

“Fenrir, do you have any thoughts on this?” Eccentric Song stroked his beard, shifting his gaze onto Grandmaster Fenrir.

“Don’t ask me. I’m already acquainted with this little brother from back then. I’m only here today as a spectator. I won’t participate in whatever you guys have planned.” Fenrir smiled as he shrugged. Seeing how confident Qin Wentian was, Fenrir believed that Qin Wentian had already made his preparations. In that case, he would merely wait to watch the good show.

“In that case, the scroll of the Ascendant?” Eccentric Song’s eyes narrowed as they flashed with sharpness.

“None of my concern as well. If you guys have the capabilities to obtain it, take it away then.” Fenrir nonchalantly waved his hands.

“Excellent, excellent.” Eccentric Song laughed, there was one less competitor for the inheritance.

“For his rudeness, he should be slaughtered.” At this moment, a voice drifted from the back of the crowd. As the black-faced,

middle-aged man shifted his glance over, he broke out into a smile, “Ghaus, to think you are here as well.”

“I, Ghaus, knew this brat since a long time ago. He has no respect for his elders, and has the ambition and heart of a wild wolf. The inheritance would only be wasted in his hands. We must slaughter him, and I’m sure the White Deer Institute wouldn’t be so stupid as to go against all of us.” Ghaus’s voice was filled with coldness.

“Ghaus, you are shameless.” Bailu Yi cursed. Just because of his grudge with Qin Wentian back then, Ghaus wanted to use it as an excuse to kill him today. How ruthless.

“Miss Bailu, does your White Deer Institute really wish to go against us?” Ghaus wasn’t angry, he smiled indifferently instead. The crowd then shifted their gaze onto the large-eyed elder and Bailu Tong. It seemed that the fourth-ranked Grandmasters had already made their stance clear, the next step would be to see how the White Deer Institute would react.

Bailu Tong sneered as he said in an extremely audible whisper, “We will see how he chooses then.”

Evidently, Bailu Tong wanted to shift the pressure back onto Qin Wentian, forcing him to make his decision.

These fourth-ranked Grandmasters were all out for his blood. Did he want the ancient scroll, or his life?

These Grandmasters were all highly revered and extremely famous in the Moon Continent and had determined his death with but a question and a few cold smiles. It was as though his life wasn't worth crap.

And Ghaus actually revealed himself just to hit him when he was down?

Qin Wentian showed no fear at all. He calmly turned his gaze onto them as he slowly spoke, "Cut the crap. Why do you all need to waste so much time beating around the bush when your objectives are as clear as day? The ancient scroll is not in my possession, even if I did have it on me, it'll be a cold day in hell before I give it up to losers like you."

AGM 282 - A Bunch Of Trash

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, Bailu Tong's laugh resounded out in the air. "Qin Wentian, a hot blooded young man that doesn't fear death. This undoubtedly shows his steely character. This trait is naturally a good thing but sometimes, there are other better choices. Why choose death for the sake of useless pride? Since you are a guest of our White Deer Institute, I'm sure these esteemed Grandmasters won't make things difficult for you if you hand over the ancient scroll into our possession. We could guard it for you."

Bailu Tong's countenance appeared full of concern, as though he was worried for Qin Wentian. However the unspoken meaning of his words was naturally understood by all, causing the various fourth-ranked Grandmasters to silently curse that Bailu Tong as a wily old fox.

"Senior worries too much, Junior is still young, how could I wish to die?" Qin Wentian calmly replied. Guarding it for him? More like daylight robbery.

"Oh?" Bailu Tong's countenance flickered as he laughed. "Since that's the case, I won't try to persuade you any longer."

After speaking, Bailu Tong shut his eyes, as though he was giving his silent approval for the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters to take action.

The sunken eyes old man, Old Liang, Eccentric Song and the

black-faced, middle aged man exchanged glances as hints of laughter could be seen in their eyes. Old Liang, turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian as he narrowed his eyes, adding in a sinister tone. “The Ascendant scroll naturally belongs to those powerful enough to match it. A junior like you wants to possess it solely? Only death awaits you.”

At his command, the three peak-level Yuanfu bodyguards stepped out, moving towards Qin Wentian.

“I’ve said it before, if you take another step forward, die.” Qin Wentian softly spoke, as a golden glint of cold light flashed past his eyes. In an instant, the three bodyguards felt their minds rumbling, as though they had just been the recipients of a vicious mind attack.

Shaking their heads clear, in the next moment, the wills of their Mandates gushed out, as a pressure akin to the heavy mountains enveloped the area. One of them blasted forth with a palm and instantly, a blood-colored palm imprint the size of a mountain materialized, slamming towards Qin Wentian. Even from a distance, Qin Wentian could feel the will of the Mandate, causing interruptions in his blood flow.

“BOOM!” That blood-colored palm struck forth, as a deafening sound thundered out. And just when everyone thought that Qin Wentian was already dead, a sound like a mirror shattering echoed as Qin Wentian appeared again unharmed, calmly looking at them.

“Huh?” The Grandmasters all furrowed their brows, they could sense that at this moment, the Qin Wentian ahead was projecting a

sense of 'blurriness', as though the silhouette in front of them wasn't his real body but a kind of mirage instead.

Fenrir cupped his chin as a smile appeared on his face. Different Grandmasters were skilled in different aspects of the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. There were some that excelled in Divine Inscriptions combat, some claimed supremacy when it came to deciphering and neutralizing formations, while some were experts in forging weapons and others adept at the refinement of Puppets.

Similarly, for fourth-ranked Grandmasters, this was the case as well. Fenrir was more well-versed in Divine Inscriptions combat and neutralizing formations. And because he was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign as well, his sharp sense of perception had already told him that there was a formation ahead.

This formation was an illusory-type formation and was that of the fourth-rank.

Not only this, what baffled Fenrir was that this illusory formation contained no killing arrays at all. It was a pure illusion-type formation so marvelously engraved all its runic outlines were concealed completely. That was why despite the presence of so many fourth-ranked Grandmasters, none of them had actually noticed the existence of this formation. Naturally, they didn't see that the real purpose of this formation was merely a camouflage for the combat-type Divine Inscription traps which Qin Wentian had embedded into the ground.

These traps would be activated at the slightest touch, Fenrir was sweating on behalf of the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters.

He wondered how much determination did Qin Wentian have exactly, how far would he go to prove his point?

“Illusory Formation?” These fourth-ranked Grandmasters weren’t that useless. They could now tell that Qin Wentian had engraved an illusory-type formation here.

“Eccentric Song.” The old man with the sunken eyes stared at the highly respected Eccentric Song with inquiring eyes. Eccentric Song was extremely well versed with formations.

However, Eccentric Song was frowning as his eyes narrowed, a strong feeling of unease blossomed in his heart.

He was well versed with formations, but even he hadn’t seen through this before the bodyguards blundered into it.

This was sufficient to make him drop all carelessness and inspect it vigilantly. Upon seeing the mocking smile on the face of the young man before him, he couldn’t help but tremble with anger. “No worries, this formation is centered around illusive arrays, there’s no way for it to attack us. Go kill him.”

“KILL!” The sunken-eyed Old Liang immediately spat out a command when he heard the words of Eccentric Song. The three bodyguards advanced as they lunged towards the silhouette of Qin Wentian. Regardless of whether Qin Wentian was illusory or a real body, they would exterminate it all the same.

However right at this moment, a terrifying whistling abruptly echoed out. The pupils of the three bodyguards narrowed as they turned their eyes to the ground. On it, there was a radiant glow suddenly shining out. That was the glow indicative of Divine Inscriptions.

“Xiu, xiu, xiu...” Terrifying sounds of sword slicing transformed into an ear-splitting screech. The three bodyguards only felt a vortex of sword Qi gathering in spirals, roiling towards them. The maelstrom formed by the spiraling sword Qi seemed to have inexhaustible might and even a will of its own. The three of them immediately rose into the air, wanting to avoid the incoming tempest.

“RUMBLE!” Abruptly, another sound echoed as runic outlines shone again beneath their feet. Now, they felt a tremendous geo-magnetic force anchoring their feet onto the ground, they were no longer able to levitate.

In the blink of an eye, that maelstrom of sword Qi had already gushed over, enveloping the three of them within.

Expressions of unwillingness and terror warped their faces as the three bodyguards howled, “NOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Despair shone in their eyes as their bodies shuddered violently, the maelstrom of sword Qi surrounding them, was definitely a peak third-ranked Divine Inscription. It was currently devouring them. “SAVE ME!” One of the bodyguards within howled in

madness, gazing at the sunken eyes of their master, Old Liang. The hopelessness in his eyes shook the hearts of those spectating.

“Stay your hand.” Old Liang fiercely berated; however he only saw the maelstrom of sword Qi close in on the three bodyguards, completely devouring them. The lacerating sounds continued unabated as the torrential sword Qi remained as dense as ever. Occasionally, a dark red liquid would splatter on the ground and when the tempest ceased, nothing was left behind.

Three peak-level Yuanfu bodyguards vanished like smoke in the thin air. There weren't even any traces that they once existed before.

The countenance of the spectators immediately turned incredibly unsightly. There were so many Grandmasters around, yet Qin Wentian was still able to kill three peak-level Yuanfu cultivators with his Divine Inscriptions. Their gazes turned back onto Qin Wentian. Only now did they realize that the young man standing before them was not as easy to control as they had imagined.

“Fourth-ranked Grandmaster?” Qin Wentian stared at the old man with the sunken eyes, as sarcasm flashed past his eyes. “Does Grandmaster dare to attempt neutralizing my formation?”

Old Liang's countenance sank as he shifted his glance at Eccentric Song, only to see Eccentric Song was narrowing his eyes in deep contemplation.

“That earlier Sword-type combat Divine Inscription was cloaked

within his illusory formation. The formation itself actually hadn't contained any killing arrays, and instead the three of them died to the peak-tier, third-ranked Sword Qi Maelstrom Divine Inscription trap hidden within it. Using the three of them to gain such valuable information have made their deaths worth it," Eccentric Song calmly commented while Old Liang turned ashen.

Wasn't that the equivalent to sending his guards as guinea pigs to test out Qin Wentian's formation?

This old undying freak was full of schemes indeed.

"Is that so? Since you already have first-hand information regarding my formation, would Grandmaster care to try it out?" Qin Wentian's eyes stared straight at Eccentric Song, as he commented. Eccentric Song stroked his beard and smiled, "Just a mere third-level formation, do I still need to personally neutralize it? Ghaus, go and break it in my stead."

Qin Wentian smiled coldly, Ghaus was to go in Eccentric Song's stead? "Old fox." Ghaus involuntarily cursed in his heart. Although he was extremely unhappy with Qin Wentian, he knew that at his level, he would surely face danger if he were to attempt neutralizing Qin Wentian's formation.

The other Grandmasters didn't say anything but chose to watch on silently. At this moment, their hearts were in shambles, their eyes couldn't even see through this illusory formation. Could this really be a formation at the third-rank?

In any case, they rather believed that there must be obscure methods of engraving formations, hiding the runic outlines from their eyes. It was better than to believe otherwise, because if this was a fourth-rank formation, it meant that...

But then again, they still felt that they were overly thinking things. The distance from third-rank to the fourth-rank was too wide apart, it was impossible to break through so easily. How old was Qin Wentian? It was impossible. Without tens of years of study and research, it was absolutely impossible.

“It must be because he comprehended some insights from the ancient scroll. The inheritance of that Ascendant must be truly formidable indeed,” Bailu You spoke out, as the other Grandmasters nodded in agreement. That was the only thing that made sense, Qin Wentian must have stumbled upon some mysterious method of engraving formations from the information he acquired through the ancient scroll.

“Ghaus, faster,” the black-faced, middle-aged man coldly commanded, “If you kill this brat, I will definitely not mistreat you.”

Ghaus’s countenance turned ugly, but he still nodded his head. Several Puppets appeared before him as he followed behind them, walking towards Qin Wentian.

“Kill,” Ghaus commanded while his Puppets rushed forth. Although killing intent was gushing from him, he stood there motionless, acting extremely cautious.

Abruptly the runic outlines embedded on the ground shone with resplendent light, as a terrifying aura burst out from within the formation.

An awe-inspiring Great Roc floated up in the air, as it flew towards the Puppets, colliding directly into them. During that instant of combat, Ghaus sent out his perception, his eyes glinting with a cold light.

“That Divine Inscription is so easy to break, Ghaus, what the hell are you waiting for?” the black-faced, middle-aged man coldly stated. Ghaus could only grit his teeth and nod in agreement. Although it wasn’t difficult to neutralize that Great Roc Inscription, Ghaus was still extremely cautious, advancing forwards slowly.

However, as he took a third step forward, even before he neared the Great Roc Inscription, another set of runic outlines glowed underneath his feet as it activated. It was unknown how many traps Qin Wentian had set within this formation.

“Buzz!” A shrill sound sliced through the air, Ghaus’s countenance instantly paled. He had stepped on and triggered a trap, yet he didn’t realize it until it was too late.

“Puchi...” A terrifying long lance penetrated downwards through Ghaus’s body, nailing him onto the ground. His eyes were still wide open, with traces of regret floating past them when he stared at Qin Wentian. Why... Why had he chosen to appear in front of

this monstrous freak once again?

Qin Wentian gently waved his hands as a column of flames descended, burning Ghaus's body into ashes. At the same time, with the death of Ghaus, Qin Wentian collected all the Puppets he had left behind. These Puppets now belonged to him.

The Grandmasters all stood there silently, their faces turning green. Was the inheritance of that Ascendant really that powerful, it could cloak and camouflage traps so well that even a peak-tier, third-ranked Grandmaster like Ghaus couldn't sense anything amiss?

"Fourth-ranked Grandmasters?" Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the other cautious, or some may say cowardly, Divine Inscriptionists that were observing from afar. He coldly laughed, "Fourth-ranked? How many years have you all lived in comparison to me? Are you guys still not confident enough in the level of your attainments? Speaking so loudly, only knowing how to boast blindly, in fact, how sad is this? You're all nothing but a bunch of trash!"

AGM 283 - The Truth Revealed

Qin Wentian delivered his words harshly, degrading the bunch of fourth-ranked Grandmasters in front of him as though they were all garbage. As if he intentionally wanted to ignite their tempers.

Who were these people? No matter where they went in Grand Xia, they would all be treated as valuable guests.

But today they were publicly reprimanded, their humiliation brought down by a young lad who was not even twenty. How could their hearts remain unflustered?

However, they made no reply, and no one else was lashing out in anger. Earlier when they forced Ghaus up to do battle, what they wanted was to merely use him as a guinea pig to test out the formation.

They didn't feel the slightest amount of pity at Ghaus's death, on the contrary, it allowed them to know that this mysterious illusory formation was strange and unpredictable, and contained many traps embedded within the area. Although the traps were only third-ranked, the mysterious illusory formation could cloak the traps in so many layers that the traps were invisible even to their senses. Hence, it didn't matter how high their attainments were, because how can one neutralize something that they couldn't see? Everything was useless if their perception wasn't strong enough. So even if they were fourth-ranked Grandmasters, if they were careless they might end up dying in there.

Which of them weren't old freaks who had lived at least a hundred years? Coming across such a situation naturally made them even more cautious.

It didn't matter if others died, but their own lives were all extremely precious. They would never do something which they didn't have absolute confidence in. Even if Qin Wentian repeatedly antagonized them, they wouldn't budge in the slightest.

"Why are you so vicious, young man?" Eccentric Song stroked his beard as he coolly remarked, "You might have gained some insights from that ancient scroll, but do you really think you have the qualifications to behave so arrogantly in front of us?"

"Earlier, we held back so as to give you a chance. Yet I would never have expected that you would be so blind, so foolhardy. If any of us fourth-ranked Grandmasters inscribed fourth-ranked Inscriptions to kill you, would you even be able to withstand our onslaught?"

Eccentric Song laughed as he exchanged glances with the other Grandmasters.

The older in years one was, the more experienced they would be. Why would they need to neutralize Qin Wentian's formation? They could directly inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions to kill him. A simple matter, with no risks attached.

"Truly thick-skinned." Bailu Yi stared with disdain at those fourth-ranked Grandmasters. Not one of them dared to step forth

to neutralize the formation and Eccentric Song still had to ‘explain’ their actions by spouting a load of bullshit. How laughable.

And more ludicrous than their reluctance to neutralize the formation was the fact that the bunch of old freaks were planning to gang up on a youngster by blasting fourth-ranked Inscriptions from afar.

With regards to Bailu Yi’s statement, the people concerned all chose to ignore it.

“Old Liang, this young pup killed your bodyguards, so if we want to kill him, Old Liang should be the one to do the honors.” The black-faced, middle-aged man looked at Old Liang, causing Old Liang to frown. The man continued, “I’ll get my Puppets to act as your protectors.”

He had refined several third-ranked Puppets, but his greatest wish was to refine fourth-ranked Puppets. Hence, the ancient scroll of the Ascendant was an opportunity for him.

“I will engrave a defensive formation to protect you,” Eccentric Song added. Old Liang’s eyes gleamed with an unknown emotion before he finally nodded in agreement.

From this, Qin Wentian understood that although many people came today, the only fourth-ranked Grandmasters other than Fenrir, were these three standing in front of him. Other than that, he couldn’t be sure if the other Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that was standing at the back was a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist

or not.

This Heavenly Dipper Sovereign and Fenrir were the strongest cultivators here. The behavior of Eccentric Song and the others seemed to indicate that they somewhat feared this other Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Since the beginning, they hadn't dared to ask him to do anything.

As for the others that came, they should all either be the disciples or bodyguards of Eccentric Song, Old Liang, and the black-faced, middle-aged man. Qin Wentian couldn't be sure if there were still any hidden fourth-ranked Grandmasters within this group of people.

Old Liang warily advanced step by step, his sunken eyes boring into Qin Wentian. His countenance had a heaviness to it, he no longer dared to underestimate Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian couldn't help but laugh upon seeing how cautious everyone was. "I, Qin, will sit here and wait."

After speaking, he really sat down crossed-legged as he closed his eyes, appearing as though anything that happened outside the formation no longer concerned him.

"This brat is really cunning, Old Liang, don't be fooled by him." The black-faced, middle-aged man summoned a Puppet to act as Old Liang's protector, leading the way for him.

Old Liang released his perception to its maximum level as he stomped on the ground. With each and every step, the brilliant glow of runic imprints birthed into being. This fourth-ranked Grandmaster was starting to inscribe his Inscriptions.

Old Liang didn't dare to advance, he ultimately chose to maintain a certain distance between him and Qin Wentian.

A period of time later, an overwhelming aura gushed forth from the Inscription that Old Liang was currently inscribing. As an experienced fourth-ranked Grandmaster, he only needed two hours to inscribe a flawless fourth-ranked Inscription.

An hour later, Qin Wentian was still leisurely closing his eyes in meditation. A sinister glint of light flashed past Old Liang's eyes; this brat was waiting for death.

He didn't bother glancing at Qin Wentian any longer and continued to concentrate on completing his Inscription. The overwhelming aura emanating forth from his Inscription grew increasingly more intense.

"Too slow," Qin Wentian murmured. His palm slammed down onto the ground and instantaneously, the illusory form of a two-headed flood dragon explosively manifested into reality. With a roar of anger, the flood dragon transformed into a beam of light that shot towards Old Liang. The black-faced, middle-aged man coldly snorted, he had been surveying Qin Wentian and directed the Puppet he summoned to jump in front of Old Liang, intending to block the attack.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian stomped the ground, materializing a countless number of arrows to fire at Old Liang, locking him down.

Old Liang snorted, such attacks were mere parlor tricks. He stomped on the ground as a shield appeared, formed from the glow of Divine Inscriptions. But the next instant, Old Liang only saw another demonic dragon, explosively flying his way. The two-headed flood dragon acted as its vanguard, driving the protector Puppet into retreat.

The demonic dragon slashed out with a scaly claw, causing Old Liang to retreat in agitation. Lacerating sounds rang out, signaling that the light shield had been torn into pieces.

“GET LOST!” The black-faced man roared when he saw Qin Wentian intent on slaying Old Liang. A terrifying shadow lance appeared in his hands as he dashed forwards, stabbing at the demonic dragon with it. The power contained within the shadow lance was beyond description. Another gigantic black dragon materialized, and a single claw slash was all it needed to dispel the manifestation of the demonic dragon.

Without a doubt, that lance was a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon.

As the last vestiges of the demonic dragon faded away, Old Liang’s countenance turned incomparably ashen. The effort he had put in earlier was all wasted when the Inscription process of the fourth-ranked Inscription was disrupted half-way. The runic outlines shimmered in and out of existence as the complex

interweaving lines untangled and fell apart, vanishing into nothing. Qin Wentian's objective had already been achieved.

“Everyone, stop wasting time, let's join forces together and slay this unruly child.” The black-faced, middle-aged man brandished his shadow lance as he coldly commanded. With the intention of his will, the manifestation of that terrifying black dragon dashed out again, causing the deafening sounds of an explosion to ring out. The black dragon plowed through the numerous Divine Inscription ramparts that activated automatically when they felt an incoming force. The attack by the black-faced, middle-aged man had no way to breach Qin Wentian's formation.

Qin Wentian spent a total of three days to set up this Grand Formation. Ever since Bailu Tong intercepted him back then, Qin Wentian's intuition told him that troubles would soon follow. Indeed, as he expected, a party of fourth-ranked Grandmasters all swooped down like a bunch of vultures descending on their prey.

Old Liang's eyes narrowed in anger when he heard the black-faced man's words. He had just narrowly escaped death. Since the black-faced man already had such a plan, why hadn't he suggested it in the beginning?

Eccentric Song stroked his beard as a sharp light flickered in his eyes. The other Heavenly Dipper Sovereign stood there silently, as though he were merely here to watch a play.

“What are your plans?” Eccentric Song directed the question to that Sovereign, his tone containing respect and a slight bit of fear. This man was the same as Fenrir; other than being a Heavenly

Dipper Sovereign, he was a fourth-ranked Grandmaster as well.

“Depend on your own capabilities,” the old man casually commented, yet the tone of his words were filled with an unmistakable arrogance.

“Fine, we will depend on our own capabilities then.” Eccentric Song smiled as three Puppets appeared before him. One of the summoned Puppets was decked in battle armor, and its entire body was seemingly forged from Divine Weapons. Both its arms and legs were adorned with terrifying, wicked-looking blades and sickles, projecting an intense aura of extreme sharpness.

The sight of this caused Old Liang’s heart to tremble with desire. This old freak had lived for so many years, the quality of his treasures would naturally befit his experience. That single fourth-ranked Puppet he summoned was already a priceless treasure.

The black-faced, middle-aged man said nothing, but shadowy wisps of darkness could be seen encircling his shadow lance. Its aura of power couldn’t be belittled, it was a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon after all.

In their eyes, Qin Wentian was just a dancing clown that would die sooner or later. They were only wondering what would happen after Qin Wentian died. Who among them would obtain the ancient scroll? That was the real question. Hence, everyone had yet to go all out, as they had to preserve their strength for the real fight afterward.

However, what made them astonished was that ordinary methods couldn't kill Qin Wentian. To kill him, they had no choice but to decisively use the most tyrannical method at their disposal.

Old Liang silently cursed, it seemed that his treasures were the most lacking out of the three of them.

“Is this the true strength of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster?” Qin Wentian mused. He appeared as casual and relaxed as before, with no hints of worry staining his countenance.

Bailu Yi's heart couldn't help but clench from the sight of this. Bailu You sidled up and whispered maliciously, “Do you seriously think that Qin Wentian has a chance? These are fourth-ranked Grandmasters we're talking about.”

“Just wait and see.” Hints of stubbornness could be heard in Bailu Yi's voice, as the sight of Qin Wentian's serene expression bolstered her confidence.

Old Liang waved his hands as an umbrella appeared in his hands. After he had opened the umbrella, a golden radiance covered him as he pointed the tip of it towards Qin Wentian. He too began to advance in his direction.

“Chi, chi...” The shadow lance swept across space and an instant later, black-colored cracks trailed behind the tip of his lance. The surrounding ground all exploded into pieces as the black-faced, middle-aged man surveyed for hidden traps. His eyes flashed with a cold light, how could third-ranked Inscriptions, no matter how

strong, resist an attack unleashed by his fourth-ranked Divine Weapon? Whether the traps were hidden or in plain sight, he would just adopt the most direct method, pure destruction.

Old Liang's umbrella revolved in a continuous spiral, sending out golden light and scanning the ground for hidden traps as he cautiously moved forward step by step.

As for Eccentric Song, his fourth-ranked, bladed Puppet took the lead, raking the ground apart with each step. Moments later as he neared Qin Wentian, he looked upon him as though looking at a dead man.

"Brat, how do you wish to die?" Eccentric Song sneered. Qin Wentian's only response was to stand up, as he softly asked, "You guys are so confident?"

"No matter how obscure your cloaking methods are, in front of absolute strength, they're just ineffectual garbage," the black-faced, middle-aged man icily stated, waving his lance as he continued advancing. His statement undoubtedly referred to his trail of destruction, made of the shattered earth he left in his path.

"Oh? Why don't you take a look behind you?" Qin Wentian indifferently added. The black-faced, middle-aged man laughed condescendingly as he decided to humor Qin Wentian. However, he found himself instantly stiffening with disbelief the moment he turned his head back.

Silvery beams of light exploded forth from the ground,

interweaving together into the complete outlines of a Divine Inscription. The earlier destroyed ground didn't seem to have any effect on the activation of this Divine Inscription.

This Divine Inscription continually revolved on the ground, emanating silvery beams of light that shone brighter and brighter, eventually fusing together into a silver-colored tornado that instantly blotted out the sun.

“RUMBLE!” The speed of the revolution ravaged the entire space surrounding it. With one motion, Qin Wentian directed the massive tornado over, its wind force lifting the three other fourth-ranked Grandmasters and himself into the heart of the tempest. In the blink of an eye, the interior of the formation transformed into a silver-colored world.

The Grandmasters were thunderstruck, their bodies quaking as they stared at the young man standing in the air. A myriad of tumultuous emotions passed through them in that instant, striking deep within their souls.

“Still confident?” Qin Wentian's tone held no hints of anger, merely a cold indifference, and yet it was enough to impress upon them this earth-shattering revelation, jolting their hearts with the truth.

This was the might of a fourth-ranked!

AGM 284 - Slaughter

Being fourth-ranked, the sword Qi tornado contained within it an overwhelming aura of destruction. This was clearly an aura that only fourth-ranked Inscriptions were capable of exuding.

Qin Wentian wasn't a third-ranked Divine Inscriptionist but rather a fourth-ranked one instead.

A fourth-ranked Grandmaster before the age of twenty, the implications of this piece of news caused the hearts of all to palpitate madly.

No wonder this young man was so arrogant, no wonder Qin Wentian had humiliated them earlier, calling them a bunch of trash. How long have these people lived for? Yet they were still only at the level of fourth-ranked Grandmasters. How could their accomplishments even be compared to Qin Wentian?

If Qin Wentian started studying Divine Inscriptions when he was ten, then it had taken him less than ten years to reach the realm of a fourth-ranked. Meanwhile the three of them had studied Divine Inscriptions for at least forty to fifty years before they reached the same level. The gap between their talents was too far apart. But rather than just being thunderstruck, the greed in their hearts almost made them go crazy. It must be because of that ancient scroll. Upon witnessing the intricacies of Qin Wentian's formation, they were 100% sure that Qin Wentian's current attainment was only because of a stroke of good fortune; acquiring the inheritance of a fifth-ranked Grandmaster.

How then could they not be in a frenzy for the inheritance of that Ascendant? They must definitely obtain it.

The degree of their fervor was so high that they even forgot the danger they were currently in. Even if they had to risk their lives, it would still be worth it for that scroll.

They must kill this brat and snatch the inheritance away from him. Spectating at the side, the large-eyed elder's heartbeat quickened as he witnessed the affair. He then shifted his glance onto Bailu Yi, "Did you already know? Was this why you said there'd be a good show?"

"Hehe, Elder Grandpa, what are your thoughts? Qin Wentian is only nineteen." Bailu Yi smiled.

"Only nineteen." The large-eyed elder drew in a deep breath, trying to steady himself. Even if they left his talent in cultivation aside, then based on his talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, Qin Wentian was already a character to be reckoned with in the future. This young man definitely had the opportunity to break through to become a fifth-ranked Grandmaster.

Divine Inscriptionists were the same as cultivation experts. The higher one was, the more status one had. How could a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign be comparable to a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant?

And a fifth-ranked Inscriptionist would definitely be able to summon the rains and hail the wind in Grand Xia. Even Heavenly

Dipper Sovereigns would fight on his behalf with just a single sentence from him.

Qin Wentian didn't just have a high level of attainment, his full potential wasn't completely exhausted yet.

Yet Bailu Tong's thinking was different. He naturally understood Qin Wentian had the talent and potential, but he firmly believed that the reason for Qin Wentian's remarkable improvement was none other than the ancient scroll of the Ascendant.

"Everyone, why don't we all take a step back?" the large-eyed elder frantically commented. At this moment, he no longer wanted the current situation to escalate. If Qin Wentian and the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters became serious, there would definitely be casualties suffered. Regardless of whether the casualty was Qin Wentian or the other fourth-ranked Inscriptionists, the large-eyed elder didn't want to deal with the aftermath.

Qin Wentian stood in the middle of the air, as their surrounding space transformed into a sword Qi tornado.

This Divine Inscription was indeed a combat-type Inscription Qin Wentian had learnt from the ancient scroll of the Ascendant. It was known as 'Tempest of Sword Qi' and had the ability to split itself into several other miniature windstorms. This Inscription could be considered an extremely powerful combat-type Inscription within the fourth-ranked level. Even at Qin Wentian's current level, he still had to spend a lot of time to inscribe it before he could succeed. And right now, he was the controller of this

tornado.

Within the tempest created by the roiling winds of the tornado, the three fourth-ranked Grandmasters were all extremely prudent of their situation, yet the stares directed at Qin Wentian were still filled with burning greed.

“Hey Elder, how could it be possible for us to stop now, even if you wished it?” The black-faced, middle-aged man coldly refuted. After which, he and Old Liang walked to the side of Eccentric Song.

“Eccentric Song, although this brat can set up a fourth-ranked formation, you have a fourth-ranked Puppet as well. The two of us will act as your protectors while you control your Puppet to kill him. With his death, this Divine Inscription will naturally fade away and at that time, his attack will be automatically dissipated. We will share the ancient scroll among the three of us, how about it?”

“Fine.” Old Song lightly nodded. With two peak-tier, third-ranked Puppets on the left and right and the fourth-ranked Puppets leading the way, the three Puppets exuded a cold murderous aura as they advanced towards Qin Wentian.

“Elder, you heard it yourself. I, Qin, from the beginning to the end have always been the passive party. Yet they are the ones that want my life.” Qin Wentian glanced at the large-eyed elder as he spoke, his words causing the gaze of that elder to stiffen. He also knew that it was impossible to make these fourth-ranked Grandmasters abandon the notion of killing Qin Wentian.

Leaving the matter of the ancient scroll aside, if Qin Wentian was left alive, the threat he posed to them would be too great.

After today, there would certainly be other great powers paying a visit to the White Deer Institute to recruit this young man.

A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, even transcendent powers would rush to recruit such a character, allowing him to research the Dao of Divine Inscriptions unconditionally as long as he was willing to join them.

So no matter which angle they considered this matter from, Qin Wentian must definitely die here.

“Great Elder, at this point, it’s already useless for persuasion,” Bailu Tong faintly stated, naturally hoping that the battle would continue.

“Eccentric Song, command your Puppet to kill the brat. Old Liang, use your Divine Weapon to defend against incoming attacks.”

The black-faced, middle-aged man instructed. He could already tell that the umbrella-type Divine Weapon of Old Liang was defensive in nature.

“Fine, this brat is running far too rampant, let’s destroy him.” Eccentric Song stroked his beard as he stated with confidence.

After which, his fourth-ranked Puppet rose into the air, the blades on its body easily tearing apart the space. Even the terrifying gales gushing forth from the tornado were quickly sliced apart.

Below the Puppet, the black-faced, middle-aged man waved his lance about in an intricate dance, destroying the ground around him, simultaneously creating a vacuum that swept away all nearby traps. While at the same time, Old Liang opened his umbrella and floated above the three, encasing them in a golden sphere of protection.

Within the protective fourth-ranked sphere of light, they didn't dare to rashly move about. They depended on the protection of the umbrella to stand against the intense gales, while planning to use the power of the fourth-ranked Puppet to slay Qin Wentian. This was undoubtedly an excellent plan.

“Die!” Qin Wentian flicked out a finger and instantly, the terrifying sword tornado spiraled towards them with increasing speed, targeting the umbrella-type Divine Weapon. The impact created during the collision caused the golden sphere of light to tremble madly. At the same time, the fourth-ranked Puppet blasted forth with its palm, as a terrifyingly cold light slashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian snorted coldly, “I will gladly accept this fourth-ranked Puppet offering then.”

As the sound of his voice faded, a golden-armored Puppet appeared in front of him.

“Go.” Qin Wentian coldly commanded, as his golden-armored Puppet flew towards the bladed Puppet. Qin Wentian’s countenance was as unperturbed as before, once again turning his terrifying gaze onto the three fourth-ranked Grandmasters.

“Puppet, he too has a fourth-ranked Puppet!”

The countenance of Eccentric Song and the rest froze. The fourth-ranked bladed Puppet was entangled by the golden-armored giant Puppet. Qin Wentian wasn’t affected in the slightest.

With a wave of his hands, millions upon millions of sword rays gathered, amalgamating into the form of a gigantic sword which was exuding an incomparable keenness. In the next moment, the gigantic sword descended from the domes of Heaven, smashing directly against the golden protective sphere of light that enshrouded the three of them.

“What should we do, what should we do?” Eccentric Song panicked. This nineteen years old young man had totally surpassed his expectations.

“Damn, f*ck this.” Old Liang’s countenance turned ashen. He turned to the black-faced, middle-aged man and stated, “With the power of his attacks, my protective golden sphere will be broken through sooner or later. You have an attack-type Divine Weapon, go and open a path for us.”

“You want me to open a path?” The black-faced, middle-aged

man stiffened. Although he had a fourth-ranked, attack-type Divine Weapon, his personal cultivation base wasn't at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. He was only at the Yuanfu level, how powerful would his attacks be even with the augmentation of the fourth-ranked Divine Weapon?

They had initially assumed that they would have the advantage even though Qin Wentian could set up a fourth-ranked formation. With the weapons they had at their disposal, a fourth-ranked Puppet and a fourth-ranked attack-type and defensive-type Divine Weapon, they would still be able to obtain victory. Yet who would have thought that Qin Wentian also possessed a fourth-ranked Puppet, instantly salvaging the situation with a single move.

“RUMBLE!” The golden sphere of light trembled again as cracks were beginning to show on its exterior.

“If this goes on, we will definitely die.” Old Liang turned pale. They wouldn't even have a full corpse remaining in the face of that terrifying tempest.

“Grandmaster Penga, HELP US!” Eccentric Song turned his pleading gaze onto the other fourth-ranked Grandmaster who was also a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. They were all extremely fearful of this man, and their initial plan was that after they killed Qin Wentian, they would join hands to deal with Penga.

But now, they had no choice but to beg Penga for his help.

However, Penga remained extremely indifferent. A long spear,

with a flame-type Inscription engraved on it, appeared in his hands, yet he stood there motionless, staring at the Divine Inscription ahead with a fire burning in his eyes.

At this moment, the fourth-ranked ‘Tempest of the Sword Qi’ completely exploded. This would be the instance where it was easiest to see through the runic structure of a Divine Inscription.

Cracks appeared on the umbrella-type Divine Weapon, and as the sounds of splintering rang out, the golden sphere of light crumbled into pieces. At this moment, Eccentric Song, Old Liang, and the black-faced, middle-aged man all had expressions of dread on their faces as they stared at the young man standing in the air.

At that moment, as Qin Wentian’s cold gaze swept over, the three of them could clearly feel the intensity of his killing intent.

“Return.” Eccentric Song commanded his Puppet. However, how could Qin Wentian fail to anticipate his actions? His golden-armored Puppet was forcibly restraining Eccentric Song’s Puppet.

“Bzz.” The silhouette of the black-faced, middle-aged man flickered as he dashed out, using the shadow lance in his hands to open up a path. The manifestation of the black dragon howled, as a pathway was instantly slashed open for him. However, the shrill keen of angry swords resounded and as a thunderous boom echoed out, he was blocked by the gigantic sword impaled on the ground right in front of him. When the black-faced, middle-aged man lifted his head again, he only saw countless beams of sword light poised his way. As long as Qin Wentian willed it, his burial ground would be right there in that place.

“Little Brother Qin, please stay your hand.” At this moment, the large-eyed elder was extremely polite. A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, he naturally had to show his respect.

“The three of them are all extremely famous, this man is a guest elder of the Han Clan in the Moon Continent. The magnitude of the Han Clan’s power isn’t weak,” the large-eyed elder gently reminded Qin Wentian.

“That’s right, if you kill me, the Han Clan will definitely not spare you.” The black-faced, middle-aged man glared at Qin Wentian.

“How mighty were you acting earlier? Yet how pathetic are you now? If the Han Clan wishes to take revenge for you, I will immediately join a transcendent power. Do you believe that the Han Clan would still dare to touch me then?” Qin Wentian’s stare penetrated the eyes of the black-faced, middle-aged man, the coldness in his voice gave him the shivers. A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, as long as this news was circulated, there would be countless powers wanting to pull Qin Wentian within their ranks. What use would the Han Clan be then?

“So many treasures here, but they’re all wasted on idiots. Why not give them to me?” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, a domineering sword Qi gushed forth, and the gigantic sword sprang up and slashed downwards. The shadow lance of the black-faced, middle-aged man blocked the attack, but his legs were shattered from the impact. An instant later, a beam of sword light flashed past from the side, leaving a bloody gash on his throat.

Eccentric Song and Old Liang were truly afraid when they saw how decisively Qin Wentian had acted. At this moment, there was only unending terror in their hearts.

Without warning, Qin Wentian had slaughtered the black-face, middle-aged man, a guest elder of the Han Clan. Within moments, a fourth-ranked Grandmaster had fallen just like that!

AGM 285 - Qing`er's Words

Not long ago, they once said that having the ancient scroll in Qin Wentian's hands was the equivalent to wasting a great gift on a piece of trash. If Qin Wentian didn't hand over that scroll, he would be slaughtered.

But now, Qin Wentian was returning those words right back. The tornado devoured the body of the black-faced, middle-aged man, after which Qin Wentian made a grasping motion and then the interspatial ring and shadow lance flew into his hands.

The treasures of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster should be extremely valuable, he had made a killing this time.

Shifting his ice-cold gaze onto Eccentric Song and Old Liang, the countenances of both were as white as a sheet. Eccentric Song mustered a smile as he stated to Qin Wentian, "Brother Qin's talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is truly heaven-defying. Now that you've stepped into the level of fourth-ranked Grandmasters, and before the age of twenty, it will only be a matter of time before your name rocks the Moon Continent. This old man was foolish and made the wrong decision out of greed. If I have offended you with my earlier words or actions, I hope that you won't take it to heart. Let that fourth-ranked Puppet of mine be compensation to Brother Qin for my earlier transgression."

Concluding his speech, Eccentric Song bowed low to Qin Wentian to convey his sincerity.

However, Qin Wentian's gaze was still as cold as ever, and felt even sharper than the edge of a blade. The terrifying sword-intent whistled past, as the sword keening further increased the terror in Eccentric Song's heart.

“This old man does not have a mortal grudge with Brother Qin, why must we end this with death?” Eccentric Song knew that it would be useless to convince Qin Wentian with words like background and status, and hence decided to use benefits instead. He continued, “As long as Brother Qin pardons this, this old man will definitely compensate with even better items.”

Just minutes before, this Eccentric Song was shouting for Qin Wentian's death, yet now he had the gall to claim he held no grudge between them. How ridiculous, Eccentric Song's words didn't have the slightest hint of regret in them.

In front of Qin Wentian, the tornado of sword Qi dissipated to be replaced by a terrifying gigantic sword. With a flick of his finger, the gigantic sword released a sword beam that penetrated through space, causing Eccentric Song's countenance to sink even further as his face became cloaked in a mask of despair.

“Chi.”

As the sword beam swept out, Eccentric Song's body was cleaved directly into two. The only survivor remaining was the sunken eyes man. Old Liang was involuntarily trembling, he knew he would be next if he stayed. In the next moment, he grabbed his umbrella-type Divine Weapon and rapidly ran away.

Qin Wentian had no intentions to pardon any of them. This young brat wanted to consign the whole lot of them to death.

But how could he still escape? As the sword beam flashed, his movements stopped. A gaping hole could be seen in the centre of his forehead.

Qin Wentian floated downwards, and began to collect the spoils of his victory. In short time, he had gained the treasures of three four-ranked Grandmasters, their total value was worth more than his entire fortune.

However, just as he was in the midst of gathering them up, the earth around him started to tremble violently. Qin Wentian's eyes turned sharp and as he turned his head, he realised that the silent spectator Grandmaster Penga had finally made his move. Penga had taken his time in observation before he acted, this strike of his contained a might sufficient enough to break the earth and shatter the heavens.

A Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who was also a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, was truly incomparable to a Yuanfu fourth-ranked Grandmaster. The difference in power further emphasized the importance of personal cultivation.

Now that Penga made his move, he completely disregarded the attacks of Qin Wentian's prearranged traps. An Astral Nova in the shape of an immense spear appeared, and as Astral Light inundated the area, each sweep of it caused Qin Wentian's traps to explode.

Throughout this, the sword Qi tornado grew increasingly weaker.

After observing for so long, Penga had already calculated the steps of breaking this formation. His sudden attack was like a thunderbolt from out of the blue.

The might of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign wasn't something a Yuanfu cultivator could match, even if he was paired up with a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he rapidly retreated, while simultaneously placing the bladed fourth-ranked Puppet in his interspatial ring and summoning his golden-armored Puppet to his side.

"BOOM!" Yet another Divine Inscription was destroyed. With a flick of his sleeves, the Astral Nova Spear penetrated through space, flying straight towards Qin Wentian. He felt his body shuddering, as though he were about to be pierced through. This was the will of a Mandate.

The Mandate of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was nothing to joke about.

"Go!" Qin Wentian commanded, the golden Puppet flew forwards in his place, colliding with the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign's attack. However, the Astral Nova seemed to have a mind of its own, as it increased the might of each stab, trying to break out of the golden-armored Puppet's grip. The impact resulting from the collision of the two forces caused the entire space to rumble.

Penga smiled, he didn't mind the interruption. The sharpness of

his gaze seemed intent on drilling through Qin Wentian, and abruptly his silhouette flickered as he dashed forwards with an unbelievable speed.

A nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster did indeed have heaven-shocking potential. There would also be countless powers wanting to recruit him. Nevertheless, a dead genius was no longer a genius, but rather, was just a corpse.

Now, Penga wanted nothing more than to kill Qin Wentian and plunder the ancient scroll away.

“Qin Wentian, you still have a chance.”

Qin Wentian’s pupils narrowed upon hearing Bailu You’s words; it seemed he still thought to take advantage of Qin Wentian’s current peril by coercing him into handing the ancient scroll over to his father, Bailu Tong.

“Great Elder.” A pleading look for help appeared in Bailu Yi’s eyes as she stared at the large-eyed elder.

“Great Elder, don’t you wish for the birth of a fifth-ranked Grandmaster in our White Deer Institute? I have to obtain that ancient scroll at all costs,” Bailu Tong coldly remarked at the side. The battle had already attracted the attention of many experts in the White Deer Institute. When they arrived by the side of Bailu Yi and the rest, they couldn’t help but ask, “What’s going on?”

“Qin Wentian, a nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster. He’s my good friend, yet Elder Bailu Tong wants to kill him just to plunder the ancient scroll he obtained from the secret realm of the Gold-Element Ascendant,” Bailu Yi explained, her words caused the eyes of those nearby to widen in shock. A fourth-ranked Grandmaster at the age of nineteen?

“What about the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters?” someone asked.

“They were all killed by Qin Wentian from his Inscriptions and formation,” Bailu You coldly replied. Because of Qin Wentian, he was at opposing standpoints with Bailu Yi.

“Father.” Bailu Yi turned her gaze onto Bailu Shan. Bailu Shan’s eyes shone with a strange glow as he watched Qin Wentian making use of several defensive third-ranked Inscriptions to block his opponent’s attack. Yet, they only managed to slow down the Astral Nova slightly.

“Grandmaster Penga, enough.”

Bailu Shan called out as he stepped forth, blasting out his aura.

“Brother Shan, what are you trying to do?” In the next moment, Bailu You’s silhouette flickered as he appeared in front of Bailu Shan, blocking his path.

Bailu Yi grew pale with worry as she frantically stared at the

large-eyed elder. The large-eyed elder appeared to be contemplating something as he soon replied in a calm tone, “Relax, don’t be so nervous.”

Yet how could Bailu Yi not be nervous? Penga was raising the tempo of his attacks, he must be determined to kill Qin Wentian immediately. He used his Astral Nova to tie down the fourth-ranked Puppet, while the flame-inscribed long spear in his hands tore apart the defensive third-ranked Inscriptions Qin Wentian threw at him like a hot knife through butter. Penga plunged out the long spear as it transformed into a beam of cold light, shooting straight towards Qin Wentian.

“Bzzz.” The raging speed of the spear broke the sound barrier as a sonic boom burst out. However at the last moment, a lotus bloomed in front of Qin Wentian, disrupting the trajectory and negating the force behind the spear.

All of a sudden, a female silhouette appeared in front of Qin Wentian. This female’s figure was flawless, clad in white and her features were obscured by a veil. She gave off an otherworldly aura, resembling that of an immortal maiden.

Traces of a gentle smile appeared in his eyes as Qin Wentian noticed the appearance of this figure. She always showed up at the most crucial moment, silently protecting him from the shadows.

“I’ll send the Puppet to help you, let’s kill this person together.” Qin Wentian’s eyes turned ice-cold the moment he shifted his gaze back onto Penga.

“It’s okay... This man is not very strong, I can do it...” Although the tone of her words was cold, Qing`er’s voice was extremely melodious and gave Qin Wentian feelings of great comfort as he listened. Penga’s countenance stiffened, becoming incredibly ugly to behold.

Those from the White Deer Institute also had dumbfounded expressions on their faces. There was actually a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign protecting Qin Wentian.

Not only that, even with her features obscured, they could tell that this Sovereign was actually quite the transcendent beauty, akin to a celestial in a portrait. Their gazes involuntarily fixated onto Bailu Yi, only to see her in a similarly stunned state.

Qin Wentian had said before that Mo Qingcheng was his girlfriend. In that case, who was this ephemeral beauty right in front of their eyes?

If she remembered correctly, this maiden seemed to have appeared once before.

Penga glanced at Qing`er, and then swept his gaze to the supreme experts of the White Deer Institute. He knew that his objective today was no longer possible.

“Farewell.” His Astral Nova revolved protectively around him, as he snorted and leisurely walked away, his face a loathsome mask of unsatisfied greed.

Qing`er stood there quietly, allowing him to leave. She didn't actively act to pursue him. Qin Wentian smilingly glanced at Qing`er. He refrained from saying a word.

However, Qing`er's beautiful lashes fluttered as though she knew of Qin Wentian's intentions. After which, her lips gently moved as the sound waves of her voice joined together into a single thread, drifting into Qin Wentian's ear.

“He won't escape, the people of my Celestial Lake Palace are already waiting outside. Nobody will dare to touch you today.”

Qing`er's words caused Qin Wentian to start. The people from the Celestial Lake Palace had arrived here? An expression of astonishment crossed Qin Wentian's face. When had the people from the Celestial Lake Palace appeared?

Sweeping his gaze across to the crowd within the White Deer Institute, he saw Di Cheng, as well as a young man with an extraordinary demeanor. The man could only be Di Feng.

In that moment, Qin Wentian suddenly understood. So it turned out that Fairy Qingmei had always been monitoring his actions. As the Azure Emperor's love, Fairy Qingmei should be in possession of many secrets that no one else knew.

Everything that happened in the White Deer Institute, including the arrival of Di Feng, as well as the problems he faced, were perhaps all already known by Fairy Qingmei.

As he had once guessed, the relationship between Fairy Qingmei and the Azure Emperor had never broken off at all. It was totally different from what had been spread outside. There was no one else who cared more for the Azure Emperor other than Fairy Qingmei. And as he was the Azure Emperor's true successor, Fairy Qingmei supported him unconditionally, for no other reason than because he was the one that possessed his authority token.

"They are here? What great timing." Qin Wentian smiled. He had just revealed that he was a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, and now he had Fairy Qingmei's support.

In that case, regardless of who the power behind Di Feng was, Qin Wentian didn't lose out in the slightest.

"I will take my leave as well." Grandmaster Fenrir laughed. He knew that this wasn't the time for him to remain behind. Claspig his hands, he then bid his farewell to the crowd and soared through the air.

As for the followers of the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters, they had long sneaked away after witnessing the deaths of their masters. It was as though they feared they'd be killed by Qin Wentian if they were to retreat half a step slower.

Hence, in this location, other than the members of the White Deer Institute, the only outsiders remaining were Qin Wentian and Qing'er.

“Fourth-ranked Grandmaster.” Bailu You suddenly laughed, as he turned to those from the Institute. “Everyone, this suspicious young man infiltrated our White Deer Institute to ‘study’ Divine Inscriptions, despite already having such a high level of attainment in it. Not only that, he also has the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. I wonder, what unfathomable motives might he be harbouring in his heart?”

“What is this guy’s problem?” With a silent sigh of resignation, Qin Wentian dragged his gaze over to the persistent Bailu You.

AGM 286 - Revealing The Token

A cold smile was reflected on Qin Wentian's face. "Ever since I, Qin, joined the White Deer Institute to cultivate the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, I have never done a single thing that went against the Institute's code of honor. How ridiculous, if you want to steal the ancient scroll from me, you can just say so. Why is there a need to be so hypocritical?"

Bailu You narrowed his eyes. He knew that if he allowed Qin Wentian to leave the White Deer Institute today, there would never be another chance to acquire the ancient scroll of the Ascendant.

More and more experts from the White Deer Institute arrived, and when about six to seven of the nine elders came, only then did Bailu Tong suddenly speak out, "Everyone, can I hear your opinions on how we should handle this matter? I, Bailu Tong have immersed myself in studying and researching the Dao of Divine Inscriptions for so many years, and my attainment in it cannot be said to be weak. There's a chance for me to break through to become a fifth-ranked Grandmaster if I can obtain the ancient scroll of the Ascendant. All of you should be extremely clear of the value and prestige a fifth-ranked Grandmaster would bring to our Institute."

"Qin Wentian is only nineteen and has already broken through to the fourth-ranked. Not only that, he is also a good friend of mine. Why must the Institute do such a vile and filthy thing, robbing him of the inheritance he rightfully earned? Obviously, he would have a much greater chance to break through to being a fifth-ranked Grandmaster compared to Elder Bailu Tong," Bailu Yi

countered.

“Impudent. Little Yi, the elders may hold you in high regard but you do not have the right to speak about an elder this way!” Bailu You roared. “And so what if he has a greater chance? Ultimately, he is still an outsider.”

“There are some words that must be said, no matter how inappropriate they may sound now.” Bailu Yi knew that Qin Wentian was the inheritor of the Azure Emperor Token. She wondered what would happen if the elders from the Institute blindly continued to offend him like this.

“Uncle Yu, could you lead them down and guard the back mountains, not allowing others to enter?” Bailu Yi instructed an elderly looking figure, this person was someone extremely loyal to the White Deer Institute.

Uncle Yu understood Bailu Yi’s intention. With a wave of his hands, he gathered the non-core members as he led them down, following Bailu Yi’s instructions.

“Do the two of you want to go and take a break as well?” Bailu Yi stared at Di Feng and Di Cheng.

“Little Yi, Di Feng is a valuable guest of our Institute, there’s nothing to hide from him,” Bailu Tong cut in.

“I, Di Feng, can guarantee that Miss Yi’s words will definitely

remain behind closed-doors.” Di Feng laughed.

Bailu Yi glanced at him, and turned her gaze onto those from the White Deer Institute. “Elder Tong, humor me. In terms of the Dao of Inscriptions, which of the two of us has the higher attainment and talent?”

Bailu Tong stared at Bailu Yi, but he didn’t reply. Another elder added, “Naturally, elder Tong’s attainment is higher. But with regards to talent, Little Yi may still be slightly better.”

“In that case, if the White Deer Institute acquires the ancient scroll of the Ascendant, who do you all think the inheritance should belong to? Who would have the greater hope of breaking through to being a fifth-ranked Grandmaster?” Bailu Yi asked again, causing a myriad of expressions to flicker on the countenances of the crowd.

Bailu Shan’s eyes lighted up. By that logic, the inheritance would be given to his daughter instead.

Yes, that was right, his daughter had a deep relationship with Qin Wentian.

“We will all share it,” Bailu Tong icily replied, traces of unhappiness could be seen flickering in his eyes.

“How laughable. If Qin Wentian acquired the ancient scroll, then it clearly belongs to him. But you want to have a share in it?” Bailu

Yi coldly laughed. “Let me tell all the elders this, Qin Wentian did indeed obtain the inheritance of the Ascendant and he will definitely become a fifth-ranked Grandmaster in the future. And just to be clear, he has already given the ancient scroll to me.”

Everyone who heard the words were left flabbergasted. Qin Wentian actually gave the ancient scroll of the Ascendant to Bailu Yi?

It seemed like the relationship between them was really that of lovers. And Qin Wentian truly loved Bailu Yi.

Laughter appeared on Bailu Shan’s face. In that case, his choice was already extremely clear. He would undoubtedly choose to stand on the side of Qin Wentian.

Bailu Yi’s grandfather, one of the nine grand elders of the Institute also stroked his beard and laughed. His impression of Qin Wentian was improving by the minute.

“Consider this carefully before making any decision. If Elder Bailu Tong makes a move against Qin Wentian, I, Bailu Yi will be too ashamed to remain in the White Deer Institute. Does the Institute really wish to lose two potential fifth-ranked Grandmasters?” Bailu Yi’s powerful words resounded in the air.

Momentarily, Bailu Tong’s countenance became exceptionally unsightly to behold.

Even if Bailu Yi was one of their own members, there was no way he would give up the ancient scroll.

“Little Yi, are you threatening our Institute?” Bailu Tong coldly remarked, “Not only that, as a junior, since you’ve acquired the ancient scroll, why haven’t you passed it to the elders? Is this something a junior should do?”

“Today, I have really seen the true face of Elder Tong. Even when coveting the possession of others, you can still sound as though you are in the right. Why should I give it to you?” Bailu Yi mocked. Turning her gaze onto the other elders, Bailu Yi continued, “Would the other elders please make their decision.”

“Elder Tong, you’ve gone overboard.” Bailu Yi’s grandfather naturally stood on the side of his granddaughter.

“Enough of this internal conflict, this is so embarrassing.”

The large-eyed elder couldn’t help but berate them upon seeing such a happening occurring. After which, he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian and spoke, “Little Brother Qin is a guest of Little Yi. Our White Deer Institute apologizes for the matters here today, please pardon our transgressions. When the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters came over to plunder the inheritance, it was one thing for our elders not to stop them, but to think that one of the elders actually aided and abetted the other fourth-ranked Grandmasters because of his own selfish desires. Please accept our apologies. I, as the Great Elder, have failed in my duties indeed. This was my mistake.”

The Great Elder personally acknowledged that he made a mistake, his actions causing the others to shut up without further comment. The core members that arrived late already understood what happened today.

As a Divine Inscriptionist, this Bailu Tong was filled with greed for wanting to possess the Ascendant's ancient scroll. And because of Qin Wentian's relationship with Bailu Yi, he wasn't thick-skinned enough to act directly against Qin Wentian. But rather, he spread the news to outsider fourth-ranked Grandmasters in order to borrow their influence to coerce Qin Wentian into caving in. Then the next step would be to make him surrender the ancient scroll to himself, an elder of the White Deer Institute, for protection.

These outsider fourth-ranked Grandmasters naturally also understood Bailu Tong's scheme. But the lure of the ancient scroll was too great. Hence, they weren't willing to give this chance up, and acted according to Bailu Tong's machinations.

Yet no one would have anticipated the ending. Qin Wentian had too many cards up his sleeves. He could inscribe fourth-ranked, combat-type Divine Inscriptions, had a fourth-ranked Puppet, and also the protection of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

Those greedy fourth-ranked Grandmasters had all been slaughtered, causing Bailu Tong's plan to transform into mist and shadows. Hence, he chose to no longer mask his intentions, and instead decided to use the entire White Deer Institute to pressure Qin Wentian, ignoring the fact that he might be offending Bailu Yi.

All this led to the situation happening right now.

Bailu Tong was still unwilling to give up, yet the large-eyed elder didn't agree with him.

Qin Wentian could see that the large-eyed elder was a sincere and honest man. He also knew that the elder always had a good impression of him since the beginning. Hence, Qin Wentian added, "This matter occurs only because of Bailu Tong, and has nothing to do with the White Deer Institute. I, Qin, understand this clearly."

Since the large-eyed elder intended to form good relations with him, Qin Wentian naturally wouldn't create tension of his own volition. After all, he would take charge of the entire White Deer Institute sooner or later.

"Excellent, excellent, it's good that your heart is so magnanimous." The large-eyed elder nodded as he laughed. In fact, he hadn't acted before this because he wanted to see if Qin Wentian had the capability to settle things on his own terms. If Qin Wentian really couldn't handle it, the large-eyed elder would definitely have stepped in.

"Great Elder, I'm afraid this matter isn't up to your decision. I will report this to the supreme elders, and will let them decide instead." It was then that the silent Bailu Tong spoke out once again, causing the countenance of the crowd to sink as they smiled wryly in their hearts. This matter was getting more and more out of control, escalating the internal conflict in the White Deer

Institute. Bailu Tong dared to behave this way because his father was one of the four supreme elders. Not only that, Bailu Tong's father was well known as someone who blindly shielded his shortcomings.

The large-eyed elder's countenance turned exceptionally unsightly once he heard Bailu Tong's words. How shameful.

Because of greed, Bailu Tong had initiated this internal conflict, something the large-eyed elder was unhappy to witness.

"Since you have the ancient scroll, just take it out and share it with everyone." A voice drifted over from afar. Many among the crowd couldn't help but shudder slightly once they heard this voice.

One of the supreme elders had spoken.

The crowd speculated that this supreme elder definitely wanted Qin Wentian to hand over the inheritance so as to share the ancient scroll with everyone. This would be an overall boost in the standards of the Divine Inscriptionists from the White Deer Institute. This kind of thinking wasn't wrong.

Qin Wentian cast his gaze into the horizon. It seemed like one of the supreme elders supported Bailu Tong.

Even after he had become a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, the White Deer Institute's attitude still hadn't changed. Evidently,

they still treated him like an outsider.

Luckily he hadn't revealed that he held the Azure Emperor Token back then. If not, he didn't know what attitude the Institute might have now.

"As an impartial observer not involved in the matter, I too, think that Qin Wentian should share the ancient scroll. Of course, the White Deer Institute could repay him by offering protection for his safety," Di Feng stated, causing a smile to appear on Bailu Tong's countenance.

Qin Wentian cast a glance at Di Feng as he coldly smiled. "How fair. Who are you to butt your nose into my affairs?"

"Someone you can't afford to offend," Di Cheng who was beside Di Feng, icily replied. "You are just a mere fourth-ranked Grandmaster, even a finger would be enough to crush you to death." "How arrogant. Are you not a descendant of the Azure Emperor? Main bloodline of the Di Clan?"

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, everyone in the crowd was thunderstruck, as they turned gazes filled with incomparable sharpness onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian actually knew of the White Deer Institute's greatest secret.

The crowd then gazed contemptuously at Bailu Yi, with even a

few elders looking at her in disappointment. Didn't Bailu Yi know what was important? How could she divulge this secret to Qin Wentian?

"Traitorous slut." Bailu You snorted in disdain. After which, he took a step closer to Qin Wentian. "In that case, you should die even more."

Qin Wentian had given him the perfect excuse to act, Qin Wentian was courting death.

Yet, Bailu Yi was staring in amazement at Qin Wentian. Was he preparing to lay all his cards out on the table?

"Yup, he deserves death." Di Cheng coldly grinned. Qin Wentian would definitely die today.

"You've all heard it directly, even the descendants of the Di Clan want him to die." Bailu You turned his gaze towards the crowd. Upon hearing his words, Qin Wentian softly commented, "All of you respect the Azure Emperor that much?"

"Obviously. Everyone in our White Deer Institute can basically be said to be the descendants of the Azure Emperor. Didn't Bailu Yi tell you this?" Bailu You coldly laughed.

"If the successor of the Azure Emperor Token wanted you to die, would you die?" Qin Wentian glanced at Bailu You with amusement.

“Sure, if he appears, why not?” Bailu You smiled. He had to grab this chance to show his support for Di Feng. Di Feng would surely stand on his side in future.

“Oh?” Qin Wentian nodded his head with amusement. “Okay, you can go ahead and die then.”

After that, Qin Wentian gazed into the horizon as he channeled his voice, causing it to erupt forth, “Qin Wentian seeks an audience with the supreme elders of the White Deer Institute.”

His voice was filled with power, travelling a far distance while resonating in the air.

“Who do you think you are? Do you think you can meet the supreme elders just because you want to?” Bailu You sneered.

“You, are unqualified.” Di Cheng had hated Qin Wentian ever since his recent bout of humiliation. Today, his date of death had finally arrived

Qin Wentian laughed coldly as he stretched out a hand, he was holding something in between his fingers. “What about now?”

“Huh?” The gazes of everyone riveted to the object Qin Wentian held in his hands, and then they felt as though explosions had gone off in their minds. Shaking their heads, the crowd narrowed their eyes for a clearer look.

In the next instant, it was as if they had all turned to ice, their hearts pounding madly with a myriad of emotions.

That word on the token... that word, was the word Azure!

Di Feng's eyes turned sharp, feeling as though a huge wave had rocked his heart. Qin Wentian held in his hands the Azure Emperor Token!

Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to Bailu Tong, Di Feng and Di Cheng, speaking slowly and clearly, enunciating each word. "I, Qin Wentian, am the true successor of the Azure Emperor!"

As the sound of his voice faded, the crowd exchanged glances with each other in dumbfounded amazement.

The Azure Emperor Token, that was the Azure Emperor Token.

Di Feng had a lineage belonging to the Di Clan.

But Qin Wentian, with the Azure Emperor Token in his hands, was the Azure Emperor's true successor!

AGM 287 - Subordinates Offending Their Superior, Shall All Be Killed Without Mercy!

The Azure Emperor Token.

Qin Wentian actually possessed the Azure Emperor Token.

This undoubtedly meant that Qin Wentian was the true successor of the Azure Emperor.

Those from the Di Clan, as well as the core members of the White Deer Institute naturally understood the meaning behind the Azure Emperor Token.

“Does everyone now understand the purpose of why I came to the White Deer Institute?” Qin Wentian stared at Bailu You, laughing coldly.

Harbouring unfathomable motives? With the authority token in his hands, he could do anything he wanted in the White Deer Institute. How unfathomable could those motives be?

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Di Cheng only to see a sinister light shining in his eyes. How could this be possible? Why would the Azure Emperor Token be in Qin Wentian’s hands?

“A finger is enough to crush me? I would like to see you try. A mere descendant of the Di Clan daring to talk to me in this

manner? Even the current head of your Di Clan wouldn't dare speak to me like this. A lowly being offending your superiors, tell me, what punishment do you deserve?" Qin Wentian coldly rebuked, as his eyes bored into Di Cheng. Di Cheng felt only overwhelming pressure crushing him from where he stood, the feeling so heavy his face became contorted.

A lowly being offending your superiors, tell me what punishment do you deserve?

Indeed, as a descendant of the Di Clan, failing to pay respect to the successor of the Azure Emperor could be said that Di Cheng was a lowly being offending his superior.

Even the experts and elders of the main bloodline would have to pay their respects and obey the holder of the Azure Emperor Token, let alone a mere Di Cheng.

The large-eyed elder drew in a deep breath. When Di Feng arrived at the White Deer Institute and showcased his outstanding abilities, they had all thought that Di Feng, as the successor groomed by the main bloodline, would definitely be the future leader of the Azure Faction.

Yet they had never expected that the holder of the token, the true successor of the Azure Emperor, would actually be Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian, a nineteen years old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, he had come to the White Deer Institute for no reason other than because he was the true successor to the Azure Emperor.

Back then, he patiently waited for the right moment because he was unsure of the White Deer Institute's attitude. But at this moment, there were members of the Institute, as well as descendants of the Di Clan, who wanted to band together to kill the successor of the Azure Emperor? How could he still continue to endure?

Although this sounded dramatic, such was the reality.

The gazes of the crowd shifted to Bailu Yi, who was the only one not shocked. Apparently, Qin Wentian had already revealed the truth of this matter to her. And considering the closeness of their relationship, Bailu Yi would definitely never betray Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian had absolute trust in Bailu Yi.

After all, all things considered, the secret of his confidential identity was too sensitive a matter.

The large-eyed elder had a blinding headache as he glanced at Di Feng and the rest. Everything that had happened today was out of his expectations, and now, this matter was no longer about the ancient scroll of the Ascendant but rather, an issue that would affect the future of their White Deer Institute.

Will the White Deer Institute obey the commands of the Azure Emperor's successor?

If yes, then who? Di Feng from the main lineage, or Qin Wentian, the holder of the Azure Emperor Token?

The level of difficulty for this question was absurdly high.

Di Feng, someone ranked #5 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. If it was before, Qin Wentian couldn't even be compared to him. But now, Qin Wentian was a nineteen years old, fourth-ranked Grandmaster! In terms of talent, both of them were exceedingly outstanding.

Di Feng's advantage was that he had the support of the main bloodline. As for Qin Wentian, he was still young and still had room for advancement in terms of both cultivation and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions. His potential was monstrous.

If not, how could Qin Wentian possess the Azure Emperor Token?

This indicated that Qin Wentian may be the one that passed the tests the Azure Emperor left behind.

“Allow me to inspect this token. How else would we know if it's real or fake?” Di Cheng countered, he had no way to accept this reality, no way to accept that Qin Wentian was the true successor.

“Who the hell are you? Do you have the qualifications to even touch the Azure Emperor Token?” Qin Wentian coldly replied.

“Di Yi of my Di Clan was captured by the Nine Mystical Palace, subsequently the Azure Emperor Token has gone missing, and yet today it appears in your hand. How could we not suspect its origin? Or are you someone from the Nine Mystical Palace wanting to control our Faction? We have to investigate this clearly today.”

Although Di Cheng was far from the level of Di Feng, he was still quite intelligent, full of little cunning schemes.

He naturally knew that his clan’s future plans included taking full control over the Azure Emperor Palace. This was why they had spent so much time in the White Deer Institute, setting up their preparations and groundwork. But now, who would have thought that the Azure Emperor Token would appear in the hands of Qin Wentian? How could they allow this sudden variable to totally ruin their plans. It was impossible.

Just Qin Wentian and a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? They were far from enough.

Yet Qin Wentian laughed as he put away the Azure Emperor Token. “Do the supreme elders of the White Deer Institute still wish to watch the drama? Isn’t it about time for you all to show yourselves?”

Yet as the sound of his voice faded, not one of the supreme elders made their appearances. Through this, Qin Wentian understood the difficulty of controlling a power that was allowed to grow unsupervised for thousands of years.

Evidently, the supreme elders were acting this way to show Qin Wentian their own inclinations on the matter. First, leaving aside the ambiguity of the current situation, even if matters were to stabilize and the White Deer Institute recognised him as the true successor, what of it? If they refused to heed his commands, what could he do?

A ‘hidden’ branch of the Azure Faction had grown in power and matured on their own for over thousands of years. By handing over control of the White Deer Institute to such a young man, wouldn’t this be the equivalent of taking an extremely huge risk? How could the White Deer Institute so easily accept this? Even Di Feng from Di Clan’s main bloodline had not completely gained the recognition and approval of the Institute’s elders. At most, it could only be said that Di Feng had gained their respect.

And now, even with all that had happened, the supreme elders of the White Deer Institute still chose not to show themselves, all because they wanted to see how Qin Wentian and Di Feng would handle this.

“You better explain your identity to us first,” Bailu Tong coldly stated.

“Yup, the Azure Emperor Token? Pass it to me so I can take a better look to see if it’s real or fake,” Bailu You added, as he coldly laughed.

“You guys... How dare you.” Bailu Yi didn’t expect that Bailu Tong and his son would be this tough to handle. They totally disregarded the fact that Qin Wentian had already taken out the

Azure Emperor Token.

And the attitude of the supreme elders also made it clear that even now, they still didn't have enough confidence in Qin Wentian.

Even if Qin Wentian had monstrous talent, it didn't necessarily mean that the White Deer Institute would grant him absolute authority. This decision would affect the future of their Institute, Bailu Yi could understand that, even if it did leave a bitter taste in her mouth.

Because at the very least, they should still show Qin Wentian a modicum of respect.

"Don't forget what you said earlier, that you would die if the successor of the token tells you to do so. In that case, I want you to die now." Qin Wentian's eyes bore into Bailu You's as he stated this, yet his words caused Bailu You to howl in laughter. "Ridiculous, you haven't even proven your identity and you want me to die? It seems we won't be able to move forwards unless we carefully inspect the secrets you are hiding inside your interspatial ring."

Qing'er stepped forwards, standing in front of Qin Wentian, while Bailu Yi mirrored her movements.

"Haha, I really wish to see the contents inside his interspatial ring as well." Di Cheng coldly laughed. An elderly protector, also at the Heavenly Dipper level, silently appeared at his side. The

elderly protector took a step forward, standing in front of Di Cheng.

At this exact moment, in skies far away from the White Deer Institute, there were quite a number of fearsome-looking demonic beasts soaring through the air.

And on the back of one of these fearsome flying beasts, there was a silhouette belonging to a demonic middle-aged man. The eyes of this man shone with a fiendish light, as golden beams penetrating through space, observing the current happenings in the White Deer Institute. The scenes were then channeled from his vision and projected onto a screen created from Astral Light, showing it to the others on the back of these fearsome beasts.

“What audacity! Have they forgotten how to show the respect due to the holder of the Azure Emperor Token?”

As they observed, a terrible, terrible baleful aura emerged from an old woman equipped with a snake staff.

Trampled beneath the foot of this old woman, was a dead man. If Qin Wentian was here, he would surely have recognised that this dead man was none other than the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that had escaped earlier, the fourth-ranked Inscriptionist named Grandmaster Penga. Now, he was nothing but a corpse.

“How audacious, indeed. Not just this show of disrespect, how dare they go as far as to threaten him even to the point of acting against him.” An extremely withered-looking, skinny old man icily

stated. The demonic light shining in his eyes was as cold as that of the old woman.

“Geh geh geh!” Weird laughter resounded, as an extremely alluring enchantress giggled evilly. This woman’s figure was exceedingly sexy and the clothes she wore were designed to rouse the blood of males; they were revealing and served to further accentuate her racy figure. “Not only that, these old fogeys still pretend to be ignorant, do they want to shirk their responsibilities and make Young Master Qin handle this himself?”

“Since those old fellows still don’t want to come out, you guys go handle this on their behalf then.” In that moment, the middle-aged woman leading the group exuded an aura akin to the deadly chill of winter. As her command echoed in the air, these demon-like humans all began to cackle madly.

The golden screen of Astral Light vanished as the middle-aged man from earlier retracted his demonic vision. The whole lot of them began to rush forwards with astounding speed.

At this instant, on the lush green grass, several silhouettes advanced threateningly in the direction of Qin Wentian. Even now, the supreme elders of the Institute hadn’t appeared, choosing to adopt a ‘wait-and-see’ attitude instead. Even though they wouldn’t let Qin Wentian die, their actions didn’t have the slightest modicum of respect to the successor of the Azure Emperor.

Di Cheng, his protector, Bailu You and Bailu Tong slowly advanced forwards, while Qing`er and the fourth-ranked golden

armored Puppet stood protectively in front of Qin Wentian.

“The successor of the Azure Emperor? I really want to see how powerful you are.” Di Cheng coldly laughed.

“All of you will no longer have the chance to see ‘anything’.”

At this moment, a voice drifted across the air, alarming everyone in the crowd.

Lifting their heads and shifting their gaze into the horizon, they could sense terrifying waves of demonic Qi gushing over.

“Who?” At this moment, a few old-looking cultivators flew through the air, entering the area.

These three old men were none other than the supreme elders of the White Deer Institute. Only now did they realise that there had been people spying on what was currently happening in this location. Because the distance was too far apart, they hadn’t sensed anything previously.

The wind whistled as many fearsome-looking demonic beasts hovered in the airspace above the back mountains. Several pairs of demonic-like, emotionless eyes riveted onto the supreme elders of the White Deer Institute, as one among them icily commented. “You’re only coming out now? It’s already too late. The matter here will be handled by us on behalf of the White Deer Institute.”

“Who might you be? And what do you mean?” The countenance of one of the supreme elders stiffened, as he coldly asked.

Just as coldly, the old woman wielding a snake staff shot back, “It is unnecessary for you to know who I am. And as to what I mean, these four have forgotten the ancestral laws to the point where they’re even acting against the successor. Initially with disrespect and now foolishness. No matter, they shall all be killed without mercy, to serve as a warning to others.”

After the sound of her words faded away, an ice-cold intent radiated from her, enveloping Bailu You, Bailu Tong, Di Cheng and Di Cheng’s protector. The frigid stare of that old woman caused a gut-wrenching terror to blossom in their hearts.

These people were here to protect Qin Wentian.

These people wanted to kill them!

“YOU DARE?!” That supreme elder madly roared in anger, his progeny was among these people whom the old woman outlined as targets to be slaughtered.

Only to see that old woman’s demonic eyes staring icily at him, akin to the stare of a poisonous serpent. “The White Deer Institute actually has the audacity to shield those who offend the successor of the Azure Emperor? In that case, there’s no longer a need for this ‘hidden’ branch of the Azure Faction to exist any longer!”

AGM 288 - Dominance

“In that case, there’s no longer a need for this ‘hidden’ branch of the Azure Faction to exist!”

These words caused a chill to bloom in the hearts of those from the White Deer Institute.

This old woman was threatening them, threatening to eradicate the entire White Deer Institute.

“Since you’ve dared to become a sinner that can even disrespect the Azure Emperor’s successor, then why should the Azure Faction still need a ‘hidden’ branch like yours?”

“Who the hell are you guys?” That supreme elder stared at the old woman and her party. Each of their auras felt as towering as the Heavens, so incomparably terrifying it was sufficient to cause foul wind and bloody rain in the White Deer Institute, completely annihilating it. There was no need for doubts, this group of people had the power to back up their words.

“We are the protectors of the Azure Emperor’s successor,” the old woman coldly stated, sweeping her gaze downwards. Di Cheng and the other aggressors all paled. The four of them were already surrounded and that terrifying aura was enveloping them with the threat of death. This feeling was extremely intense.

“We are merely spectating, but we definitely won’t allow any harm to come to the Azure Emperor’s successor. Could madam

please show mercy?” Another supreme elder beseeched.

With the appearance of these people, there was no mistaking Qin Wentian’s identity.

“Oh we trust you, but while we were peacefully spectating, there were actually quite a few people not knowing their places to the extent of even wanting to make a move against the successor. This group of people, there is no longer a need for them to remain alive.”

As the sound of the old woman’s voice faded, a corpse fell down from the skies. The hearts of the crowd couldn’t help but to go cold when they saw the face of the corpse. This was none other than Grandmaster Penga, the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign that made a move against Qin Wentian. He had already fallen.

While the supreme elders of the Institute were observing the happenings, so were these group of people.

Yet seeing how disrespectful they all were, how could they not kill this whole lot of insolent fools to establish dominance? If not, then after a few thousand years, would all the ‘hidden’ branches of the Azure Faction forget the awe that the name Azure Emperor once inspired? Losing even the most basic form of respect for the Azure Emperor’s successor?

“I’m a descendant of the Di Clan, direct line of descent of the Azure Emperor’s main bloodline!” Di Cheng involuntarily screamed as he glanced upwards at the old woman, feeling the ice-

cold intent she radiated twisting his heart.

The old woman shifted her gaze onto Di Cheng, her demeanor as icy as before as she stated, “As a descendant of the Di Clan, you should abide by the last orders of the Azure Emperor even more. You broke the law while knowing the rules, you deserve death even more.”

After speaking, she wielded her snake staff, stabbing out a manifestation of a demonic serpent howling in anger. It wrenched its maw open, flying in the direction of Di Cheng with the intent to devour him.

“NOOOOOOOOOO!” Di Cheng’s countenance turned pale-white, he didn’t think that these people really wanted to kill him, he didn’t want to die.

A terrifying suction force drifted over, Di Cheng wanted to evade it, but to no avail, he was drawn within the maw of the demonic serpent and disappeared totally, dying a miserable death.

The whole scenario was an extremely ghastly sight to behold; the protector of Di Cheng wanted to escape, but he saw a withered-looking old man standing ahead, blocking his path. That old man blasted forth with his palms as a surge of ominous-feeling qi enveloped the protector. In an instant, and in only an instant, the body of the protector corroded away completely.

“What a fearsome Mandate.” Qin Wentian involuntarily trembled in his heart as he felt the might of that Mandate. He

knew that if he were the one fighting against this, he would die too, without a doubt.

Qin Wentian finally understood why Di Yi was the one in charge of keeping the hidden map, while only Fairy Qingmei's Celestial Lake Palace's Refinement Grounds could unravel the secret of the map.

The Azure Emperor must have long predicted that after his death, the remnants of his Azure Faction wouldn't be so easily controlled by his successor. This was why he left this task to the person he trusted most—Fairy Qingmei. She was the one in charge of silently guarding his successor.

Di Cheng and his protector were killed without ceremony. Di Feng watched silently as a brilliant light flashed in his eyes. He had already guessed the origins of these protectors.

He didn't expect that the shadow of Fairy Qingmei was perpetually there. In that case, the difficulty of him becoming the future leader of the Azure Faction had just skyrocketed.

As for Bailu Tong and Bailu You, the father-and-son duo's countenances turned ashen when they saw the death of Di Cheng. They could feel the intent of death surrounding them.

Why had it happened like this? Never would they have expected that in their quest to plunder the ancient scroll, it would lead to them feeling the threat of death.

“Since you guys are the protectors of the Azure Emperor’s successor, why is there a need to be so ruthless?” Bailu Tong’s father stepped forwards, how could he watch his progeny die just like that in front of his eyes.

“Kill.” That middle-aged woman standing in the air gave the command, her baleful aura hadn’t diminished at the supreme elder’s words. In fact, it grew even stronger. Just from her gaze alone, the supreme elder could sense his heart palpitating in fear, the strength of this woman was something far beyond him, he didn’t dare to act blindly without thinking.

“Geh, geh.” The alluring enchantress giggled as she swooped downwards, while the palm of that withered old man wavered, causing the foul qi of corrosion to gush forward. It enveloped the entire space where Bailu Tong and Bailu You stood.

“Bzzz.”

A pair of feathered wings appeared at the back of Bailu Tong, he soared skywards seeking to escape. However, he was soon forced downwards by a herculean man, stomping down at him from the air. That stomp of the herculean man had the power to fissure the earth. Bailu Tong’s body was pitifully repelled, slamming into the ground with such might, a mini-crater had been formed from the impact.

The surrounding space around their targets was locked down by gravity. There was no way their prey could escape.

“YOU ARE GOING TOO FAR.” Bailu Tong’s father exuded a terrifying aura.

“You guys better stop him.” The middle-aged woman swept her eyes over to the other supreme elders. “If not, don’t blame me when the White Deer Institute loses a supreme elder.”

“ARGHHH...” A foreboding cry echoed in the air. Bailu You’s body was withering away at an unbelievable pace. An instant later, he was reduced into nothing more than a puddle of blood.

Never would Bailu You have imagined that he would die in this place he called home, and the reason for his death was none other than fuel for these protectors to establish their dominance.

“When the Azure Emperor created the ‘hidden’ branches of the Azure Faction, it wasn’t so you could all enjoy peace and happiness. Have you all forgotten your ancestral teachings? Your one and only purpose for surviving is to wait for the appearance of the Azure Emperor’s successor, following him to rise up once more, returning to glory. As the descendents of one of the hidden branches, although you have the right to ‘test’ the successor, not the slightest bit of respect was shown at all. In that case, for such a small branch like yours, there’s no need for it to exist any longer.”

The voice of the middle-aged woman was colder than ice, “The White Deer Institute isn’t the only branch of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. But today, since Young Master Qin has arrived here, you can decide right here and now if you wish to serve him. But remember this, even without the support of your White Deer Institute, the rise of the Azure Faction will not be affected. And at

that time, don't say I didn't warn you. If the Azure Faction rises to the peak once more, they would naturally need to restructure the various branches. At that time, the power of choice will no longer lie in your hands. Think this through clearly, even if you wish to be independent, first consider the fact if you have sufficient power." Her words faintly held the hint of a threat, but her meaning was clear—At present, your White Deer Institute still has the right to make a choice, but you better think carefully about your decision. In the future when Qin Wentian has amassed enough power to control the other 'hidden' branches of the Azure Faction, leading them to the pinnacle of Grand Xia, the only fate for the White Deer Institute is to be left behind in their dust. At that time, even if the White Deer Institute wished to declare their allegiance, the choice of acceptance would then lie solely in the hands of Qin Wentian.

Currently, the four supreme elders and the Headmaster of the White Deer Institute had all fully gathered.

Bailu Yi's great-grandfather stepped forth and looked to the middle-aged woman. "I've already heard of the matter, and our White Deer Institute has no objections to your handling of the matter. They've shown disrespect to the successor of our ancestor, and as you've said, they deserved death."

As the Headmaster, he understood what he should do. Regardless of the White Deer Institute pledging their full support to Qin Wentian or not, they couldn't afford to offend him. After all, with the support of this level of power, it would be difficult even if Qin Wentian didn't want to rise up.

Qin Wentian also silently lamented in his heart, it appeared that talent alone was insufficient to move the hearts of the core members in the White Deer Institute. He knew that if it weren't for the overwhelming support given to him by the Celestial Lake Palace, there was probably no way for this to proceed as smoothly as it had today.

“Puchi!” A crisp sound rang out. As the crowd turned their gaze in the direction of Bailu Tong, several of the core members shuddered involuntarily as they drew in a deep breath.

Just like that, an elder of the White Deer Institute had fallen here today.

How could he, with all his machinations, ever have calculated that the outcome of today would be his own death? And it all stemmed forth from his initial plan to bring in those fourth-ranked Grandmasters to pressure Qin Wentian. All in all, too many experts had fallen here this day.

“Young Master Qin, for the matter today, is there anyone else you wish to punish?” the Headmaster politely inquired.

“Senior can just refer to me as Wentian.” Qin Wentian smiled, “If Senior doesn't mind, you may think of me as Little Yi? It would please me to refer to you as Great-Grandfather.”

“Great, in that case, this old man will shamelessly accept.” The Headmaster's heart warmed after seeing Qin Wentian's courteous attitude. This young man's character wasn't bad indeed, he didn't

have the temperament of an overbearing bully. “Great-Grandfather don’t say that, nobody could have anticipated today’s events. I still have to apologize for what has happened.” Qin Wentian dipped into a bow, only to see the Headmaster of the White Deer Institute nonchalantly waving it away.

“This has nothing to do with you, but rather, the mistake was because of this old man’s inability to instill the right values in my members.”

“As the Great Elder, I too, cannot escape from censure.” The large-eyed elder spoke, such an incident was something everyone hadn’t wished to see, causing the relationship between the Institute and Qin Wentian to be strained. If they could mend that gap today, it would naturally be all for the best.

“Great Elder has always been kind to me. Wentian has never forgotten your fairness. The matter today has nothing to do with Great Elder.”

Today, in order to establish their dominance, the experts from the Celestial Lake Palace had already killed the main instigators, the Bailu Tong and Bailu You father-and-son duo. Also, seeing that the Great Elder was an honorable man, Qin Wentian didn’t wish for this matter to create internal unrest from the White Deer Institute. Naturally, it would be good to mend their relationship as soon as possible.

Plainly speaking, although the White Deer Institute’s actions did show a lack of respect for him today, he could understand things from their perspective and thus did not hold it against them.

The eyes of the middle-aged woman flashed with traces of gentleness. She was extremely satisfied and happy with Qin Wentian's decision.

In order to shield away bad feelings towards Qin Wentian, she had taken the role of executioner to drive a point in the hearts of the core members of the White Deer Institute. Let her Celestial Lake Palace be the villains instead.

Qin Wentian still had to become the leader of the Azure Faction, it wouldn't be too good for him to strain the relationship between him and the 'hidden' branches that would be his vassals.

Shifting her gaze onto Di Feng, that middle-aged woman stated, "Inform your elders, and tell them to remember it clearly, Azure Emperor's last orders."

Di Feng's countenance remained unperturbed. He bowed to the middle-aged woman as he replied, "Junior understands and will definitely inform my elders." The middle-aged woman's eyes flickered with a sharp glint of light when she saw Di Feng's reaction. Di Feng was the nominated successor of those from the Di Clan, and in the future, he would definitely become Qin Wentian's strongest competitor in his quest to control the Azure Faction.

However, this was also a challenge for Qin Wentian, who had to do what the Azure Emperor once did; face all challenges that may cross his path and surpass them, emerging as the ultimate victor.

“Junior shall leave now to inform my clan elders that the Azure Emperor’s successor has appeared. Farewell.” Di Feng clasped his hand towards the crowd, giving a bow in the direction of the supreme elders, then turned and departed without another word!

AGM 289 - Very Adorable

After Di Feng left, his group of followers all rose in the air and followed after him.

They could already guess where this group of protectors came from, the incident today had already surpassed what they could have predicted.

The reveal of the Azure Emperor Token as well as the appearance of those from the Celestial Lake Palace had forced them to accept that their mission here at the White Deer Institute, was effectively futile. They could only choose to leave for now.

Not only that, with the way things were developing, it was a disastrous blow to the plans that they had been making.

The Azure Emperor Token already had an owner, and to think that that owner also had the support of Fairy Qingmei. In this case, it would be almost impossible for them to control the remaining 'hidden' branches of the Azure Faction. Because Qin Wentian, this successor of the Azure Emperor, would also carry out what they planned to do—to unite all the hidden branches and eventually become the leader of the Azure Faction.

Now, the only recourse left to Di Feng was that he had to mature even faster. Only by having heaven-defying combat prowess and a sufficiently domineering power would he be strong enough to disregard even the Azure Emperor Token.

Only after killing the four transgressors did those from the Celestial Lake Palace quiet down. Each of them descended onto the ground and turned their gazes onto Qin Wentian as well as the silhouette standing beside him—Qing`er.

“Young Master Qin, Princess Qing`er.” All of them bowed low in greeting. Qin Wentian was the Azure Emperor’s successor, while Qing`er was the favourite disciple of Fairy Qingmei. In the Celestial Lake Palace, Qing`er’s status was comparable to that of the Palace Mistress.

Qing`er lightly nodded her head as she quietly stood there. Yet the gazes of those from the White Deer Institute were filled with extreme shock when they looked at Qing`er. So it turned out that this celestial-like beauty beside Qin Wentian actually had such a terrifying identity. That group of supreme powerhouses still had to refer to her deferentially as ‘Princess Qing`er’.

“Go contain this news. No external people can know of this.”

The headmaster waved his hands, instructing the various elders of the White Deer Institute. The matters here today would definitely attract the attention of the other powers, and so they needed to prepare measures to deal with any sort of aftermath.

“Don’t worry, we flew down straight from the skies. Other than the members of your White Deer Institute, there should be no other powers that knew of our presence. Granted, you should still take all the appropriate measures, we don’t want any accidents to happen.” The middle-aged woman directed her sentence to the headmaster. The only people remaining here today belonged to

either the Celestial Lake Palace or the White Deer Institute. Even though their agendas might not be the same, there was one thing both sides would never compromise—the security of the secret of the Azure Emperor’s ‘hidden’ branches.

“Noted, I will make the arrangements.” The headmaster nodded. However, he knew that the deaths of the fourth-ranked Grandmasters couldn’t be totally concealed. After all, at the time when they died, Fenrir and some others were present as well.

The middle-aged woman came to face Qin Wentian and Qing`er, a smile appearing on her face. Her smile wiped away all traces of the fearsome facade she wore as a mask, revealing the aged beauty of her features.

“Did you bully our Qing`er?” the middle-aged woman teased.

“Erm...” Qin Wentian blinked rapidly, did he bully Qing`er?

He didn’t even know where Qing`er was half the time, she always appeared and disappeared with the same elusiveness as an apparition, so how could he bully her?

“Senior Sister, why must he bully me?”

This girl was still as innocent and adorable as before.

The middle-aged woman involuntarily laughed when she heard Qing`er’s words. Smiling, she gently pulled on Qing`er’s arms and

led her to the side.

“Qing`er, Master wants us to ask you something,” the middle-aged woman spoke in a low voice, her secretive tone causing Qing`er to blink. “What does Master want to ask?”

“Master asks...do you like him?”

A crafty and astute light flashed in the eyes of the middle-aged woman. Although this was something Fairy Qingmei wanted her to ask Qing`er, she also wanted to take this chance to tease this emotionless junior sister of hers.

Yet how could poor Qing`er understand matters of the heart? An expression of contemplation appeared on her face as she seriously replied, “I... don’t know.”

“Ehhh...” Qin Wentian, who stood at the side, rolled his eyes. Even though the volume of their words was low, it wasn’t so low that Qin Wentian couldn’t hear them.

“Then, what do you think of his character?” The middle-aged woman laughed as she continued her questions.

Qing`er’s eyelashes fluttered, turning her head to glance at Qin Wentian, before replying, “He’s very adorable!”

“Cough, cough...” Qin Wentian’s face was immediately covered with black lines when he heard Qing`er’s words. His heart was

filled with melancholy, ‘very adorable’... these words were used by himself on Qing`er [back then](#), to think that she still remembered the definition of these two words!

Qin Wentian explained the definition of adorable to Qing`er back in Ch [208](#)

The middle-aged woman involuntarily let out peals of laughter, the image unbecoming of someone her age. She turned her head to glance at Qin Wentian with a knowing smile in her eyes, causing his face to burn from the embarrassment.

“To Fairy Qingmei, Little Sister Qing`er is the apple to her eye. You have to take good care of our Qing`er, okay?”

The middle-aged woman laughed heartily, yet her imposing aura unconsciously exuded again. Evidently, her status in the Celestial Lake Palace was exceptionally high as well.

This time around, she had personally led her sect members over here, and with her actions she established a domineering might on behalf of Qin Wentian. It was also a form of deterrence to the White Deer Institute. She wanted them to carve this memory into their hearts.

“Senior, actually Qing`er has always been the one taking care of me.” Qin Wentian felt terribly ashamed. After being acquainted with Qing`er, she had constantly stayed in the shadows protecting him.

“It’s good that you know this. If I’ve learned that you bullied her,

I will definitely not spare you.”

Apparently, the middle-aged woman was truly concerned about Qing`er. She repeatedly reminded Qin Wentian of this in a teasing tone, but her manner of speaking didn't seem to be a joke. She truly cared for Qing`er.

At the side, those from the White Deer Institute had long fallen silent. They were all thinking, if this middle-aged woman was already so terrifying, who might her master be?

As for the four supreme elders and the headmaster, they already guessed the origins of this group of protectors and had a clearer understanding of Qing`er's position.

“Enough. Qing`er, we will return first.”

The middle-aged woman spoke, and Qing`er responded by lightly nodding her head, with no other hint of emotions. Their group naturally wouldn't fault Qing`er for this, they were already long used to this celestial-like junior sister of theirs.

“Take good care of Qing`er,” the middle-aged woman reiterated. Qin Wentian nodded, as he asked, “Seniors are leaving so soon?”

“Yes. We have already completed the things we came here to accomplish. For the other challenges which you might face, you have no one to depend on but yourself, don't expect us to help you again. As the successor of the Azure Emperor, you have to rely on

your own strength to walk to the top.”

After speaking, her silhouette flickered as she instantly appeared high up in the skies. Waves of demonic qi surged, as a pair of gigantic wings appeared on her back. The other members of the Celestial Lake Palace similarly soared skywards, and moments later, all of their silhouettes disappeared as they flew through the clouds, vanishing from the eyes of the crowd below.

They appeared in a grandiose manner, and departed in such a low-key manner.

The people from the Celestial Lake Palace only had a single objective today. They were here to help Qin Wentian establish dominance and to let those from the White Deer Institute know of Fairy Qingmei’s stance.

Only after those from the Celestial Lake Palace left did the members of the White Deer Institute heave a sigh of relief. The headmaster cast his gaze to the horizon, as a pondering expression appeared on his face.

“Wentian, you can be at ease and remain in the Institute for your cultivation in the future. If you have any demands or requirements, you can let Little Yi know, or just directly come to me,” the headmaster stated.

“Right.” Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded his head.

“From today onwards, how you treat Wentian should be the equivalent of your treatment of me. But keep this matter a secret from the non-core members,” the headmaster added to the crowd. “Wentian, I hope you understand why we must still maintain a low profile.”

“Don’t worry, Great-Grandfather. Wentian understands.” Qin Wentian smiled. “Oh, and one more thing, I once told Little Yi before, even if the White Deer Institute is willing to submit to my control, I wouldn’t casually use the Institute to do things, or place it in danger. Before I have absolute confidence in my own power, I will not reveal the fact that the White Deer Institute is a branch of the Azure Faction.”

“Understood, it is only that this decision is too major. There are some decisions I cannot make alone. I will organise an elder-level meeting and inform you once we have come to a decision.”

Undoubtedly the reason behind the headmaster organising an elder-level meeting was solely for him, the Azure Emperor’s successor.

“Everyone, help to spread the information to the other elders not present today,” the headmaster instructed. As a power with a solid background of over thousands of years, the White Deer Institute didn’t merely have the four supreme elders and nine grand elders, there were other elder-level figures of the previous generations in the Institute as well. These group of elders were known as the doyens, and they were all extremely powerful cultivators at the peak of Yuanfu. They were currently in seclusion to focus on their cultivation and didn’t participate in matters of administration for

the White Deer Institute. If the current matter wasn't of such magnitude, these elders wouldn't have been disturbed.

The crowd respectively nodded. It had been far too long since the White Deer Institute mobilised the doyens.

“Let us leave as well,” the headmaster stated to a supreme elder, only to see that the supreme elder had been fixedly staring at Qin Wentian, with a sharp light in his eyes. This supreme elder was none other than the father of Bailu Tong.

Qin Wentian knew that this supreme elder would definitely harbour hatred for him for the death of his son and grandson. But he believed that the headmaster would have a method to resolve this conflict peacefully.

After the headmaster and the supreme elders left, the large-eyed elder smiled and stepped forth, patting Qin Wentian on his shoulders. “Don't take to heart what happened today. With you acquiring the Azure Emperor Token and the approval of the Celestial Lake Palace, there was no need for us to doubt your talent in terms of cultivation. Moreover, as a nineteen-year-old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, your achievements are too illustrious. I believe that even without our White Deer Institute, your name would still be able to rock the whole of Grand Xia.”

“Great Elder thinks too highly of me, but the matter today may be a blessing in disguise.” Qin Wentian smiled.

The news that Qin Wentian became a fourth-ranked

Grandmaster soon circulated around the Moon Continent, easily creating waves of commotion and even attracting the attention of the Star-Seizing Manor.

A nineteen-year-old fourth-ranked Grandmaster? This was unprecedented in the history of the Moon Continent.

Regretfully, the Moon Continent had no transcendent powers that strongly emphasized on the importance of Divine Inscriptionists. It would be a different matter if Qin Wentian was in the War Continent, there would surely be people fighting over themselves to recruit him for his talent in forging Divine Weapons.

But naturally, even though they were in the Moon Continent, there would still be people from the transcendent powers out scouting to see if it were possible to recruit Qin Wentian into their ranks.

And when the Leng Clan of Moon Continent's Eastern Region received this news, they thought of the lasting enmity between themselves with Qin Wentian. The thought of what might have been, angered them so much they almost coughed out blood!

AGM 290 - Thousand-Jue Alliance

Initially, Qin Wentian's name in the higher echelons of the Leng Clan was extremely obscure. Those who knew of him were only a few elder-level figures. Back then, the incident of Leng Ning's death created a grudge between the Leng Clan and Qin Wentian. The death of Yan Tie further exacerbated their animosity, as it resulted in the Leng Clan losing their qualification to even enter the secret realm. All of this was negatively implicated to one person—Qin Wentian. Hence, the disciplinary elder, Leng Mao, chose to suppress this news, not allowing the upper echelons of the Leng Clan to catch wind of it.

But now, when the news of Qin Wentian stepping into the level of fourth-ranked Grandmaster circulated to the Leng Clan, there was no way to hide what had happened any longer.

Very swiftly, the entire events concerning the Leng Ning - Yan Tie saga were quickly revealed and spread throughout the entire Leng Clan.

Now, in the great hall of the Leng Clan, the majority of the elder-level figures—and those above—had gathered. Other than that, Leng Ning's uncle, Leng Jian, and her cousin, Leng Lin, as well as those that had a direct connection with Leng Ning's death were all present.

A solemn atmosphere permeated the air, as the overwhelming pressure within it could be palpably felt.

“We once had the chance to become excellent friends with a nineteen-year-old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, yet because of the actions of you people, he is now our irreconcilable enemy. Hehehe, LOOK AT WHAT YOU’VE DONE?!” A sturdy old man shouted, his gaze directed at Leng Jian and the rest. The targets of his gaze could only lower their heads, not even daring to speak out.

During the exchange organized by the Star-Seizing Manor, Qin Wentian spared nothing in his quest to kill Yan Tie. From this, one could see that Qin Wentian would definitely seek revenge for Leng Ning. How could he forget the main culprits behind this incident? Back then, he hadn’t carried out his revenge because he wasn’t strong enough yet. But now as a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, so long as he joined a transcendent power, or if he were to turtle up his cultivation further, the Leng Clan would definitely suffer the flames of his wrath.

The potential of a nineteen-year-old fourth-ranked Grandmaster was impossible to ignore.

“Originally, our Leng Clan decided to gift Leng Lin over to Yan Tie. Was this the case?” the sturdy-looking old man indifferently added.

Leng Mao nodded, “Indeed that was so, but then Leng Lin found a companion, a young man that was a peak-level, second-ranked Grandmaster. And in addition to Leng Jian’s pleading, we eventually decided to change the ‘gift’ from Leng Lin to Leng Ning.”

“Oh? In any case, I heard that our forging division needs a maid

or two,” the sturdy-looking old man continued. Instantly, Leng Lin’s countenance turned ashen, her voice quavering as she weakly replied, “N..no... please...”

The Leng Clan could be considered to be a major clan in the Moon Continent that focused more on Divine Inscriptions. In the Leng Clan, there was a forging division where Divine Inscriptionists gathered. The Divine Inscriptionists over there were either Leng Clan members or guest Inscriptionists that had been invited over for a high price by the Leng Clan.

Divine Inscriptionists all had an extremely revered status in the Leng Clan, and they would naturally need maids to serve them. Occasionally, some of the Inscriptionists would unleash their primal urges, to rid their body of the flame of lust’s desire. Usually, their first choice would be to look for their maids, hence the Leng Clan’s maids were all selected from extremely beautiful commoners. These maids were actually very pitiful people; if they met a nice Inscriptionist, all was well but if they met an abusive one, they could only blame it on their own luck.

“No? Then who will bear the responsibility?” The sturdy-looking old man swept his cold gaze onto Leng Lin, as he continued, “Tell the one in charge of the forging division that this woman is from our Leng Clan, and will be given to any Inscriptionists that show their worth.”

“Father! Save me!!” Leng Lin screamed, yet Leng Jian couldn’t do anything. His face was already red from his suppressed emotions, but he now understood that it would be difficult for him to save even himself.

“Leng Jian, you will be banished to the forging division, where you will do odd-jobs for them as a collateral worker for ten years.” The old man spoke again, his words like the cross of damnation, causing Leng Jian to turn pale-white.

Being a collateral worker meant that he would be the one filling up the embryonic weapon casts for the Divine Inscriptionists, living the life of a slave under the command of others.

“Leng Mao, as the disciplinary elder, you can’t escape from censure. I want you to prepare generous gifts and personally send it to the White Deer Institute to convey our apologies. Try to dissolve this grudge between Qin Wentian and our Leng Clan.” Leng Mao nodded as he sighed in his heart. He hadn’t expected Qin Wentian’s talent to be so brilliant. If he had, he would have distanced himself from those who forced Leng Ning to her death.

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By now, Qin Wentian’s name had already rocked the entire Eastern Region and news of his achievements had even spread throughout the whole of Moon Continent. However, he acted like nothing remarkable had happened and continued cultivating within the White Deer Institute.

After the fourth-ranked Grandmasters died, their possessions all belonged to Qin Wentian, each item exceedingly abundant in value.

Putting aside the vast number of Yuan Meteor Stones in their keeping, Qin Wentian was so overwhelmed by the sheer amount of third-ranked Divine Weapons left behind that he began to view them as excess junk. He also found a number of valuable and rare forging materials that could be purely converted into Yuan Meteor Stones, further ensuring that Qin Wentian's cultivation would last for quite a while. With this additional means of support, he could retire from the Hell Arena since he no longer needed to earn Yuan Meteor Stones anymore.

Naturally, the most valuable spoils he'd obtained were still the fourth-ranked bladed Puppet, as well as a few other fourth-ranked Divine Weapons. Regretfully, the attainment of those fourth-ranked Grandmasters he killed weren't that high yet; the fourth-ranked Divine Weapons all belonged to the lower-tier category. If not for this, the value of his victory spoils this time around would be far superior.

"Seems like I need to find a place to sell all these unwanted items, or at least trade them into cultivation resources for my own use," Qin Wentian mused.

"Boss, are there any interesting items in the stash? Give me some to play with." Fan Le who was standing by his side, was fiddling with a few third-ranked Divine Weapons. His eyes brightened as he tried to teasingly provoke Qin Wentian.

"You? Forget it, these third-ranked Divine Weapons are already sufficient for your level." Qin Wentian rolled his eyes, this Fatty had already palmed off five peak-tier, third-ranked Divine Weapons from him.

“Hehe, it would be so so much better if I could play around with a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon.” Fan Le grinned. Qin Wentian was speechless; with their current cultivation bases, they had totally no way to unleash the power within fourth-ranked Divine Weapons. And it would only be detrimental to their growth if they kept depending on such powerful weapons.

“Fine, wait till you step into the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign level. At that time, it won’t be too late then,” Qin Wentian replied in a half-mocking tone. Fan Le winked, flashing a thumbs-up gesture in response.

Chu Mang who was by their side, remained quiet all the while, his hands fiddling with the great axe Qin Wentian had given to him. He had only chosen two Divine Weapons; an attack-type Great Axe and a defensive-type Divine Armor. Since the two pieces of equipment augmented both his attack and defense, he was already sufficiently satisfied with his gains.

Sadly, there weren’t any fourth-ranked defensive-type armor in the spoils he had obtained. Otherwise, he would be able to give Qing`er a present. Fourth-ranked defensive-type Divine Armors were just too difficult to forge.

“Are you guys still not done yet with the distribution of your victory spoils?” From afar, Bailu Yi approached, smiling at the three of them.

“Are there people looking for me again?” Qin Wentian smiled

back. During this period of time, there had been many people requesting an audience with Qin Wentian, but they had all been turned away.

Not only was he an unaffiliated fourth-ranked Grandmaster, he possessed the ancient scroll of the Ascendant. As to these unknown, unfamiliar major powers that were trying to recruit him, Qin Wentian wouldn't even put them to mind.

Even the White Deer Institute had people like Bailu Tong, wanting to murder him to plunder the Ascendant's scroll away. "Yeah, at first I didn't want to bother you with their requests, but there are a few powers that are pretty unique in their own rights, which was why I thought it would be better in the end to let you know of them." Bailu Yi withdrew a book and passed it over to Qin Wentian. "This is a summary of the various powers currently within Grand Xia, take a look."

"Right." Qin Wentian flipped the book open as he studied it. After he came to the Moon Continent, he only knew that there were four transcendent powers residing here. Other than those four, he wasn't that clear regarding the other major powers.

"Currently, there are three different powers that came to pay you a visit. First, the Star River Association. I believe you should have heard of this organization before." Bailu Yi's words caused Qin Wentian's countenance to falter slightly. Of course he had heard of the Star River Association, they had a branch set up within Chu.

In his memories, the Star River Association was extremely mysterious and powerful. Although they could be considered a

major power in their own right, they weren't embroiled in any political disputes or struggles for power. They were a power that stood on their own. And despite having no allies, no transcendent powers would willingly make an enemy out of the Star River Association. This was a testament to how powerful they were.

"I've heard of it, there's a branch in my hometown," Qin Wentian stated. Not only did they have a branch in Chu, they even had one based in the Sky Harmony City.

"The Star River Association is a unique power that covers the entire Grand Xia. Although they keep a low-profile and rarely interfere with the disputes of other powers, their accumulated resources and overall strength are fearsome to behold. Not only that, they've made it a point to secretly recruit several extremely talented elites in the fields of alchemy, divine Inscriptions and even stellar martial cultivators. Nobody knows what they're planning."

Bailu Yi continued, "Many in Grand Xia have guessed that the Star River Association's organization structure is like a pyramid. An extremely strict top-down structure where information is tightly controlled. Those at the bottom belong to the lower tiers, but as long as they can prove themselves as worthy, even they have a chance at climbing up to the higher levels. The higher one climbs, the greater the authority one wields. There were also rumors saying that the Star River Association originates from an empire outside of Grand Xia, and the countless branches spread out across Grand Xia have all been a bid to consolidate their foundations prior to activating their plans. But of course, these are only rumors."

“The Star River Association is actually this powerful?” Qin Wentian was somewhat stunned. Back in Chu he had heard that the Star River Association set up branches around the major cities of Chu. Now he was receiving information that the Star River Association actually had branches spread out across the entire Grand Xia. This was a different scale altogether. This degree of infiltration, was beyond shocking.

From Bailu Yi’s words, he also understood that the branches in the Sky Harmony City and Royal Capital of Chu belonged to the lower tiers of the pyramid structure. If those two branches had that much power and were still considered low level, then how much authority and power would a higher level authority wield?

“There’s also been news through the grapevine that several powerful rankers in the Heavenly Fate and Heavenly Dipper Rankings have already been bought over and recruited by the Star River Association. Some of them have even openly announced this fact. Seeing as how they’ve come to pay you a visit, it’s obvious what their intentions are. They wish to recruit you, a nineteen-year-old fourth-ranked Grandmaster, into the Star River Association.”

Bailu Yi’s words left Qin Wentian stunned. Right from the beginning, he’d never had a good impression of the Star River Association. Back in the Sky Harmony City, Murin had indirectly caused the death of many members from his Qin Residence. “The second power interested in you, is also an extraordinary one. Have you heard of the ‘Thousand-Jue Alliance’?” Bailu Yi asked, then continued to explain, “The Thousand-Jue Alliance is the largest organization of unaffiliated individuals. Usually unaffiliated cultivators are at a disadvantage when facing off against the major

powers, even to the extent of losing their lives. Therefore, a few thousand years ago, a group of unfathomably powerful unaffiliated cultivators came together to form the Thousand-Jue Alliance, in order to provide support to those who needed it. Now, after thousands of years, the foundations of their organization have become even more deeply entrenched. Within the Alliance, as long as you have made sufficient contributions in its name, you will be granted a certain level of power and authority.

“They’re considered a transcendent power. Although their headquarters aren’t located in the Moon Continent, you can still find people who work for them here. And now, the purpose of their visit is also undoubtedly to recruit you within their ranks.”

Bailu Yi continued, “As for the third power, it’s none other than the Leng Clan. The disciplinary elder, Leng Mao, has personally paid a visit hoping to dissolve the grudge between you and the Leng Clan!”

Abruptly, a glacial-like light flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. To think, the Leng Clan actually dared send Leng Mao to apologize? Did they really believe that everything would be resolved, just like that? How utterly ridiculous!

AGM 291 - Invitation, Once Again

Not only did Qin Wentian radiate an ice-cold killing intent of death, the temperature in his surroundings immediately surged upwards, as columns of huge flames inadvertently exploded forth. The flames wreathed around Fan Le as he trembled involuntarily.

Fan Le was the one that personally witnessed Leng Ning being forced step by step to her death by those from the Leng Clan and Yan Tie. It was a scene that he would remember for eternity.

“Boss. You’ve told me before, this Leng Mao was the person in charge that gave the order?” Fan Le’s eyes looked straight towards Qin Wentian, and in that moment, all traces of fun and laughter had completely faded from his countenance, leaving behind only determination and a terrifying madness.

“I’ve also received news that the Leng Clan has already punished Leng Jian and Leng Lin,” Bailu Yi continued, “The upper echelons of the Leng Clan must have known that Leng Mao was the one that gave that order, which is why they wanted to personally pay a visit to apologize.”

“Apologize?” Fan Le coldly laughed, “Back then when Leng Mao gave the order, he didn’t just want to force Leng Ning to her death, he also wanted to kill you, as well as me and Chu Mang, completely removing the roots of the matter. Back then you weren’t at the Leng Clan, which was why you managed to avoid that calamity. Whereas for me, if it weren’t for Leng Ning’s arrangements to sneak me out earlier, I would have already died there.”

“Not only that, despite already knowing you were a third-ranked Grandmaster, Leng Mao spared nothing in his efforts to get you killed, all to please Yan Tie. If it weren’t for Leng Ning saying that you had a connection to the White Deer Institute, causing them to be apprehensive, Leng Mao would definitely have made a move and sent people after your lives. After which, Leng Ning... committed suicide.”

Fan Le’s voice had grown hoarse, “Apologize? What good would apologizing do now? What can they give in return? Can they revive Leng Ning from the dead?”

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, the coldness that radiated forth from him became more intense by several degrees. The memories of Leng Ning were still fresh in his mind, how could she have died just like that? He might not have the qualifications to control the Leng Clan’s decisions, but Leng Ning was more than an acquaintance, she was a friend. Regardless, Qin Wentian would definitely make sure the ones responsible for her death, paid with death.

Moreover, Qin Wentian and his friends had no pre-existing grievances with the Leng Clan. The Leng Clan did all of this for one reason only—they wanted to gain Yan Tie’s favour. Now, did they really think that they could resolve this matter so easily with apologies and some gifts?

“What’s Leng Mao’s level of strength?” Qin Wentian asked Bailu Yi.

“Leng Mao is a disciplinary elder, his strength should have

already broken through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm. The Leng Clan banished Leng Jian and Leng Lin because these two were not important in the grand scheme of things. But they still have use for a Heavenly Dipper-level elder. They won't be sacrificing Leng Mao so easily, hence he was only made to pay a visit and personally apologize," Bailu Yi stated.

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded his head.

"I will wait here for them. Let the Leng Clan people gather together," Qin Wentian replied, but it was unknown what he was thinking. Bailu Yi glanced at him for a moment before nodding and departed to carry out his instructions.

Several moments later, Leng Mao and a few other members of the Leng Clan were moving towards Qin Wentian. When Leng Mao noticed Qin Wentian, he smiled and stated, "Grandmaster Qin is already so capable despite such a young age, stepping into the level of a fourth-ranked Inscriptionist before the age of twenty. Grandmaster Qin's future appears to be boundless."

"Sit," Qin Wentian stated as he stretched out his hands and pointed to a patch of grass nearby.

Leng Mao walked towards a pavilion near Qin Wentian as he shook his head, "Today, I, Leng Mao, am here to apologise for the matter regarding Leng Ning. Our Leng Clan is filled with regret and sincerely hopes to resolve the grudge between us. We have already taken steps to severely punish the masterminds, Leng Jian and Leng Lin."

“In that case, I, Qin, really have to ‘thank’ Elder Leng Mao.” Qin Wentian coldly laughed.

Qin Wentian’s sarcasm was thick in the air, Leng Mao bitterly smiled, “Back then, we were forced by the circumstances, and we truly hope to seek Grandmaster’s forgiveness and understanding for our previous actions. The contents within this interspatial ring represent us, the Leng Clan’s sincerity. Would Grandmaster Qin please accept this?”

Qin Wentian remained motionless, as the atmosphere grew more and more awkward, Leng Mao then added, “If Grandmaster Qin isn’t satisfied with this, you can let us know if you have any other requests and we will try our best to fulfil them. And other than Leng Ning, our Leng Clan has a few other females who are all just as attractive. If they are to Grandmaster Qin’s liking, we will immediately send them over for Grandmaster Qin’s pleasure.”

They were trying this abominable method again, sacrificing one of the Leng Clan’s pitiable females. The females born in the Leng Clan were just tools used in exchange for benefits.

After all in this world, for the majority of females, their status wasn’t comparable to that of males. Generally, the talent of males were higher, and they would eventually end up in leadership positions inside their clan or sect, while females were mostly used for marriage alliances. The only exception was when a female truly had exceedingly outstanding talent. In that case, their sect or clan would then arrange for the male party to be married into their clan, instead of the female marrying out.

Within the major powers, many women belonged to the former category, sacrificial tools to be used for marriage. And in the perspective of such a talented and young fourth-ranked Grandmaster like Qin Wentian, almost any of the major powers in Grand Xia would be happy to make the trade—forming a relationship with him through marriage. It was extremely worth it.

“I have but one request, I wonder if Elder Leng Mao would agree?” Qin Wentian laughed. Leng Mao smiled, “Of course, Grandmaster Qin, anything.”

“I want your death.” As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, the entire ground lighted up as the terrifying glow from the Divine Inscriptions he had inscribed all burst into resplendent brilliance. Qin Wentian floated up in the air, the boundless gushing Sword Qi from the ‘Tempest of Sword Qi’ Divine Inscription enveloped him.

Those standing behind Leng Mao immediately turned ashen. Leng Mao icily glanced at Qin Wentian, “You have really reached the level of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, this Divine Inscription is truly powerful indeed. But if the White Deer Institute truly wants to kill me, Leng Mao, wouldn’t this be a little inappropriate?”

A fourth-ranked Divine Inscription would be extremely troublesome to deal with, but Leng Mao was using reverse psychology. He was bringing the White Deer Institute into the picture only because he was confident that as long as the White Deer Institute didn’t make a move, he wouldn’t have any trouble handling Qin Wentian.

With a wave of Qin Wentian's hands, two of his fourth-ranked Puppets, and five peak-tier third-ranked Puppets, all appeared in front of him, floating in the air. In an instant, they moved to the space above Leng Mao, their eyes glancing at him so coldly that they made the onlookers' scalps tingle.

"Don't worry, this matter has nothing to do with the White Deer Institute. In any case, the people you brought here will report back as such." The killing intent in Qin Wentian's voice intensified. "You were the one who gave that order. Do you think I would spare you? DIE!"

As Qin Wentian's roar resounded, his Puppets all simultaneously smashed downwards. These Puppets were from his spoils of victory, and he had already refined them and branded his consciousness within.

With a flick of his fingers, the tornado of Sword Qi gushed towards Leng Mao.

Leng Mao turned pale, he didn't expect that even without the assistance of the White Deer Institute, Qin Wentian's combat prowess would be at such a high level. In fact, just two fourth-ranked Puppets were more than enough to render Leng Mao defenseless, allowing Qin Wentian to attack at his leisure.

"Grandmaster Qin, let's end this peacefully," Leng Mao frantically called out when he saw that his Astral Nova was being totally suppressed after colliding directly with the fourth-ranked

bladed Puppet. After all, he had only condensed a single Astral Nova.

A golden beam of light erupted forth from the golden-armored Puppet, blasting towards Leng Mao, while the other peak-tier, third-ranked Puppets also began their own attacks. In addition to the Sword Qi tornado, Leng Mao was practically dead meat.

Fan Le raged, he was standing outside the formation, as the flame in his eyes flickered incessantly. “Leng Mao, maybe back when you made that decision, you didn’t even care whether Leng Ning lived or died. An order was just an order, her life had no value. But I care. You shall accompany her in death.”

A bloodcurdling scream rang out. In order to defend against the attacks of the Puppets, Leng Mao could only allow what he believed was the lesser of two evils—the Sword Qi tornado—to blast into him. His body was directly pierced through as he roared in agony, “SPARE ME PLEASE!”

Yet how could Qin Wentian show mercy? Did anyone even show the slightest bit of mercy to Leng Ning back then?

The golden-armored Puppet slammed its palm right onto Leng Mao’s chest, the power of that strike causing his internal organs to rupture and collapse, while the terrifying Sword Qi coalesced into a gigantic sword that cleaved downwards, splitting Leng Mao into two. The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, Leng Mao, was no more.

The Leng Clan’s members trembled where they stood as they

watched with trepidation. A Heavenly Dipper Sovereign had fallen to a Yuanfu cultivator? The disciplinary elder Leng Mao had died!

This terrifying fourth-ranked Grandmaster was too powerful, he could probably kill them all with a thought.

And just at this moment, Qin Wentian's Puppets appeared right on top of the space above them, causing the hearts of the Leng Clan's members to palpitate in terror.

Only to see Qin Wentian leisurely walking over before stopping in front of them. With a wave of his hands, a list of names appeared in their hands.

“Leng Ning was from the Leng Clan, maybe you guys are acquainted with her. She was forced to her death because of Leng Mao's order. Since the Leng Clan refused to slay the true culprit behind her death, I've taken matters into my own hands. As for the list of names in your hands, other than Leng Jian and Leng Lin, these are the names of the others that caused Leng Ning's death. If the Leng Clan truly wishes to resolve this grudge, they should know what to do.”

Qin Wentian indifferently added, “You guys can live. Go and relay my words.

”The Leng Clan members reacted as though they were suddenly released from a state of paralysis, frenziedly retreating as they rushed back towards the Leng Clan.

After they left, Qin Wentian sighed as he lifted his heads and stared at the drifting clouds. “Leng Ning, I believe that you, who were filled with so much kindness, definitely wouldn't have wanted to witness the death of these innocents. Every wrong has a source, every debt has a creditor, I will definitely make those responsible for your death pay with their lives. But if the Leng Clan still wants to blindly obstruct my path, don't blame me then, I shall become the instrument of their annihilation.” A terrifying glint of coldness flashed past Qin Wentian's eyes as he murmured softly.

Fan Le also stared at the skies, praying for Leng Ning to be at peace.

“Let's go, I'll meet with the representatives from the Star River Association next,” Qin Wentian spoke to Bailu Yi. How mysterious was the Star River Association exactly? How deep and far have their power infiltrated? Qin Wentian totally had no idea, hence he was interested to see what the Star River Association wanted with him

“Right.” Bailu Yi nodded and led Qin Wentian away. After which, they soon came to another courtyard which was the arranged resting place for the representatives from the Star River Association.

“Junior was held up because of some matters, and humbly seeks forgiveness.” When Qin Wentian arrived at the courtyard, he saw several people within it. Very quickly, he soon noticed a middle-aged man who sat upon one of the stone benches. The air exuded by this middle-aged man was calm and unflustered, yet his eyes

flashed with an instant of sharpness before quickly fading back to normal the moment he noticed Qin Wentian's probing gaze. Qin Wentian knew then, this must be the main representative sent by the Star River Association. Knowing that Qin Wentian had already discovered his identity, the middle-aged man smiled and replied, "Grandmaster Qin is too courteous, and you are indeed as young as the rumors have stated. Stepping into the fourth-ranked so young? You are a genius, most definitely a monstrous genius."

"Senior thinks too highly of me." Qin Wentian smiled as he too sat on a stone bench. "Is there anything Senior needs my help with?"

"Since Grandmaster Qin is so direct, I shall not beat around the bush then." The middle-aged man laughed, "I am the Moon Continent's Star River Association Branch's president for the forging division. Our Star River Association has long heard of Grandmaster Qin's great name and have come here to sincerely extend our invitation to Grandmaster Qin to join our forging division. If you agree to our offer, it is within my power to immediately confer upon you the position of vice-president of the forging division."

Qin Wentian immediately knew that the designation of power around the various branches of the Star River Association was all the same. The Star River Association here had a forging division as well and this position of vice-president was undoubtedly because of his potential.

"Junior is truly thankful for Senior's gracious invitation. However, Junior doesn't really have much interest regarding the

forging of Divine Weapons. Hence, Junior can only apologize.” Qin Wentian smiled. The Star River Association had an unknown origin and was cloaked in so many layers of mystery, he naturally didn’t want to be bound to them.

And as the Star River Association was such a major power, it wouldn’t be too appropriate if he didn’t even show face when they personally came all this way. Hence, he could only meet them first before diplomatically rejecting them.

“Would Grandmaster Qin please consider? The position of vice-president is something that many fourth-ranked Grandmasters wouldn’t be able to obtain even if they wished to. Considering the fact that Grandmaster Qin just stepped into the level of the fourth-ranked, our Star River Association is offering you such a high position to show how much we value you,” persuaded another old-looking Inscriptionist standing by the side.

“I, Qin, would never force myself to do something I don’t want to do, I can only thank the Star River Association profusely for this trust they’ve placed in me,” Qin Wentian continued to tactfully decline.

The middle-aged man could only laugh helplessly when he saw how Qin Wentian directly rejected them with no further consideration. “Then, would Grandmaster Qin consider being a guest elder of our Association? There would also be substantial benefits to enjoy if Grandmaster Qin agrees.”

“Guest elder again!” Qin Wentian was involuntarily reminded of Murin’s lies back then. This position of guest elder held no

meaning to him and he didn't want to entangle himself with the Star River Association if he could help it. He could only reply, "Junior's character prefers freedom, the freedom to do as I want, without being bound by other obligations. I have to thank Senior profusely for this amazing offer, but I will have to reject it once again."

After receiving so many rejections, how could those from the Star River Association still be unaware of Qin Wentian's meaning? The middle-aged man could only sigh, "If that's the case, we thank Grandmaster Qin for the meeting. Farewell."

"Seniors, please take care." Qin Wentian smiled as he stood up to clasp his hands together, bidding goodbye to the representatives of the Star River Association.

AGM 292 - Fifth-Jue Guest Elder

After those from the Star River Association left, Bailu Yi stared at Qin Wentian with a smile that was not a smile on her lips. Qin Wentian was puzzled as he asked, “Am I that handsome?”

“The people that the Star River Association invites are always those with an extremely high amount of potential. This time around, the president of their forging division himself personally invited you. It could be considered that they did you a huge honor.” Bailu Yi’s eyes flickered with a brilliant light as hints of laughter sparkled within her eyes.

When this fellow was ‘infiltrating’ the White Deer Institute to learn about the Dao of Divine Inscriptions from her, she didn’t expect that in such a short amount of time, he would already have reached such a level.

The president of the forging division had come himself, and he was even rejected.

“Aren’t you worried that the president would feel that he lost too much face seeing how you rejected his offer so decisively?” Bailu Yi smiled wryly as she shook her head. Although Qin Wentian might have been slightly diplomatic in his rejection, it was still too direct.

“I don’t wish to be entangled with the Star River Association.” Qin Wentian casually shrugged.

In life, one could not worry about so many things, it would be too

tiring to be so concerned for every small decision.

Why let worries tie you down? Qin Wentian did things in a manner that always followed his heart. If he wanted to do it, he would do it, if not, then don't do it. From the beginning, the Star River Association hadn't left a good impression on him. Perhaps it wasn't proper to make his decision based on his past experience with them, but life was basically just that, there was often no other reason why you liked or disliked something.

“Fine fine, let's go meet the representatives from the Thousand-Jue Alliance instead. I was only wondering why you would feel so strongly against the Star River Association.” Bailu Yi smiled as she led Qin Wentian to yet another courtyard. The representatives from the Thousand-Jue Alliance were already waiting there.

After exchanging a round of pleasantries, they cut right to the chase.

“Grandmaster Qin, I'm sure you must have already guessed the purpose of my visit. Our Thousand-Jue Alliance can be categorised into the inner sanctum and outer sanctum. The inner sanctum consists of our core members while the outer sanctums are made up of the guest elders. But even the guest elders in the outer sanctum would all have to be exceedingly talented people before receiving an invite from my Thousand-Jue Alliance.”

Standing in front of Qin Wentian was a middle-aged woman, with looks that could still be considered attractive. She exuded charisma and charm, appearing extremely capable and experienced. Even when speaking, she would allow others to feel a

sense of closeness to her.

Qin Wentian nodded his head upon hearing her words, the differences between the inner and outer sanctum were simple and easy to understand. The inner sanctum was akin to the structure of a sect, an extremely rigid structure where the juniors have to listen to the commands of the elders. It wouldn't be so easy to rise up in ranks there. And for the guest elders in the outer sanctum, the Thousand-Jue Alliance wouldn't intentionally nurture you, but they also couldn't command you to do things that you were unwilling to do. The degree of freedom was high and the guest elders they invited were usually unaffiliated stellar martial cultivators of extreme power, or those with exceedingly high attainments in their respective fields.

Evidently, the Thousand-Jue Alliance had already investigated and determined Qin Wentian to be an unaffiliated individual. Their reports showed that he didn't belong to the White Deer Institute but rather, he was here only because of his feelings for Bailu Yi.

“Grandmaster Qin, if you are willing to join the inner sanctum, you would immediately be treated as a core disciple, and we would nurture you unconditionally. If you choose to join the outer sanctum instead, you would directly be conferred the rank of a Five-Jue guest elder, enjoying the privileges of the rank, with no other commitments needed.” That woman smiled at Qin Wentian. Her smile appeared without artifice, causing those who saw it to feel comfort. Sending her for recruitment purposes was an extremely suitable choice made by the alliance.

Bailu Yi's heart stopped for a moment when she heard her offer. Qin Wentian's status shot up exponentially after he stepped into the level of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, and now his current status was such that he was eligible for the Thousand-Jue Alliance's recruitment, to the point of conferring the rank of a Fifth-Jue Elder. The Thousand-Jue Alliance's total power was still weaker compared to the other transcendent powers, hence they usually had very strict criteria for recruitment. Who would have thought that they would immediately confer the rank of a Fifth-Jue to Qin Wentian should he agree to join the outer sanctum.

Bailu Yi knew that the outer sanctum of the Thousand-Jue Alliance had a total of nine rankings. First-Jue was the lowest while Ninth-Jue was the highest.

Those of the First-Jue were juniors that had some potential; the Second-Jue were juniors who had outstanding talents; the Third-Jue were characters that had some fame to their name; the Fourth-Jue were restricted to cultivators that ranked in the Heavenly Fate Rankings; and those of the Fifth Jue were all guest elders who had the qualifications to be at the Heavenly Dipper level. Their statuses were equivalent to the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns in the inner sanctum and enjoyed a certain amount of authority.

As for the Sixth-Jue, it was useless no matter how much talent one had. One could only reach this ranking if they had made large contributions to the Thousand-Jue Alliance as a whole, and as for guest elders of the Sixth-Jue ranking, they even had the power to mobilise the inner sanctum's Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns for aid.

For the Seventh-Jue, this was already an extremely high ranking.

The Ninth-Jue ranking was the limit, and had another title also known as the Thousand-Jue guest elder. This ranking confers you the same status as the top echelons in the inner sanctum, where one can speak equally with the Alliance Head. It grants you so much power that you can almost command the entire Thousand-Jue Alliance.

Now, the Thousand-Jue Alliance wanted to directly confer a Fifth-Jue ranking to Qin Wentian should he join. This was already the maximum authority they could bestow upon him.

“There would be no other commitments?” Qin Wentian smiled, as his eyes lighted up.

“None.” The woman shook her head, “Our Thousand-Jue Alliance was a group formed from unaffiliated individuals, and our total power is slightly weaker compared to those transcendent powers. This is why we highly prioritise the recruitment of extremely talented individuals, only then would we be able to stand toe to toe against the transcendent powers. For extremely talented individuals, our Alliance will not aid in their development but at the same time, they would have no restrictions placed on them.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded thoughtfully. Their conditions were truly tempting indeed.

“It goes without saying that I should mention this first. For guest elders ranked at the Fifth-Jue and below, our Alliance will provide

support such as information reports, buying and selling of items and the lending of powerful resources. However, because the Alliance requires no other commitments, then it has no obligation to be involved in your personal disputes.”

“Naturally.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement, how could there be free lunch in the world? No commitments, enjoying some power and to even expect the Alliance to protect them in their time of need?

“Yes, but the benefits are different for guest elders ranked at the Sixth-Jue. Because Sixth-Jue guest elders would have contributed immensely to our Alliance before they are promoted. Hence, the Sixth-Jue guest elders could request for protection from our Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. If the guest elder is at the Seventh-Jue ranking instead, he can directly mobilise our Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns for whatever purpose he needs them for.” The middle-aged woman smiled.

“I accept,” Qin Wentian decisively agreed. With such good conditions, he couldn’t find any reason to reject this recruitment.

“Grandmaster Qin is really straightforward.” The woman laughed. After which, she withdrew a medallion with the words ‘Fifth-Jue’ engraved upon it and passed it over to Qin Wentian.

“I have to remind you that this medallion can only be used by you alone. If it were discovered that someone else faked your name and used your medallion, our Thousand-Jue Alliance would act accordingly to the circumstances, and may even slay the culprit directly.”

“I understand.” Qin Wentian nodded. This rule must have been implemented in case the guest elders died or were killed by their enemies. The whole organization would turn to chaos if there were impersonators freely using the medallions.“

In that case, I shall return and bring back these joyous tidings. My superiors will definitely be happy to hear that Grandmaster Qin has agreed to become a guest elder of our Thousand-Jue Alliance.” The words spoken were extremely pleasant to the ear. Afterwards, Qin Wentian and Bailu Yi personally escorted both representatives of the Thousand-Jue Alliance outside.

A smile appeared on Qin Wentian’s face as he clutched the Fifth-Jue medallion. It was time to complete what he had come to the Moon Continent to do.

To kill Hua Xiaoyun! Back then, at the Mo Clan in the Chu Country, Hua Xiaoyun dared to plan out such a despicable act and caused Mo Qingcheng to attempt suicide, eventually narrowly avoiding death. This matter was always like a sharp thorn piercing into Qin Wentian’s heart.

And after the matter, he didn’t even get the chance to say goodbye to Mo Qingcheng. She was directly taken away by her master to the Pill Emperor Hall in the Moon Continent. The chances of Qin Wentian meeting her again were almost nil considering the distance from the Moon Continent to Chu.

Mo Qingcheng must have also suffered a psychological impact

from this incident. And now, he didn't even know how she was faring.

He would never be at ease if Hua Xiaoyun didn't die. He would be too ashamed to face Qingcheng.

But just as Qin Wentian was thinking about killing Hua Xiaoyun, wasn't Hua Xiaoyun also thinking about killing Qin Wentian?

Within a tavern, the wine cup in Hua Xiaoyun's hand was shattered into pieces, a direct result from hearing a hated name in the midst of his drinking. Qin Wentian. The sound of these three characters, Qin Wentian, was exceptionally piercing to his ears. Killing intent cloaked in a deathly chill gushed out from Hua Xiaoyun's body, causing the customers near him to retreat far away.

Of course Hua Xiaoyun hated him, he had good reason to.

Once, as the second young master of the Hua Clan, he could do everything his heart desired, but because of a single trip to Chu, he had almost met his doom.

Back then, Qin Wentian had broken off one of his arms, and news of this matter had been constantly kept simmering ever since. Eventually as the status of Mo Qingcheng in the Pill Emperor Hall grew higher and higher, he was almost imprisoned when the elders of the Hua Clan learned of that wretched thing he had nearly committed. They even intended to send him to the Pill Emperor Hall to give Mo Qingcheng the right to decide his punishment.

Because the Hua Clan wanted his elder brother Hua Taixu to marry Mo Qingcheng. But because of Hua Xiaoyun's actions, this matter was not proceeding as smoothly as they had hoped. And if Hua Xiaoyun wasn't Hua Taixu's younger brother, his fate would definitely be even more miserable.

But even so, now he was also in dire straights; the position he had within his clan had plummeted a thousand feet. He no longer had any authority, and everyone who knew of this matter, despised him and broke off all contact with him. His only remaining piece of security was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign which his parents had assigned to protect him.

How could all these negative changes have happened to him if not for Qin Wentian? Only the word 'miserable' could describe his current situation.

Hence, the murderous urges in his heart erupted forth the moment he heard Qin Wentian's name.

At this moment, Qin Wentian and Hua Xiaoyun, both separated by a long distance, were similarly directing killing intent to the other. "Qin Wentian, a fourth-ranked Grandmaster? I really want to see if this Qin Wentian is that same Qin Wentian from Chu." An ice-cold light flickered in Hua Xiaoyun's eyes as he left the tavern.

"Young Master, where are we going?" his protector questioned.

"Shadow Pavilion," Hua Xiaoyun coldly replied, his tone causing

his protector's countenance to falter.

“Why are we going there?” the protector asked as bewilderment painted his face.

“To seek information on one person. If the information shows that it is him indeed, I’m going to kill him,” Hua Xiaoyun spat. Even Qin Wentian wouldn’t have imagined that at the same exact moment where he wanted to kill Hua Xiaoyun, Hua Xiaoyun also wanted his death.....

Presently, Qin Wentian arrived at the exterior of the Pill Emperor Hall.

He was currently clad completely in white. He inclined his head and observed the tight security of this place, as well as the sky-high buildings and pavilions that made up the Pill Emperor Hall.

When the gentle breeze gusted past, billowing his robes, it also set his heartstrings aflutter.

The one he loved, was right inside.

But when would he be able to meet her again?

Within the Pill Emperor Hall, as two youthful silhouettes leisurely walked out, their steps couldn’t help but falter when they unintentionally noticed the presence of Qin Wentian. After which, traces of confusion could be seen in their eyes.

These two young men were none other than the two male disciples, Yan Qi and Jing Yu that went to Chu together with Bai Fei. They couldn't believe their eyes, this 'genius' from that little country actually overestimated himself that much and chased Mo Qingcheng all the way over here to the Moon Continent?

As for their confusion, it was because the current Mo Qingcheng was already high up in the skies, far beyond their reach. They could only gaze admiringly from afar.

But of course, that was Mo Qingcheng. As for this small-time character from Chu, their eyes were still filled with the same contempt as before. This Qin Wentian was really a love-struck idiot! A plain crow lusting after a phoenix.

But so what of it? Was it heavenly decreed that a crow was destined never to be together with a phoenix?

AGM 293 - Shadow Pavilion

Jing Yu and Yan Qi walked towards Qin Wentian, glancing at him carefully. Although they were looking right at Qin Wentian, because of the significant transformation he had undergone, they only felt some slight resemblance and couldn't be sure if it was him.

But now, after standing right in front of him, they were sure that this young man right here was none other than the one from the Chu Country.

Because they were all men, they had been seized with admiration back then when they saw Mo Qingcheng. At the same time, they unconsciously felt a sense of enmity towards Qin Wentian. This was why Qin Wentian left a deeper impression on them compared to Qin Wentian's impression on Baifei.

“It's really you.” Hints of oppression flashed in both their eyes.

Naturally, Qin Wentian had already noticed their presence. He only casually glanced at them before returning his gaze back to the Pill Emperor Hall.

“Hey you, just return to Chu. This place isn't somewhere you should be,” Jing Yu calmly stated, with no hints of anger or disdain. If it were in the past, maybe he would have humiliated and shamed Qin Wentian. But now, in front of Mo Qingcheng, he could only incline his head and stare up at her elusive presence. How then could he have the qualifications to humiliate Qin

Wentian?

Qin Wentian didn't even look at him. In this cultivation-oriented world, the hierarchy of powers here was absolute. A higher-level power would undoubtedly have the strength to quash and suppress lower-ranked ones. As a transcendent power, the Pill Emperor Hall could be said to be one of the supreme forces situated within the Moon Continent, and its entire structure—the many sky-high buildings—were akin to huge pillars pressing down on people, stifling their breath. How difficult would it be then, if one wanted to step over it?

Yet Qin Wentian's gaze still remained calm. He knew that no matter how huge the pillars were, there would still be people powerful enough to trample it.

“Infatuation would also have to depend on who the other party is. If you clearly know it's already impossible, why even harbor hope? The distance between you and her is just too far apart,” Jing Yu continued, his words were spoken to Qin Wentian but seemed to also be directed at himself.

Yan Qi couldn't help but laugh coldly when he saw Qin Wentian ignoring Jing Yu's advice. He walked to the front of Qin Wentian, his eyes filled with contempt as he added, “There are ninety-nine flights of stairs in the Pill Emperor Hall, and at your level, you'd look up to even those standing on the lowest floor. Stop indulging in your daydreams, the consequences of blaspheming her isn't something you'd be able to bear.”

Qin Wentian slowly turned his gaze onto Yan Qi. A golden

current of lightning flashed past his eyes as they instantly pierced into those of Yan Qi's.

“BOOM!” Yan Qi only felt as though his mind was about to crumble into pieces. In that single glance, he felt a sense of terror so great that he involuntarily retreated tens of steps. He turned pale white with fright, with perspiration drenching his forehead.

His aura gushed forth, as he glared evilly at Qin Wentian. Yet, Qin Wentian had already shifted his gaze away, as though Yan Qi wasn't important enough for him to look at directly.

Qin Wentian's actions caused Yan Qi's countenance to sink, but what had happened earlier? Why would he perspire cold sweat just because of a single glance?

Jing Yu had also noticed the charged look made on Yan Qi, but in the next moment, a sharp beam of light suddenly erupted forth from behind both of them. Yan Qi and Jing Yun turned back, looking at the new arrival with respect in their eyes. The figure moved with such speed, as though he had seemingly materialized behind them.

It was their senior brother, Zhan Chen, who was ranked #11. He was someone that they had always looked up to, or more accurately, he was their idol.

If one had to say who in the entire Pill Emperor Hall would be worthy of Mo Qingcheng, Zhan Chen was undoubtedly the only one that could match up to her radiance.

Jing Yu and Yan Qi immediately stood aside, allowing Zhan Chen to walk through. Their gazes were filled with admiration as they respectfully greeted him, "Senior Brother."

"Mhm." Zhan Chen lightly nodded, yet his stare remained fixated onto Qin Wentian. Similarly, Qin Wentian was also observing Zhan Chen; he could sense that despite the passage of time, the killing intent Zhan Chen had for him hadn't diminished in the slightest. That was understandable, given the events that had happened in the secret grounds.

Zhan Chen felt a little puzzled, he didn't know why Qin Wentian would come to the Pill Emperor Hall of his own volition.

Back then Qin Wentian had discovered his secret, so now that Qin Wentian was suddenly here at the Pill Emperor Hall, how could he feel at ease?

But Zhan Chen wasn't that afraid of Qin Wentian divulging his secret. If Qin Wentian dared to reveal what he knew, he would just deny it and use that as an excuse to kill Qin Wentian. After all, his character was still exemplary in the eyes of those from the Pill Emperor Hall, and considering his status, his words naturally carried plenty of weight.

Qin Wentian should have also understood this point, so he probably wouldn't just reveal his secret so easily. Once Qin Wentian did so, then between them, one would definitely die. And the person that would be dead would undoubtedly be Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian quietly stood there, outwardly maintaining an unperturbed appearance, but internally he was secretly vigilant. This man may appear humble and elegant, but Qin Wentian already knew the true, manipulative face of Zhan Chen. His current level of power couldn't compare to Zhan Chen; hence it was only natural for him to stay guarded.

"I've heard that you caused quite the commotion in the Eastern Region." Zhan Chen smiled amicably, as though he and Qin Wentian were best friends that had not met up for a long time.

Qin Wentian merely looked at him, not replying.

At this moment, a terrifying aura emanated forth from Zhan Chen, as a fearsome sword intent pressed down onto Qin Wentian.

"But, what have you come to my Pill Emperor Hall for?" Zhan Chen took a step forward, as the pressure he was emitting intensified. It felt as though Zhan Chen could slay Qin Wentian with but a thought, if he so wished it.

"Take another step forward, I guarantee you will definitely regret it," Qin Wentian softly commented, his attitude remained casual and indifferent. Yet the serenity in his tone caused the hearts of the nearby Jing Yu and Yan Qi to tremble.

Qin Wentian actually dared to say something so arrogant like this to their senior, Zhan Chen?

Not only that, Zhan Chen seemed to be acquainted with Qin Wentian and it appeared as though they shared some past conflict with each other.

Zhan Chen halted his steps, Qin Wentian didn't seem intent on divulging his secret. Maybe because he knew that it would still be useless to do so, as it would definitely cause Zhan Chen to go all out and kill him. But Zhan Chen knew that if he pushed Qin Wentian too far, Qin Wentian wouldn't hesitate to reveal his secret. Although not many people would believe it, it was enough to severely damage Zhan Chen's stellar reputation.

Hence, unless he could finish Qin Wentian off before he could say anything, Zhan Chen wouldn't take the risk. In any case, even if Qin Wentian died, there was still a Bailu Yi who knew of this.

Retracting his aura, Zhan Chen smiled. "Sorry, I've forgotten that you've already broken through to the fourth-ranked, becoming the youngest fourth-ranked Grandmaster in the entire Moon Continent. Even the aura you exude is different from before. But regardless, mastery in Divine Inscriptions is still just that—a mastery in Divine Inscriptions. Do you believe I only need five breaths worth of time to kill you? Please remember this point in the future."

Such threatening words, yet Zhan Chen was still able to say them with a smile.

Jing Yu and Yan Qi's hearts pounded madly, Qin Wentian was

the youngest fourth-ranked Grandmaster in the Moon Continent? When did this happen? That small-time character from Chu could even make their senior Zhan Chen feel trepidation?

“I know that the jump from Yuanfu to Heavenly Dipper is a huge watershed, but I will be praying for your success,” Qin Wentian calmly replied. He then continued, “If you remain in this realm for too long a time, I’m afraid that you will be the one to avoid me, if we ever meet again.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian slowly turned, with his back facing Zhan Chen as he leisurely walked away.

The terrifying sword intent of Zhan Chen gushed out once more, yet Qin Wentian continued on calmly with no fear, showing an appearance of total disregard for him.

Zhan Chen could only tremble in impotent anger as his terrifying sword intent dissipated. The silhouette of Qin Wentian gradually disappeared from their vision.

Jing Yu and Yan Qi stood to the side, watching dumbfoundedly as their minds rumbled from the scene they just witnessed. Qin Wentian already dared to talk in such a manner to their senior brother, Zhan Chen?

And from the start till the end, it seemed as though that young man from that small country had never once looked at them directly.

“Are you guys acquainted with him?” Zhan Chen asked.

“We know of him, this person originated from Chu and used to have an extremely close relationship with Junior Sister Qingcheng. I think his purpose for coming here today, was definitely to meet with her.” Jing Yu didn’t say that they were lovers, but Zhan Chen clearly understood the unspoken meaning behind his words. The glint of light in his eyes became immeasurably sharper.

“Do not allow Qingcheng to know of this matter,” Zhan Chen calmly replied. Mo Qingcheng always secluded herself in the Pill Emperor Hall for cultivation, not bothering about matters of the outside world. Zhan Chen hoped that she wouldn’t know of Qin Wentian’s visit and would forever forget his existence, unless of course, Qin Wentian were to die.

After leaving the Pill Emperor Palace, Qin Wentian headed towards the branch of the Thousand-Jue Alliance situated in the Moon Continent. And when the guards saw the level of Qin Wentian’s medallion, they reported his arrival and swiftly after, that charming middle-aged representative from before personally came out to receive him.

“I didn’t expect Grandmaster Qin would drop by for a visit so fast.” A warm and gentle smile appeared in the eyes of the middle-aged woman.

“I need the help of the Thousand-Jue Alliance.” Qin Wentian smiled as the representative nodded, “As long as your authority level is high enough, the Thousand-Jue Alliance will definitely

help you in your request, with no other conditions attached.”

Qin Wentian pulled out a list and passed it over as he spoke, “I need the items listed on it. I will reimburse the Alliance the amount of Yuan Meteor Stones needed for the purchase.”

“Alright, I’ll arrange for our men to help in this. Once the matter is over, I will get my men to send it over to you. You can pass them the Yuan Meteor Stones then.” The middle-aged woman glanced at the items on the list before tucking it away.

“In addition, I also require an information report for one person,” Qin Wentian added, as he moved forward and stood before the middle-aged woman. He then leaned forward and whispered into her ears, “...”

A strange glow flashed in the middle-aged woman’s eyes, as she nodded her head. “Don’t worry, the requests of our guest elders will all remain confidential. I shall handle this matter myself.”

“Many thanks then. If you require resources or expenses for this matter, I will gladly cover the cost myself.” Qin Wentian smiled. Seeking the help of others would require the effort of their manpower. For monetary costs, it would be more appropriate to bear it himself.

“There’s no need for Grandmaster Qin to reimburse us if the help required is merely that of gathering information. The Thousand-Jue Alliance will bear all costs.” The middle-aged woman smiled. Qin Wentian didn’t insist, he merely nodded in thanks and

departed.

Meanwhile, the person Qin Wentian was searching for, Hua Xiaoyun, appeared within the mysterious Shadow Pavilion of the Moon Continent. He was deep in discussion with someone currently flipping through pages of information reports. Qin Wentian wasn't from the Moon Continent, hence his information was a little troublesome to gather. Luckily, Hua Xiaoyun provided a lead to them—Origins: Chu Country.

“Sir, here.” Someone delivered a few scrolls of information over to the man flipping through the reports, whose eyes lighted up at the sight.

“Qin Wentian's origins were from Chu, and the last time he revealed his cultivation level was inside that of the Secret Realms of Divine Inscriptions. Now after a period of time, it is estimated that his cultivation base should be at least the fourth-level of Yuanfu. He is also a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist and has the protection of a female Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. At the same time, his trump cards consist of two fourth-ranked Puppets, and he has slaughtered a number of other fourth-ranked Grandmasters in the White Deer Institute. In addition to that, he has recently made a move and slain Leng Mao by borrowing the power from his Puppets and the Divine Inscriptions he inscribed.”

The information broker read out, his words causing Hua Xiaoyun's countenance to sink.

Origins from Chu, with the protection of a female Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? There can be no mistake, it was him! But to

think that Qin Wentian had already become a fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist and even possessed fourth-ranked Puppets.

“I want him to die,” Hua Xiaoyun venomously hissed.

The sinister-looking info-broker smiled, “Hold on.”

After leaving the area for a moment, he came back with a piece of paper, which he passed over to Hua Xiaoyun. “This mission is acceptable, this is the price needed to eliminate this target. Pre-payment of 10%, non-refundable. You can pay the 90% after the mission is accomplished.”

Hua Xiaoyun glanced at the piece of paper as he frowned, his expression becoming extremely ugly to behold. “Are you kidding me? Why is the price so high just for eliminating a Yuanfu realm cultivator?”

“Young Master Hua can try killing him on his own.” The broker laughed. Hua Xiaoyun crumbled the piece of paper in a fit of rage. His current standing in the Hua Clan had fallen tremendously, how could he still have the authority to lead people to kill Qin Wentian? The Clan would never agree to his request. After all, Qin Wentian could be considered Mo Qingcheng’s ex-lover, so they didn’t know what Mo Qingcheng’s attitude would be if she ever learned of this news.

Unless it was his elder brother, Hua Taixu, who wanted Qin Wentian dead.

“Fine, I accept.” Hua Xiaoyun gritted his teeth and threw out a substantial amount of Yuan Meteor Stones onto the table. This mission of killing Qin Wentian would definitely suck dry the wealth he had accumulated throughout the years.

After Hua Xiaoyun left, the sinister-looking broker burst into laughter, a sharp gleam in his eyes. “Qin Wentian had the balls to reject the Star River Association, directly to the forging division’s President himself! It was lucky that he did, otherwise, we wouldn’t even consider accepting this mission. He basically signed his own death warrant!”

AGM 294 - To Whom The Deer Falls

The mission hall was part of the Shadow Pavilion and consisted of a total of nine levels. The higher levels would only be accessible for those with a certain level of authority.

This was a safety measure, because aside from the core killers of the Shadow Pavilion, they also retained several contract-for-hire killers. Anyone could become a killer for the Shadow Pavilion—all they needed to do was sign a contract.

This was also the greatest reason why the Shadow Pavilion was so powerful. Because most people desired wealth, they signed up to become killers. This was an extremely lucrative business despite the high level of danger. However, there was a flaw regarding the system—having a large number of killers meant that there would be a higher chance that confidential information pertaining to the mission could leak out. This was something unavoidable. Yet, the Shadow Pavilion didn't seem to care. Since they were already in the killing business, they naturally wouldn't be afraid of people taking revenge.

There was also an iron clad rule. They would never accept missions pertaining to the transcendent powers. Other than that, they would accept all other missions.

For the fifth level of the mission hall, only Five-Star ranked killers would be able to enter as the missions given here were all at the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign level. Those that had a rank of Five-Star, were all extremely terrifying people with fearsome combat prowess.

And today, an extremely conspicuous mission appeared on the fifth level of the mission hall.

“Qin Wentian, a fourth-ranked Grandmaster from Chu at the age of nineteen. Cultivation level estimated at the third or fourth-level of Yuanfu, and he has a second-level female Heavenly Dipper Sovereign by his side acting as his protector. He has two fourth-ranked Puppets whose combat prowess were estimated to be at the initial realm of Heavenly Dipper.” Next to the note, there was a picture of Qin Wentian, as well as the reward amount offered.

“Woah, this guy is the youngest fourth-ranked Grandmaster in the Moon Continent. This is the first time I’ve seen a Yuanfu Cultivator that’s worth so much.” A masked man lightly laughed. Those that entered here wouldn’t interact with others without obscuring their features. The reason for this was simple, if they fumbled up in killing their targets, especially those with major backgrounds, their identity wouldn’t be exposed and there would be no need to fear retaliation.

“I wonder what grudge the mission-giver has with this guy? He’s actually willing to pay such a high price to kill off such a talented Divine Inscriptionist.” Although several of the killers were bewildered, they didn’t really care about it. They were here to make money, and so they couldn’t care less about the story behind each contract.

“I’ll accept this mission.” A figure walked up to the mission board and tore down the contract. An avaricious light gleamed in his eyes as he stared at Qin Wentian’s photo.

“Heaven’s Destruction, can the four of you handle it?” Someone called out the moment that figure tore down the contract.

The killer ‘Heaven’s Destruction’, consisted of four people. It was rumoured that two among them were husband and wife while the other two were their disciples. Their killing methods were extremely vicious and they had plenty of experience as well.

“How difficult would it be to kill a cultivator merely at the fourth-level of Yuanfu? This wealth is definitely mine.” Heaven’s Destruction laughed disdainfully. His team members stood not far away, and two among them were laughing heartily in agreement. “Master, after this mission is completed, you can buy that set of defensive-type Divine Armor for Madam soon after.”

“Yes, the reward paid out would definitely be sufficient for that. What’s more, there’ll be several Yuan Meteor Stones in excess. I’ll get two fourth-ranked Divine Weapons for you guys then, how about it?” The figure grinned, it was as though he could already see the Divine Weapons in front of his eyes.

A mere Yuanfu Cultivator was no biggie, as long as he and his wife blocked the female Heavenly Dipper Sovereign and the two Puppets, his other two disciples could easily kill off Qin Wentian.

This mission might be tough for the other killers to complete, but with the cooperation of these four, it was extremely simple for them. This was just like free money dropping from the skies.

This time around, they would definitely make a killing. He'd have to thank his god of fortune. He wondered briefly who the customer was, why would he be so generous to pay out such a large amount merely for the death of a Divine Inscriptionist, albeit one with exceedingly high potential.

.....

Qin Wentian naturally wouldn't know that his name had already been written onto the mission board in the fifth-level of the Shadow Pavilion, or that somebody else had already accepted the mission.

After returning to the White Deer Institute, Qin Wentian quietly waited for news from the Thousand-Jue Alliance, while cultivating a powerful innate technique recorded within the ancient scroll of the Ascendant.

As his consciousness sank into that ancient scroll, a mind-blowing scene appeared in front of his eyes.

A lonely silhouette stood arrogantly in the air. In front of him, an ancient mountain could be seen a few hundred feet away. That silhouette pierced forwards with a single finger, appearing as though it were made from gold, and as that finger descended, the entire space around him shimmered and turned golden in color, coated by the will of the Mandate of Gold.

Between the Heaven and Earth, the only thing in existence was that golden finger. As he pointed to that ancient mountain, the

boundless gold-colored light gathered at the tip of his finger and was concentrated into a golden beam. As his finger's light penetrated past, landing onto that ancient mountain, crumbling sounds echoed as it instantly transformed into countless golden fragments that scattered about, all floating in the air.

“Heaven Breaking Finger. One must cultivate the Gold-Element Cultivation Art for an invulnerable body before cultivating this innate technique to unleash its full potential. At its highest level of mastery, one can even break the dome of Heavens apart with the stab of a single finger.”

A voice sounded out in his mind, causing Qin Wentian to start. This voice reminded the user once again to cultivate the Gold-Element Cultivation Art that he had abandoned.

The more the Ascendant reminded him, the more suspicious Qin Wentian was.

“I don't believe I need to cultivate the Gold-Element Cultivation Art to master this Heaven Breaking Finger..” A sharp light flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes. This innate technique was a Heaven-Ranked technique; the stronger one's cultivation was, the deeper their comprehension and thus, the more power they would be able to unleash.

The Gold-Element Ascendant broke apart a gigantic ancient mountain with a stab of his finger. That scene was etched firmly in his mind, and his heart trembled in awe as he sensed the concept of the words ‘Heaven Breaking’ behind that finger attack.

This technique was definitely the most powerful innate technique he had ever seen from the start of his cultivation till now.

And for this Heaven Breaking Finger technique, it wasn't necessary to have Astral Energy with a gold-element attribute to power it. Other sources of energy could work as a replacement as well. In that case, he could use his demonic Astral Energy as a replacement to see if he would be successful.

Astral Energy with the demonic attribute was exceedingly violent in nature and the might it exuded would definitely be just as terrifying.

Smiling in anticipation, Qin Wentian closed his eyes and started cultivating this tyrannical Heaven Breaking Finger technique.

And after cultivating it for a while, Qin Wentian discovered that every activation of this finger technique would exhaust an extremely astronomical amount of Astral Energy. The rate of energy consumption was too terrifying. If Qin Wentian used Divine Yuan Energy in replacement of Astral Energy to unleash this attack, he didn't even dare imagine the amount of Divine Energy that would be expended.

This made Qin Wentian lament as cultivation indeed required resources before one could succeed. For example, if he didn't have sufficient Yuan Meteor Stones to replenish the Astral Energy in his Yuanfu, there was no way for him to even start cultivating this

technique. If he didn't have the Yuan Meteor Stones, he could only choose to slowly absorb the Astral Energy from the Heavenly Layers to replenish the expended energy. This method was way too slow and inefficient.

Without cultivation resources, the path of cultivation was too difficult to advance. Hence, there were many of common birth willing to risk their lives in a bid to earn a large amount of resources. After a few moments more of lamentation, Qin Wentian then slipped into a dreamscape of his own creation. Inside his dreamscape, he could give full play to the power of his imagination.

A day passed...

During the next morning, the people from the Thousand-Jue Alliance arrived and delivered the list of items which he had asked for. Qin Wentian reimbursed them and continued with his cultivation.

Looking at the items on the ground, a smile appeared on his face. He could finally proceed with cultivating the second stage of the Fiend Transformation Art.

The difficulty in cultivating the second stage of the Fiend Transformation Art was still much easier compared to the Heaven Breaking Finger.

In the next few days, great billows of demonic qi permeated the mountain slope at the back of the White Deer Institute, drawing

the attention of many, as they wondered what in the world was going on. Why would there be such an intense source of demonic qi coming from the back mountains?

Could it be that Qin Wentian had an immensely powerful demonic-type Astral Soul and was currently cultivating some demonic innate technique?

Although many were puzzled, nobody went to disturb Qin Wentian. Occasionally, there would even be manifestations of demonic beasts soaring skywards before gradually fading into nothingness.

Three days later, torrents of demonic qi enveloped Qin Wentian, his whole person was akin to a fearsome demonic beast. The amount of demonic qi was so abundant that even qi exuded by high-grade demonic beasts paled in comparison to the amount Qin Wentian was emitting now.

“Argh...”

A low roar akin to the howling of a beast escaped from his throat as the copious amounts of demonic qi swirled about, gathered together as they transformed into a vortex before gushing into Qin Wentian’s body, the fog of black qi completely obscuring his body. Very swiftly, the fog dissipated as the silhouette of Qin Wentian became gradually visible again. Yet he was now totally different from moments before. His life force throbbed with the exuberant vitality belonging to demonkind.

The Fiend Transformation Art combined the two different advantages of humans and demons, into a single body. Using humanity as the base, this Art causes the essence of the human body to demonize, eventually gaining the vitality of demons and a physique as powerful as them. It basically incorporates all the unique advantages of demonkind into a human body. At this moment, if anyone went within Qin Wentian's vicinity, they would be able to clearly sense how powerful he had currently become. Each and every one of his movements was brimming with energy, and the toughness of his body had far surpassed cultivators at the same realm as him.

If he were to compete against someone purely based on bodily strength, without the use of Astral Energy or innate techniques, he would easily be able to tear apart his opponent's body. His physique had already evolved to the level of demons.

“Stage two of the Fiend Transformation Art, completed.” Qin Wentian smiled, his speed in cultivating this Art was so quick that it was almost unbelievable, most likely something to do with his bloodline.

After mastering the second stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, Qin Wentian continued to doggedly practice the Heaven Breaking Finger, all the while waiting for the Thousand-Jue Alliance to deliver the information report regarding the whereabouts of Hua Xiaoyun.

In the blink of an eye, seven days had already passed. The Leng Clan had also given their answer—they gave in, and chose to execute the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign Leng Mao as well as the

rest of the names on the list. They decided that this group's existence wasn't worth it for them to offend Qin Wentian. Moreover, Qin Wentian had already become a guest elder of the Thousand-Jue Alliance. The Leng Clan had no wish to offend Qin Wentian further and hence, immediately acted on good faith and resolved the matter.

As for Hua Xiaoyun, his patience had already worn thin. He visited the Shadow Pavilion again and received news that his mission had already been accepted and the killers were planning an ambush for Qin Wentian in the Eastern Region. After which, Hua Xiaoyun too decided to pay a visit to the Eastern Region, he wanted to see with his own eyes the manner of Qin Wentian's death.

Hua Xiaoyun didn't know that the moment he stepped into the Eastern Region, his movements had already been noted.

Qin Wentian finally received news of Hua Xiaoyun, who for some reason, had actually come to the Eastern Region of the Moon Continent.

An exceedingly ice-cold light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes. Speak of the devil, and he will appear—this Hua Xiaoyun had come just in time. Yet, if he wanted to kill him, how could he hide this matter from the informant network of the Hua Clan?

Qin Wentian understood that as a transcendent power, the scope of the Hua Clan's network would definitely be extremely terrifying. If he directly slayed Hua Xiaoyun, he would certainly be discovered. Killing a young master of Hua Clan's direct line of

descent? It would be extremely difficult for him to stay in the Moon Continent afterward.

But no matter what, Hua Xiaoyun had to die.

If there were no other solutions and if he really had no choice but to leave the Moon Continent, he would still kill Hua Xiaoyun.

Qin Wentian exited the White Deer Institute silently, he didn't even inform Bailu Yi of his plans. He had no wish to involve anyone else on his quest to kill Hua Xiaoyun. This, was a matter he must undertake himself, this debt of retribution had to be settled by his own hands!

AGM 295 - Which Senior Is It?

Qin Wentian left by himself to look for Hua Xiaoyun. He had been informed by the Thousand-Jue Alliance that Hua Xiaoyun had only the protection of one Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. In that case, his two fourth-ranked Puppets should be sufficient to hinder that Sovereign.

As for Hua Xiaoyun himself, the Qin Wentian back then was already powerful enough to slay him, it would be no different now.

Of course, Qin Wentian still didn't know that the reason for Hua Xiaoyun's appearance in the Eastern Region of the Moon Continent, was actually because the killers he hired had already set up an ambush over here for Qin Wentian.

Similarly, Hua Xiaoyun didn't know that the moment he stepped into the Eastern Region, his movements had been noticed and immediately fed back to Qin Wentian.

The two of them wanted the other's death, yet neither were aware of the perilous situation they both were in.

There was someone who noticed the moment Qin Wentian left the White Deer Institute. On the pathway of the streets, a horse carriage slowly advanced. The carriage driver had an extremely ordinary face and was slowly directing the horses to pull the carriage forward.

Qin Wentian would definitely not notice the existence of an

ordinary horse carriage. In the luxurious Moon Continent, the pathways were littered by hundreds or even thousands of horse carriages daily. They were an everyday occurrence and of course, also an extremely good cover. The driver maintained the horses' speed, advancing at a normal pace. They definitely wouldn't want to attract the attention of Qin Wentian who was still far away.

But at that same moment, another figure was keeping pace beside the carriage, walking at the same speed. This figure had an ancient sword strapped behind his back and his features were obscured by a silver-mask, revealing only a pair of eyes that were glinting in cold light.

It was as if the driver couldn't see this figure, and he continued leading the horses forward at the same pace as the silver-masked figure following quietly beside it.

"This is my mission." The driver suddenly let out a hiss, as a look of sharpness was directed to the silver-masked figure. The soundwaves of his voice, didn't reverberate in the air, it was channeled into a thin line, drifting right into the ears of that silver-masked figure.

"I know." That figure nodded his head.

"Then get lost and stop hindering me," the driver coldly stated. As someone in the same line of business, he already knew the identity of the silver-masked figure.

Silver Snake was the same as him, an external killer for the

Shadow Pavilion. The authority he held was also the same—their ranks were both at Five-Star.

Silver Snake's cultivation base was at the peak of Yuanfu, and by rights, he didn't have the qualifications to obtain such a ranking. The only reason why he was now a Five-Star assassin was because back then he had managed to assassinate an extremely important character alone, which led to him being promoted.

"I won't take a share out of your reward," Silver Snake indifferently exclaimed, his voice was void of emotion.

"But you have to act according to my command, don't make your move hastily."

"He will eventually grow suspicious if we follow him for much longer. It's about time for us to act," the driver argued.

"No, wait a while more. His objective is clear, he wants to find the person that's helping you." Silver Snake grinned.

"My helper?" The driver didn't understand, all his helpers were already hidden inside the carriage.

"Don't worry, my sources told me that the person who set this mission, essentially your hirer, has already arrived in the Eastern Region. Qin Wentian is definitely looking for him, and the best opportunity for us to act would undoubtedly be the time when the two of them are fighting against each other. In any case, so what if

the hirer dies? He has nothing to do with you.”

Silver Snake’s words contained a deathly chill within. Although the Shadow Pavilion would release the mission to all prospective killers, the information of the hirer would absolutely be kept a secret.

But Silver Snake apparently knew who the hirer was?

Not only that, Silver Snake even wanted to make use of the hirer for the sake of them having a better chance to accomplish the mission. In that case, did Silver Snake have a grudge with the target, Qin Wentian, as well?

Who was this Silver Snake exactly?

Despite all his questions, he wasn’t worried that Silver Snake would lie to him. Silver Snake was only at the ninth-level of Yuanfu—it would be as easy as overturning his palms to kill him for his deceit.

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Within a tavern inside the Moon Continent, Hua Xiaoyun was currently enjoying his wine, an expression of extreme satisfaction on his face.

The grudge he held for his broken arm would soon be avenged—the killers of the Shadow Pavilion would definitely not disappoint.

Lifting his wine cup, Hua Xiaoyun started laughing maniacally, yet his eyes gleamed with a cold light. It was about time.

However, his attention was caught by an extremely enchanting woman clad in a fiery-red skirt, projecting a demeanour of unmatched elegance. That woman noticed Hua Xiaoyun glancing at her and inclined her head, returning his gaze.

The instant their eyes locked, Hua Xiaoyun's felt a jolt to his heart like a bolt of electricity, while he silently exclaimed to himself, 'What a beauty!'

Her skin was as fair as snow, so soft-looking that it seemed it would break the moment a gentle breeze of wind blew against it. Just a single glance was enough to reveal her devilish figure.

"I wonder which clan she belongs to?" Hua Xiaoyun mused. In the Moon Continent, a beauty of that standard would definitely not be a nobody. Just from her demeanor alone, Hua Xiaoyun could tell that her origins were definitely from a major power.

As expected of a silk pants young master, his judgement regarding beautiful women was extremely good.

A look of unhappiness involuntarily flashed in the young woman's eyes when she saw how Hua Xiaoyun kept staring at her. That slight fluttering of her beautiful lashes was sufficient to set Hua Xiaoyun's heart aflutter.

“Hi, my name is Hua Xiaoyun, and I wonder if I may have the honor to ask for such a beautiful lady’s name?”

Hua Xiaoyun moved to clasp his hands together, only to be reminded that he only had one remaining now. The hatred in his heart boiled up once again, but he swiftly suppressed the emotion and went to smile at the beautiful lady instead.

The young woman unhappily glanced at him before coldly replying, “The second young master of the Hua Clan is left with only a single arm, yet he still hasn’t learned from his mistake?”

Hua Xiaoyun immediately stiffened, as his countenance became extremely unsightly.

“Here I am, asking politely, yet the miss’s words are so offensive,” Hua Xiaoyun coldly replied, “I wonder what your background is for you to be so arrogant.”

“Shu Ruanyu,” the young woman indifferently replied, causing Hua Xiaoyun’s countenance to falter. He recovered quickly as he smiled, “Oh, so it is Miss Shu. I’ve heard that Miss Shu will soon be engaged with Brother Yang. Congratulations.”

Shu Ruanyu was from the Shu Clan, a major power in the Eastern Region of the Moon Continent. Her name was extremely famous here and regardless of beauty or talent, she was outstanding in both fields.

Some time before, the Star-Seizing Manor wanted to find a companion for Yang Fan. Yang Fan took an instant liking to Shu Ruanyu and after a period of dating, he even personally went to the Shu Clan to propose marriage. Being in-laws with a transcendent power would open up countless doors of benefits, hence the Shu Clan naturally agreed.

As a Heaven's Chosen from the Star-Seizing Manor, Yang Fan already had a status that was pretty much incomparable.

But of course, Shu Ruanyu was extraordinary and excelled in many aspects as well. Stepping into the eighth-level of Yuanfu at twenty-one years of age, was a feat that undoubtedly indicated her level of talent.

Shu Ruanyu couldn't be bothered with Hua Xiaoyun any longer. Hua Xiaoyun's countenance looked exceptionally awkward, he felt so terrible in his heart.

Now that his status within his Clan had declined so much, he even felt inferior in front of Yang Fan's fiancée. This feeling was embarrassing to the extreme.

Especially after he saw how Shu Ruanyu looked down on him, then he wanted nothing more than to press her down and force her into submission. Regretfully, he wouldn't have such a chance, he could only indulge in this wild fantasy in his heart.

Just then, a silhouette was seen slowly walking on the pathway

outside the tavern. He was cloaked in an overly large robe, his weird appearance instantly drawing the attention of many in the crowd.

Because this large figure didn't seem to have any hint of vitality burning within him, his face was as though it were made from gold, and the sharp slits in place of his eyes, didn't appear to be that of a human's.

Was this large figure a Puppet?

“Look over there.” In the distance, there was another figure cloaked in overly large robes making his way over as well. It invoked the same feeling the crowd sensed from the large figure with the golden face. How strange, it was as though there was someone intentionally letting their Puppets out for a walk.

At the same time this was occurring, a silhouette in a conical bamboo hat stood in the wine shack directly opposite to Hua Xiaoyun's tavern. He lowered his head, keeping to the shadows, while the centre of his brows seemed to glow, as though a third eye was there.

This person, was none other than Qin Wentian, who had come here immediately after he obtained the report on Hua Xiaoyun's whereabouts. Currently, this third eye was shining with a resplendent light. Abruptly, the sensitivity of his perception skyrocketed, each and every movement of the people around him couldn't escape his notice.

Some distance away, on the pathway, he saw a carriage driver as well as a silver-masked man who had an ancient sword strapped on his back. There was something strange about them...

“Hmm?” Qin Wentian faintly sensed that something was wrong. That silver-masked man actually had a cultivation base at the ninth-level of Yuanfu and that...that carriage driver? Qin Wentian couldn't perceive his strength.

Someone with a cultivation base hidden from his senses definitely indicated that that person was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign or beyond. But why was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign masquerading as an ordinary carriage driver?

Not only that, there weren't any goods inside the carriage, there were only three people whose eyes were gleaming with a sharp light.

Something was wrong!

Qin Wentian's sense of danger instantly tingled—he could tell that despite the slow pace of the horses, the carriage seemed to be moving in his direction.

“Bzz!” Suddenly, a silhouette materialized in front of Qin Wentian. This was none other than Qing'er. The moment she appeared, the gazes of the crowd in the wine shack instantly riveted onto her, as an expression of worship appeared on their faces.

It was as though she too could somehow sense someone tracking Qin Wentian's movements.

She was a maiden of few words, hence she didn't say anything more. She appeared instantly because after knowing that danger was incoming, she shouldn't be too far away from Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's perception soon discovered Hua Xiaoyun and his Heavenly Dipper Sovereign protector. Not only that, Hua Xiaoyun seemed to be making conversation with an extremely beautiful lady now, but that lady couldn't be bothered with him.

"Huh?" The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign protector who was standing at the back of Hua Xiaoyun frowned, his heart was suddenly seized with a strange feeling. It was as though he sensed somebody spying on him, yet he had no way to locate which direction the spying was from.

Was there a hidden expert observing him from the shadows?

Yet, Hua Xiaoyun couldn't sense this. He was currently staring at Shu Ruanyu with his eyes narrowed, a wretched light flickering in his eyes, as though he were thinking of something disgusting.

"BOOM!" Abruptly, it felt as though a bolt of lightning had gone off inside his mind, causing his brain to rumble. Groaning in pain, Hua Xiaoyun staggered backwards while clutching his head, his countenance had already paled with fright.

“Young Master!” the protector roared, he could sense that something was wrong. The explosions in Hua Xiaoyun’s head carried on, each explosion felt like the crazed howling of a terrifying beast that was intent on crushing his mind.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!” His mind continued to be under assault, Hua Xiaoyun’s body was instantly drenched in sweat as he trembled involuntarily with terror, trying his best to defend against the attack that seemed bent on dissipating his consciousness.

“Junior was brash, I APOLOGISE FOR ANY OF MY MISDEEDS THAT HAVE OFFENDED SENIOR!” Hua Xiaoyun howled, he could already sense the stench of death creeping up onto him. A technique with the ability to penetrate through space, attacking the minds of others through one’s will? At this level of power, the attacker was most definitely a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign!

AGM 296 - Power Of Space

The people in the tavern were all shocked by the sound of Hua Xiaoyun's crazed howling.

The eyes of the protector flashed with a glint of sharpness, his instincts were right. There had been someone spying on him earlier and now, that person even directed a will-attack at Hua Xiaoyun.

However, he couldn't sense anyone abnormal enough in the tavern to warrant suspicion. That must mean that the attacker wasn't actually in the tavern and was using a technique that could amplify his will, penetrating space in order to attack. Such an attack method caused even him to feel fear.

The beautiful eyes of Shu Ruanyu also flashed with a hint of shock. Who was this expert? Capable of unleashing such a devastating attack even from a distance.

"ARGHH..." Hua Xiaoyun let out a low-sounding miserable shriek as an expression of extreme distress and agony appeared on his face. The strength of this lightning-like will-attack grew increasingly powerful. A silhouette of an ancient primordial beast took form in his mind; it was emanating the will of a Mandate, wanting to shatter his consciousness.

Hua Xiaoyun's current cultivation base was slightly higher compared to back then when he was in Chu. However, because he was recovering from a grievous injury and with a mind wholly

bent on revenge, his improvement was limited. Although he was now at the fifth-level of Yuanfu, his foundations weren't that stable.

And as for his Mandate, it was still in the Initial Boundary stage. It was precisely because the will of his Mandate was weak that he found it extremely hard to defend against these kinds of insidious mind-attacks, powered by the will of the other party. The pain of his headaches, was even worse than death, he felt as though his mind was about to explode into pieces.

“Let's leave.” His protector grabbed Hua Xiaoyun and flew upwards. “Boom!” Since the protector had flown at a terrifying speed, a hole was blasted open on the roof. He had to bring Hua Xiaoyun away. If not, when Hua Xiaoyun's consciousness shattered, he would become nothing but a brain-dead vegetable. It was no different to being dead.

Shu Ruanyu glanced at the hole on the roof as she too, leapt upwards to soar in the skies. Who was this expert exactly?

The moment the protector escaped from the hold, an ice-cold blade's edge cleaved down from the Heavens. The sharpness of that blade light created a chill in the hearts of those who witnessed it.

After which, only a gigantic figure cloaked in large robes could be seen slamming downwards. The eyes of this figure were completely filled with a bone-chilling intent; it didn't seem like the eyes of a human.

“WHO?!”

The protector roared as he slammed up above with his palms several times. A massive wind kicked up as the blade descended, the currents of the powerful wind force altered the angle of the blade, causing it to miss its target.

“Bzzz!” The large figure wasn’t fazed, he immediately swept forth with his legs, both also flickering with that terrible ice-cold light. The protector of Hua Xiaoyun stiffened when he saw that the large figure’s legs were covered with razor sharp edges. With a roar of anger, he immediately unleashed his Astral Nova, which instantly transformed into a huge sabre, colliding directly with the large figure.

A thunderous sound echoed as Hua Xiaoyun’s protector quickly retreated. From the start of the fight till now, he had kept a tight hold on Hua Xiaoyun, yet for some reason, the expression of agony etched onto Hua Xiaoyun’s face seemed to be even more intense. It was as though that will-attack would continue on relentlessly, only stopping after it achieved its objective.

This caused his protector to turn ashen. This meant that there was still someone hiding in the shadows, but if this enemy was so powerful, why didn’t he directly attack?

At this moment, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but feel slightly depressed. His head was still lowered, the glowing of his third eye continued non-stop as it locked down on Hua Xiaoyun. However,

his perception told him that the carriage driver and the silver-masked man were now stealthily proceeding in his direction.

It seemed that these two were really here for him.

With two of his Puppets, in addition to his will-attack, he was confident that he could definitely kill Hua Xiaoyun. Not only that, if he was fast enough, he could immediately retreat after he succeeded, killing his target without a trace. Yet he had never expected that he would also be a target for others.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian’s third eye madly shot out his will of Mandate, bombarding Hua Xiaoyun’s consciousness. Hua Xiaoyun screamed repeatedly, yet his howls were getting lower and lower in volume. It appeared that he would soon no longer be able to withstand the pressure. Even if Qin Wentian didn’t directly attack him, he would die to this killing energy that was bypassing space.

They were getting nearer—that carriage driver got off, and walked slowly forwards with a hunched back, in perfect disguise. If it weren’t for Qin Wentian’s terrifying perception, he wouldn’t even have known how he’d died.

A crisp, gushing sound rang out, while Qin Wentian’s heart clenched. “Damn!” He knew there was no more time. He could have killed Hua Xiaoyun for sure if he had ten more breaths worth of time.

But sadly, at the climax of his will-attack, the driver chose precisely this moment to act.

Not only that, the will of the driver's Mandate interfered with his, cutting off his connection with Hua Xiaoyun. It enveloped and bore down onto Qin Wentian, and he felt as though his movements were restricted, as if trapped in a web.

As he inclined his head, his third eye had already snapped shut. His gaze flickered with an extremely cold light when he noticed the hunched-back driver suddenly straighten and vanish from sight. An intense burst of killing intent gushed forth, while the will of the driver's Mandate bound him from where he stood.

Qing'er's silhouette flickered as she instantly appeared in front of Qin Wentian. At this moment Qing'er's body seemed to be radiating a bizarre type of energy, and a breath of time later, the invisible restriction binding Qin Wentian, shattered away.

Waving her palms, a lotus materialized, spinning towards the driver at a terrifying speed. At the same time, she grabbed Qin Wentian and soared into the air.

"Mandate of Space? She'd actually comprehended the Mandate of Space at such a young age."

An expression of shock reflected in the eyes of the driver.

The Mandate of Space was an extremely oppressive Mandate. Perhaps the first and second boundaries weren't that powerful, but as one's comprehension deepens, the power of the Mandate of Space would undoubtedly be the strongest. He had once witnessed

for himself how terrifying the Mandate of Space was when he saw an expert using it against his opponents.

That beautiful maiden had actually comprehended such a Mandate, using space as an edge to sever away the will of his Mandate.

However, he wasn't slow to react, and in the blink of an eye, he too soared skywards, following after Qing`er. At the exact same moment, three other silhouettes burst out of the carriage and flew upwards, closely following after him.

Their movements instantly attracted the attention of those in the tavern. Only then did the relentless attack on Hua Xiaoyun stop. Hua Xiaoyun heaved a sigh of relief, his face was entirely devoid of blood while his body was drenched in the cold sweat of his fearful perspiration.

He too, sensed the eruption of combat nearby, and as he shifted his glance over, his gaze immediately stiffened.

“QIN WENTIAN!” Hua Xiaoyun's heart pounded madly. He naturally saw Qing`er as well—that earlier will-type attack must have been launched by Qing`er.

His face contorted with hatred; Hua Xiaoyun hadn't expected Qin Wentian would actually be hunting him as well.

“Kill him, KILL HIM FOR ME IMMEDIATELY!”

Hua Xiaoyun's crazed voice thundered in the air. Evidently, he understood that the people fighting against Qin Wentian were none other than the killers he had hired from the Shadow Pavilion.

"You bunch of trash, YOU BUNCH OF TRASH!!" Hua Xiaoyun raged. The killers he hired had allowed the target to use himself, the hirer, as bait. How despicable.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered with a coldness as he saw a long vine coiling around his body. Qing'er's palms glowed with a faint golden light as she slashed downwards, breaking the vine apart yet the vine instantly multiplied, as it madly shot forwards once more.

Qing'er frowned, her opponent's attack was extremely troublesome to deal with. It wouldn't be a problem for her, but Qin Wentian wouldn't find it as easy as her to get rid of them.

"Hiss..." Suddenly, a bunch of demonic snakes materialized from behind and swept towards Qin Wentian's back. This attack was unleashed by the female Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, who was none other than the wife of that driver.

The raging wind whistled as a golden-armored Puppet appeared from nowhere. Initially, Qin Wentian planned to use this Puppet to lay an ambush for Hua Xiaoyun, but now, he had no choice but to summon it back.

The sea of snakes were smashed into nothingness as that Madam and the golden-armored Puppet collided with each other.

However, in the instant before they clashed, the Madam sent out her palm as a gigantic python materialized in thin air.

Heaven's Destruction consisted of two Yuanfu cultivators and two Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. According to their plans, two of them, the master and the madam, would be sufficient to stall Qing`er and the two fourth-ranked Puppets, while their two disciples would then easily slaughter Qin Wentian. This was basically money falling from the Heavens.

Yet Qing`er's strength exceeded their expectations. She, who had comprehended the Mandate of Space, could control its form in such a way that the will of other Mandates were unable to penetrate through her protective layer of space, powerless from reaching her and Qin Wentian. To kill Qin Wentian, they would only need to suppress Qing`er for a single moment.

"Get over here." That python wrenched open its huge maw. In the next instant, Qin Wentian only felt a powerful suction force sucking him in that direction.

Although there were some accidents, the protector of Hua Xiaoyun had already blocked a fourth-ranked Puppet for them. It wasn't that difficult for them to kill Qin Wentian despite their original misjudgement of Qing`er.

Qing`er's beautiful eyes changed the moment she saw what was happening. After which, a golden lotus bloomed underneath her feet and spun rapidly, becoming increasingly larger, while a mysterious surge of energy emanated from it.

“I can deal with them...” Qing`er lightly stated, as the golden lotus enveloped the entire space. Qing`er grabbed Qin Wentian’s arms and flew towards the opposite direction.

“Let the golden-armored Puppet aid you,” Qin Wentian added in a low voice. Qing`er glanced back at him after a moment of thought and replied, “Nothing will happen to me.”

Her voice was still cold and aloof, both melodious and crisp, and as the sound of it faded, she pushed Qin Wentian out of the expanding lotus.

After he was pushed out, the petals of the golden lotus came together and closed; it was an extremely beautiful sight.

The golden lotus was half-translucent and one could clearly see everything that happened inside it. The gigantic lotus trapped the two Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns within.

“Mandate of Space, Qing`er is so powerful.”

Qin Wentian murmured, but he had to stop his musings because the other two people hidden inside the carriage from earlier had arrived. An overwhelming killing intent bore down on him, akin to the aura of death.

A brilliant light flashed, a terrifying lance appeared in Qin Wentian’s hands as a blood-colored stone monument floated up in

the air above him.

These two attackers weren't weak; one was at the eighth-level of Yunfu while the other was at the sixth. Qin Wentian could sense an extremely strong threat of danger from the both of them.

“Qin Wentian, you're dead for sure.” A wretched expression appeared on Hua Xiaoyun's face. It would be impossible for Qin Wentian to escape even if he were given wings.

Hua Xiaoyun's protector was still locked down in combat with the bladed Puppet, but with his level of power, he could have broken away from this battle and easily killed Qin Wentian. However, he didn't dare to. If he broke apart from the combat, this fourth-ranked bladed Puppet would definitely target Hua Xiaoyun. To him, Hua Xiaoyun's life was the most important thing he had to protect.

“So, he is Qin Wentian?” Shu Ruanyu asked Hua Xiaoyun in an icy voice. The flery red-colored skirt fluttered in the wind as her eyes narrowed, wearing an expression close to hatred when she stared at Qin Wentian.

Zhu Sha, was the husband of her aunt, and according to Yang Fan, Zhu Sha's death in the secret realm was caused by the youngest, fourth-ranked Grandmaster in the Moon Continent. “Yeah, he's Qin Wentian. Does Lady Shu have a grievance with him?” Hua Xiaoyun laughed, only to see Shu Ruanyu icily fix her stare at him as she remarked, “As a young master of the Hua Clan, you are utterly useless. It's quite a shameful thing, when compared to your older brother. You didn't

have the capabilities to kill him yourself, so you engaged a band of killers?”

“You...” Hua Xiaoyun’s smile froze upon his face, his expression slowly shifting into one of malevolence.

AGM 297 - Miserable Battle

Currently, the two Yuanfu cultivators of Heaven's Destruction had already surrounded Qin Wentian.

“Fourth-ranked Divine Weapon.” The eighth-level Yuanfu cultivator stared at the lance in Qin Wentian's hands—this fellow was too much of a gold mine. Their team had been in the killing business for many years and the majority of their wealth was obtained from their targets. To them, a fourth-ranked Divine Weapon was an extremely extravagant item, and as for fourth-ranked Puppets? There was no need to even talk about it.

If they could accomplish this mission, all these priceless treasures would belong to them. “Gravity.” The eighth-level Yuanfu cultivator unleashed the will of his Mandate. The Mandate he had comprehended was the first level of the Mandate of Great Earth, Gravity. At the Transformation Boundary, the force of gravity was strengthened by a factor of eight within a particular area.

In an instant, Qin Wentian felt his steps sinking into the ground, his body felt heavier, resulting in his movements becoming awkward.

A terrifying demonic qi surged, as the power in his bloodline howled. He wanted to use his tyrannical physique to make up for the loss of his movement's speed.

“Boom!” The cultivator at the eighth-level of Yuanfu made his move. A long spear appeared in his hands and unleashed a torrent

of stabs so quick that they seemed like a volley of explosive arrows being fired. Using his Mandate of Gravity, he then coated his attacks, giving his spear stabs additional force. If this attack were to land on an opponent, there were only two results possible—either being grievously injured, or death.

The long lance in Qin Wentian's hands also exploded forwards. Although he wasn't used to the force of gravity restraining his movements, his arms were still steady. As a radiant black-colored light erupted, the manifestation of a black dragon lunged out, directly clashing against the torrents of stabs unleashed by the spear. BOOOM! A deafening sound thundered, Qin Wentian felt his internal organs vibrating violently from the impact. The will of the Mandate of Gravity travelled through from the vibrations and directly attacked his internal organs, the pain causing him to groan involuntarily.

This guy's power wasn't restricted to the combat prowess of what an ordinary cultivator at the eighth-level of Yuanfu would possess. If it weren't for his tyrannical physique, he would have definitely been seriously injured by his opponent's strike.

"The fourth-rank Inscription embedded inside this lance is truly troublesome," Qin Wentian cursed silently, his Astral Energy frenziedly surging into the long lance, forming a connection with the Inscription within. He hadn't created the fourth-ranked Inscription in this weapon, hence he needed a tremendous amount of Astral Energy before he could even activate a portion of it.

But during actual combat, how could his opponent give him time? Right after his first blow, that eighth-level Yuanfu cultivator

immediately followed up with a second spear attack, even more ferocious than the one before.

“Great Earth Tremor.” The spear danced about like a dragon, weaving in spirals as it slammed into the ground. The whole earth trembled in response, as the momentum of the attack caused quakes to rock the entire ground. The eighth-level cultivator had already unleashed his earth-type Astral Soul, imbuing himself with ‘heaviness’ and further augmenting the power of his strikes.

Qin Wentian sliced the skin on his finger, channelling his blood into the Yellow Springs Monument as the monument blasted towards his opponent, interrupting the earth-type innate technique. The sixth-level Yuanfu cultivator didn’t hesitate, instantly sending out his palm and manifesting a ghostly-shadow claw resembling that of an apparition. It flew towards Qin Wentian, intending to lock its fingers onto his throat.

The Great Earth Tremor collided with the stone monument, Qin Wentian shifted his gaze towards his other opponent as their eyes locked for an instant. BOOOOM! In the next instant, the power of their wills collided in the air. Qin Wentian’s heart involuntarily pounded—this guy was capable of unleashing his Mandate’s will through his eyes as well.

The ghostly claw neared, black light shining from all five fingers as it targeted Qin Wentian’s throat.

But in the next moment, an extremely demonic aura gushed forth from Qin Wentian as his primordial bloodline sang in his veins. The quantity of demonic qi released was so colossal that it covered

the entire space.

“Sleep-Immersion.” Qin Wentian unleashed the will of his Mandate, causing a heavy bout of drowsiness to instantly assail his opponent.

That ghostly claw missed his throat, and ended up clutching onto his arm instead. Yet, the sixth-level Yuanfu cultivator discovered to his dismay that Qin Wentian’s arm was actually protected by a layer of scaly armor. The armor seemed to be created from demonic qi, and looked especially sturdy.

“Swoosh.” The ghostly claw slashed down and the might it contained actually cracked the demonic armor, causing fresh blood to leak out. Instantly, Qin Wentian countered with his shadow lance, directly stabbing forward at his opponent. The cultivator paled at the sudden attack, and hastily retreated. In the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian executed his Garuda Movement Technique to its utmost limits, as two large Garuda wings took form on his back. His body then shot straight forwards like a fired arrow.

“Puchi.” As the sounds of something being pierced rang out, the shadow lance had already penetrated through the throat of Qin Wentian’s opponent and then withdrawn.

“That level of defence...” Shu Ruanyu who watched from afar, was stunned. Qin Wentian’s entire arm had the complete characteristics of a true demon, its defence was almost beyond belief. And because his stone monument seemed to have a will of its own, blocking the path of the eighth-level Yuanfu Cultivator, it gave Qin Wentian enough time, as well as the opportunity, to

finish off this sixth-level Yuanfu opponent.

“JUNIOR BROTHER!” An echo of endless rage reverberated through the air. Abruptly, Qin Wentian felt so much pressure, it was as though his internal organs were caving in. His countenance turned white as he spat out a mouthful of blood, which he hurriedly channelled into the stone monument. Instantly, its crimson glow emanated with more intensity, as it vibrated at an increasing rate, creating several mini-explosions to rock the air. His opponent began to feel pain on an unbearable level.

He was constricted by gravity, while the frenzied blood circulation of his opponent caused his heart to pound madly.

The aura emitted by his shadow lance grew increasingly fearsome. Earlier, when he had stabbed the lance through the throat of the sixth-level Yuanfu opponent, he hadn't activated the Inscription embedded within it. Only a tremendous amount of Astral Energy being channelled into the fourth-ranked weapon would allow one to unleash its full power. To a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, they could infuse the weapon with the required energy in the blink of an eye, but Qin Wentian's cultivation base was still too low, he could only try channelling his energy into that weapon as quickly as possible.

“You are going to die.” His opponent's earth-type Astral Soul shone brighter and brighter as an Earthen Armor began forming around his body. The eyes of this eighth-level Yuanfu cultivator flared with unspoken hatred as he dashed forwards. Qin Wentian pierced forth with his finger, commanding the stone monument to fly forward while retreating rapidly.

At present, his opponent couldn't care less. He allowed the vibrating shockwaves caused by the Yellow Stone Monument to freely blast his body. That Earthen Armor effortlessly blunted the majority of the vibrational impact, to the point where there was almost no effect.

“Puchi!” The long spear moved with the speed of lightning, stabbing forth while imbued with the power of gravity. Qin Wentian's speed was greatly reduced under the effect of gravity increasing by a factor of 8, it was impossible for him to escape.

A terrifying cold light gushed out from his eyes as his Garuda Wings enfolded him. The amount of demonic qi emanating from him at this moment, was so towering that it even reached the skies.

RUMBLE...

Terrifying shockwaves blasted through the haze of demonic qi, that long spear directly penetrating the Garuda Wings. An extremely wretched appearance could be seen on the cultivator's face as he pushed the spear forward with all his strength. Qin Wentian must die.

“BREAK FOR ME!” the cultivator yelled. The demonic qi dissipated—the Garuda wings were broken apart. When Qin Wentian's silhouette appeared once again, the long spear had already slammed right into the left side of his chest, just a short distance away from rupturing his heart. However, in that exact

same moment when the Garuda Wings broke apart, the shadow lance was already flung out of Qin Wentian's hands. Its terrifying black light devoured the skies and earth, as the lance's Inscription activated its tyrannical power.

The hatred etched on the opponent's face was replaced by untold shock. He instantly reacted by flying backwards, only to feel an explosion down his spine as his vertebrae came close to shattering. The Yellow Spring Monuments slammed into his back with explosive speed, forcing him directly onto the path of the shadow lance's attack. A sharp, crisp piercing sound resounded—the shadow lance had pierced directly between the brows of the eighth-level Yuanfu cultivator. The ominous energy emitted by the shadow lance rumbled inside the cultivator's head and an instant later, he exploded into countless fragments.

Qin Wentian wrenched out the long spear embedded in his chest, the fresh blood leaking from his wound stained his robes red. His body trembled slightly, but the light in his eyes remained as cold as ever.

“Has he gone mad?” Shu Ruanyu couldn't help but feel a chill in her heart when she saw how Qin Wentian fought his battles. A fourth-level Yuanfu Cultivator had actually succeeded in killing two cultivators at the sixth and eighth-level? Although he accomplished that with the aid of his fourth-ranked Divine Weapon and that mysterious stone monument, it was sufficient to show how ruthless Qin Wentian could be, gambling everything for a moment's advantage. Qin Wentian was extremely terrifying! If that spear had pierced him just a few inches more to the centre, he would already be dead by now.

Of course, her judgement could also tell that even without the fourth-ranked lance and that stone monument, Qin Wentian's combat prowess was fearsome in its own right, far exceeding the level of his cultivation base. She even speculated on whether he could kill opponents at the sixth-level of Yuanfu without depending on the aid from his two earlier weapons. In any case, Qin Wentian should have exhausted all the Astral Energy in his body, leaving him incapable of activating the fourth-ranked Divine Weapon. It was only to be expected, since after all, he was still only at the fourth-level of Yuanfu.

“Go kill him for me.” Over at a distance, Hua Xiaoyun commanded his protector. His protector was standing in front of him, while a group of Puppets surrounded them, albeit at a distance away. One Puppet was fourth-ranked, while the others were third-ranked.

“Young Master, your safety is more important.” The protector tried to dissuade him.

“You useless shit, what do I need you around for then? You can't even finish off these Puppets?” Hua Xiaoyun unhappily exclaimed.

“Young Master, I can easily deal with the third-ranked Puppets, but they're only watching you from far away. As for that fourth-ranked Puppet, it's tremendously difficult to forge and hence its value is several times higher compared to fourth-ranked Divine Weapons. The attacking-type Divine Inscription embedded in it has power equivalent to that of a Heavenly Sovereign's innate technique. Its only weakness is that it's not as nimble as humans. If I didn't have to protect young master, I naturally could defe...”

The protector didn't continue his sentence, yet Hua Xiaoyun's expression darkened considerably. Was his protector trying to say that he was useless?

"No worries, let me settle the third-ranked Puppets for you." A voice drifted over, and they turned to see a person, whose features were cloaked in a silver-mask, dashing towards the third-ranked Puppets. As his sword left his scabbard, a cold light flashed. A Puppet raised its arms in defence but all was useless before the sharpness of his attacks.

Swift, extremely swift. His sword sliced through their metal bodies as easily as if they were made of paper. The third-ranked Puppet was instantly split apart into two.

"What a terrifying sword." The protector of Hua Xiaoyun marvelled, he wondered where had this peak-level Yuanfu expert come from.

Yet, Qin Wentian's gaze stiffened. These third-ranked Puppets just weren't powerful enough compared to the golden guardians in the secret realm, be it in terms of defence or offense.

And wasn't this silver-masked figure acquainted with the carriage driver? To think that his combat prowess would be so high.

"You will die for certain." Shu Ruanyu moved towards Qin Wentian. "It's obvious that the silver-masked guy is here for you

and that he wanted those four assassins to kill you. But in the end, you were stronger than expected. He will surely come to kill you the moment the other Puppets are defeated, and without your last trump cards where does that leave you?" Shu Ruanyu smiled coldly.

"Do I even know you?" Qin Wentian stared at the beauty in front of him, it didn't seem that he had met her before.

"You don't need to. It's good enough if I know you. Since you're going to die here anyway, then you might as well DIE BY MY HANDS!" Shu Ruanyu's Astral Souls rumbled as a silhouette covered in flames materialized.

During combat, the majority of Stellar Martial Cultivators at the Yuanfu level would automatically release their third Astral Souls, with the third one being the strongest. Shu Ruanyu's third Astral Soul hailed from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and the flames surrounding it gave rise to a terrifying temperature.

"Are you so confident that you can kill me?" An ice-cold intent shot forth from Qin Wentian's eyes as the demonic qi he emanated grew increasingly stronger.

"Stop acting, the majority of the Astral Energy within your Yuanfu must have already been depleted. You can't even activate the fourth-ranked Divine Weapon any more," Shu Ruanyu faintly spoke, yet her words contained a thick sense of arrogance.

Since it had come to this, she would be the one to avenge her

aunt's husband, Zhu Sha!

AGM 298 - Madness

“And given your current injuries, even though your normal rate of recovery might be astounding, but now the speed of your wounds healing should still be affected.” Shu Ruanyu glanced again at the spot where the long spear had pierced past. If that spear throw had been a little more accurate, or if Qin Wentian’s was just a bit slower in killing his opponent, he would have already died.

Qin Wentian’s recovery was indeed extremely powerful, the blood within his body gurgled, as his wounds had already stopped bleeding.

Qin Wentian glanced at the fourth-ranked weapon in his hands, what Shu Ruanyu said was true, attempting to use this weapon in his current state would indeed be an immense burden on his body. With a slight intention of his will, Qin Wentian kept the shadow lance, his actions causing Shu Ruanyu to be somewhat stunned.

She glanced at him as an arrogant light glinted in her eyes. “I’ll let you die knowing the truth. The man you killed, Zhu Sha, he was my aunt’s husband.”

“ROAR!” The low-sounding growl of a beast resounded in the air. Shu Ruanyu frowned and turning her gaze over, seeing a gigantic demonic beast galloping towards her. Several silhouettes were riding on top of the demonic beast, and one of them was an acquaintance of hers. A Heavenly Fate Ranker, Bailu Jing.

“Huh?”

Not far away, the silver-masked figure was destroying those third-ranked Puppets, he had expected Qin Wentian would die undoubtedly yet he didn't think that there would be complications once again. Seems like if he didn't personally make a move, there was no way for the mission to succeed.

Bailu Jing wasn't someone Shu Ruanyu would be able to defeat.

His sword intent pervaded the air and instantly, the silver-masked swordsman sped over as he unleashed his will from the Mandate of Sword. Qin Wentian felt a terrifying sword intent gushing into his body, as though he would be lacerated apart at any second.

Bailu Jing flew up in the air as his Hurricane and Seven Slaughters Astral Soul exploded into being. His movements blended into the wind as he rose into the clouds, his killing intent covering the whole skies. Unleashing his Great Sun Nine Beheadings technique, the sword intent was dispersed into nothingness, cancelled out by the power of his attack.

“Who are you?” Bailu Jing stared at the silver-masked swordsman, yet he didn't receive a reply. The silver-masked swordsman slashed out once more with his sword, but he didn't release his Astral Souls to augment his attack. It was as though he feared that he would be recognized.

“Shu Ruanyu, I'll make you move faster.” That silver-masked

figure exchanged blows with Bailu Jing, entangling him in a fight while he shouted to Shu Ruanyu.

Shu Ruanyu nodded as flames erupted out from her body. The surroundings became so scorched that Qin Wentian felt as though his body was about to burst into flames.

The first level insights of the Mandate of Flames, Ignition. Not only that, Shu Ruanyu's had already mastered her first level insight up to the Transformation Boundary, and so her flame attacks were exceedingly ferocious.

"The figure of this woman is not bad at all, she seems pretty yummy," Fan Le murmured, his words causing Shu Ruanyu's expression to instantly turn to frost. A murderous urge shone in her eyes, yet Fan Le didn't care at all. He even narrowed his eyes and purposely directed his gaze onto those voluptuous boobs of hers, roaming over it several times while licking his lips. His actions caused the flames surrounding her to crackle even more intensely.

"You're courting death," Shu Ruanyu's tender voice thundered. She took a step forwards as her jade-like hands slammed out, manifesting a blazing palm imprint directly towards Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang.

Qin Wentian released both his Heavenly Hammer and Great Dream Astral Soul. Although the radiance of his Astral Souls were dimmed by his cloaking technique, the shine around it was still extremely resplendent.

Unleashing the will of his Mandates, Qin Wentian's blood surged as the demonic qi he exuded soared up to the skies. Strength against strength, he took a step forward and slammed forth a palm of his own. Runic outlines of a Great Roc coalesced and intertwined, instantly transforming into a corporeal Great Roc, directly colliding with the blazing palm. Not only that, the Yellow Springs Monument also kicked into action. It flew towards Shu Ruanyu, while the waves of pressure it emitted caused her blood circulation and heartbeat to quicken.

“Big Bro Mang, Flame On!”

Fan Le's Empyrean Flames bloodline boiled as golden flames flickered into existence all around his body. Channeling the energy of his blood into his hand, he pressed his palm down onto Chu Mang's back, causing Chu Mang's body to light up with the golden flames as well.

As his Astral Souls were unleashed, Chu Mang howled in madness, pulling on the strings of his bow and explosively firing three arrows simultaneously.

Shu Ruanyu furrowed her brows, the Astral Light emitted by her flame-type Astral Soul shone upon her as an armor of flame took form, cloaking her entire figure.

“BOOM!” A powerful force pierced right into the armor of flame and the jolt from the impact forced Shu Ruanyu backwards in retreat. Qin Wentian rose into the air, appearing to be channeling

his energy.

Within his body, he was converting Divine Energy from third-ranked Divine Inscriptions. Currently, one of his Yuanfu had already dried up, and so he was channeling the majority of Astral Energy remaining inside his second Yuanfu, transforming it into a formidable tempest of combat-type Divine Inscriptions.

Although it was impossible for him to inscribe fourth-ranked Inscriptions during intense combat to deal with his enemies, if he could unleash a boundless amount of third-ranked combat Divine Inscription, fuse them together in an instant, then the resulting power of that strike was definitely something Shu Ruanyu couldn't defend against. This reckless method of attacking was too crazed, like sacrificing eight hundred allied troops to kill a thousand enemy troops. It would be a pyrrhic victory, as the amount of expenditure with regards to Astral Energy was so astronomical that even the word terrifying wasn't sufficient to describe it.

But now, he had to try. Having access to Divine Energy as well as three Yuanfu was his advantage.

“Chi, chi, chi...” An endless volley of arrows landed on Shu Ruanyu's body. At such a close-distance, there was no way she could accurately block all the arrows that were fired in insta-speed. Especially those annoying arrows that could change their direction, they were extremely troublesome to deal with. Fan Le didn't attack directly. He used his powerful intention to control the direction of Chu Mang's shot, always changing the trajectory of the fired arrows at the last moment, greatly confusing Shu Ruanyu.

In just a few breaths of time, Shu Ruanyu's face had turned red from all her exertions. She kept feeling a peculiar sensation coming from an area around her voluptuous chest.

Fan Le was actually controlling the arrows to repeatedly slam onto her breasts. Although she was shielded by the armor of flames, such an attack provoked her into a crazed state of fury.

Qin Wentian perspired madly in his heart when he saw the target of the arrows' attack. This damn fatty was truly a genius, he wanted to drive this woman to her death just from anger.

But still, that flame armor of Shu Ruanyu's was definitely the product of an innate technique. If not, how could Chu Mang's combat prowess—being at the sixth-level of Yuanfu and in addition to his terrifying archery—fail to have pierced through armor made of Astral Energy?

The glow around the flame armor gradually grew brighter, the light from Shu Ruanyu's Astral Soul cascaded unceasingly down upon it. Her aura now had a menacing quality to it, and as she stepped forwards, the will of her Mandate was reinforced, causing Qin Wentian to feel that his body was about to combust.

However, Qin Wentian continued to channel his Astral Energy. To buy himself time, he decisively slammed a palm towards the injured area of his chest, causing blood to splatter which he channelled into the stone monument. The crimson glow strengthened, and so did its pressure. The waves of tension soared

upwards in intensity, boring down onto Shu Ruanyu.

“Ruanyu!” Just at that moment, a stream of light shot forth from behind her, the palms of this silhouette made a grasping motion, as the terrifying might from the Star-Seizing Palm Imprint grabbed towards Qin Wentian.

“Yang Fan.” Qin Wentian countenance sank, and he retreated with explosive speed. In spite of his this, that overwhelming palm imprint still managed to slam into his body, the impact making Qin Wentian cough up blood as he was flung through the air.

“COURTING DEATH!” Yang Fan roared, his eyes were like lightning, as he blasted forth with his Star-Seizing Palms towards Fan Le and Chu Mang. The shrill whistling of the countless arrows all disintegrated under the might of his palm strike. A deafening sound rumbled the void as Fan Le and Chu Mang, were similarly flung through the air.

Compared to the rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, the disparity between them and Chu Mang and Fan Le was indeed too far apart.

“Return!” Qin Wentian’s aura circulated, and as the word of his command rang out, that fourth-ranked bladed Puppet dashed right towards Yang Fan with unbelievable speed. Yang Fan was apprehensive—that Puppet’s arm slash was compacted with such power that it even tore apart space.

Currently, a brutal, murderous light shone in Qin Wentian’s

eyes. He no longer gave a damn who his opponent was. Since things had already come to this, there was no need to show any more mercy.

“Bring me there, and you go kill him!” Hua Xiaoyun screeched the moment he saw the fourth-ranked Puppet retreating. That protector nodded his head and grabbed Hua Xiaoyun as they flew through the air. But before that sovereign could make his move, Qin Wentian already acted. An extremely cold light flickered in Qin Wentian eyes as his silhouette flickered, only a blurry image could be seen as he shuttled towards Shu Ruanyu.

When Shu Ruanyu saw Qin Wentian take the initiative to move towards her, an expression of extreme rage flashed through her eyes. The flames coating her palms intensified to the point it resembled molten lava, containing a blistering hot aura.

“Swish.” A violent wind kicked up as Qin Wentian erupted forth towards Shu Ruanyu.

“You’re seeking death.” Those molten, lava-like palms blasted out, aiming straight for Qin Wentian. The heat generated was so intense that it felt capable of burning even the Heavens.

Simultaneously, Qin Wentian slammed forth with both his palms as well. At that instant, his Yuanfu rumbled as the Astral Energy within was being frenziedly channeled through his arterial pathways. An overwhelming amount of Divine Inscriptions fused together and erupted outwards at the same time, manifesting into a gigantic sword of massacres as well as a terrifyingly gargantuan Roc, whose wings blotted out the sun.

The aura of destruction engulfed Shu Ruanyu, and she felt utter helplessness in the face of such a devastating attack. She unleashed a torrent of palm strikes, hoping to break apart the manifestations of the fused Inscriptions, but in the face of such impending danger, she had long forgotten about the Yellow Springs Monument. The monument explosively slammed into her, causing Shu Ruanyu to moan in agony as she involuntarily coughed out a mouthful of blood, her armor of flames finally shattering into fragments.

In the midst of that tempest of destruction, she could only see a single pair of demonic-looking eyes. And as their eyes met, she felt her mind being jolted by a powerful sense of electricity.

“SCRAM!” Although Shu Ruanyu anticipated that Qin Wentian would use this moment to initiate his attack, but what she hadn’t expected was how fierce his counterattack would be. If not, she would never have made the choice to enter close-combat against him.

“Chi...” A mouthful of boiling blood from Qin Wentian, splattered onto Shu Ruanyu’s face, causing her to instinctively close her eyes. In the next instant, a pair of palms filled with a terrifying energy directly slammed right into her chest, as waves of destruction were frenziedly channelled right into her body.

“BZZZ!” The violent flames combusted, Qin Wentian’s body was burning together as well.

“Do you wish to perish together?” A voice akin to the frost of

winter penetrated through Shu Ruanyu's mind, causing her heart to tremble. Qin Wentian didn't take pity on her and relentlessly continued, grabbing her with one hand and slamming palm strikes into her with the other, each blow forcing more blood to flow out from her lips.

“RELEASE HER!”

A voice filled with incomparable rage thundered out. As the fourth-ranked bladed Puppet gave up on entangling Hua Xiaoyun's protector and dashed towards Yang Fan back then, Qin Wentian had already caught hold of Shu Ruanyu. To those viewing from the side, it appeared as though Qin Wentian was hugging Shu Ruanyu in a tight embrace.

Witnessing such a scene, how could Yang Fan not be angered? Shu Ruanyu's beautiful eyes widened in fright, as her countenance trembled.

She initially had an opportunity to break the hold, but the moment Qin Wentian's words penetrated through her mind—“Do you wish to perish together?”—caused a slight moment of hesitation in her actions. Qin Wentian didn't stand on ceremony and even took the opportunity to launch a few more attacks against her, suppressing her completely.

Similarly, Qin Wentian was also grievously injured. If he hadn't made that desperate gamble on his life, he wouldn't have the opportunity to suppress Shu Ruanyu at all. And now, the Astral Energy within the three Yuanfu in his body was all almost dried up. Only the Yuanfu corresponding with the Demon Sovereign still

had Astral Energy left within it. But, considering this kind of intense battle, the amount of energy he had left wouldn't be able to sustain him for much longer.

“You are Zhan Chen.” Bailu Jing's voice suddenly cut through the void.

Qin Wentian's eyes grew incomparably frigid as he gazed at the silver-masked swordsman, before shifting his gaze onto Yang Fan and Hua Xiaoyun who were near the surroundings.

It seemed like these Moon Continent people could no longer tolerate his existence. But, then again, what did he have to fear?!

As he thought of this, a harsh glint of ruthlessness flashed past his eyes!

AGM 299 - Only To Kill You

Zhan Chen, a Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall.

Yang Fan, a Heaven's Chosen from the Star-Seizing Manor.

Hua Xiaoyun, even though he was nothing, his elder brother was Hua Taixu, the number one ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

These people all hated him. And from Zhan Chen's perspective, death was the best keeper of secrets, and he wanted to silence Qin Wentian for all eternity. Maybe in Yang Fan's eyes, it didn't matter if Qin Wentian existed or not, but since they happened to meet each other here, he might as well finish him off.

If that was the case, this meant that he could no longer stay in the Moon Continent. Since he could no longer stay here, why fear?

"Hehe." Qin Wentian inclined his head, laughing mirthlessly, as he saw Hua Xiaoyun's protector dashing his way, "If you don't wish for her to die, you had better stand there obediently and not move a muscle."

"What has she got to do with me?" Hua Xiaoyun's protector coldly replied.

"You should say that to Yang Fan, not me." Qin Wentian continued laughing coldly. Hua Xiaoyun's protector froze, he no longer dared to act recklessly. Yang Fan would definitely not spare

Qin Wentian if he truly killed this woman. Even a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign such as him wouldn't be able to evade the arms of the Star-Seizing Manor and would be swept up in Yang Fan's rage.

"Release her, and the grudge between us shall come to an end," Yang Fan icily stated.

"Make your move if you wish to. You only wish to settle the grudge between us now?" Qin Wentian's frigid stare swept over Yang Fan. Release Shu Ruanyu? He might not even live to walk out of the Moon Continent.

He was vastly more experienced compared to before, so how could he believe the lies of his enemies so easily?

"Little Rascal, come here." Qin Wentian gazed at Little Rascal, and within moments, Little Rascal dashed over with Fan Le and Chu Mang on its back.

"Release me." Shu Ruanyu felt incomparably embarrassed at this moment. Qin Wentian held her tightly with his arms locked around her, their bodies glued to each other.

"Miss Shu is such a great joker." Qin Wentian's palm wavered as he slammed yet another palm strike into Shu Ruanyu. The terrifying might of that strike gushed inside her body, Shu Ruanyu's body was involuntarily wrecked with pain.

"Didn't Miss Shu want to kill me earlier? Stop saying things to

make me laugh.” Qin Wentian diabolically grinned. Yang Fan expression turned grim and forbidding, the towering rage he exuded was palpable in the air.

He was feeling extraordinary shame and humiliation; Shu Ruanyu was his fiancée, yet she was locked in Qin Wentian’s grasp and subjected to his every whims and desire.

“If you dare to touch her again, no matter how slightly, I guarantee you won’t live to see tomorrow,” Yang Fan threatened.

“Being able to die with a beauty in my arms? I have no further regrets,” Qin Wentian sarcastically replied, no fear in his eyes.

Qin Wentian’s searing gaze swept through the space and landed on the silver-masked swordsman, before shifting back to Yang Fan as he smiled, “However, Yang Fan, your feelings for this woman seem genuine. At the very least, you are unlike Zhan Chen. You are many times better compared to him.”

“BZZZ!”

At the sound of his voice faded, a sword beam immediately slashed his way. Bailu Jing jumped in front of him to deflect the sudden attack, as Qin Wentian coldly laughed, “Seems like you are really Zhan Chen.”

The eyes of the silver-masked swordsman stiffened, knowing in his heart that he just fell for the trap. Qin Wentian then continued,

“Zhan Chen, in the secret realm you were afraid to cross that barrier, hence you fed a medicinal pellet to your companion that would ignite her potential and force her to do your bidding. Eventually, you would have forced her to trigger the traps which would have resulted in her death. Yet, this secret of yours was discovered by me, and because you were too anxious to silence me, you became careless.”

After Qin Wentian’s voice had dissipated in the air, the crowd all word dumbfounded expressions on their faces as extreme shock rocked their hearts.

Zhan Chen was the one that personally killed his own companion?

Since Zhan Chen wanted to kill him so much, there was no need to keep this matter a secret any longer. Let’s see how he would explain the incident to the Pill Emperor Palace upon his return later on.

“That pitiful woman, despite knowing you have the heart of the wolf, she willingly consumed that medicinal pill and died for you. Zhan Chen, do you even have any remaining shreds of conscience in that blackened heart of yours?” Qin Wentian coldly stated. The silver-masked swordsman halted his actions, not daring to launch another attack. If he continued forward, it would erase all doubts that his identity was Zhan Chen.

Also, that would mean that there was truth behind Qin Wentian’s words.

Zhan Chen would never admit the fact outright, so even if the hatred within him had reached its boiling point, he would still choose to tolerate it. After all no one had seen his true self before, and as the perfect gentleman, Zhan Chen naturally wouldn't stoop to actions like this, killing people to silence them.

However, in his heart, he had just sentenced Qin Wentian to death.

“Brother Jing, if in the future Zhan Chen makes a move against you, it can only mean that this silver-masked guy in front of us, is the very man himself.” Qin Wentian coldly smiled. Since Zhan Chen chose not to admit his past deeds, Qin Wentian would add even more coal into the fire. In future, if Zhan Chen dared to act rashly against him, it would mean confessing that he had done all that Qin Wentian claimed. If that happened, even the Pill Emperor Hall wouldn't help him. This breath of vengeance, Zhan Chen would only temporarily hold it in. He would never admit it was him even if he had to die, and the very fact of him coming masked to kill Qin Wentian was already sufficient to condemn him should his true identity be found out.

At this moment, his hatred for Qin Wentian could reach to the skies.

“You are dead for sure,” Hua Xiaoyun sneered as the expression on his face became increasingly wretched. Qin Wentian must be a madman; holding Yang Fan's fiancée hostage and then exposing Zhan Chen's secret. Whether or not his claims were true, Zhan Chen would absolutely seek his death. There was no need for Zhan

Chen to admit to his identity as the masked figure, or even to react to Qin Wentian's accusation. He only had to declare that Qin Wentian was maliciously slandering him, and then no one would bat an eye if he chose to slay Qin Wentian. Without a doubt, Qin Wentian was dead.

Qin Wentian didn't bother himself with Hua Xiaoyun; he was staring in the direction of Qing'er's battle. Moments later, cracks appeared on the surface of the half-translucent golden lotus, as Qing'er appeared once more.

That golden-armored Puppet was already destroyed, and the reason for its destruction was because it worked together with Qing'er to slay that enemy female who was also at the Heavenly Dipper level. Using a Puppet in exchange for the life of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? Worth it.

Three out of four members of Heaven's Destruction had already died, their assassination mission this time around had been a disaster.

And as for that remaining carriage driver, his eyes were filled with killing intent billowing stronger and stronger as he stared hatefully at Qing'er. Of all four in Heaven's Destruction, his level of power was the highest.

"Go first," Qing'er's melodious voice rang out. Qin Wentian knew that Qing'er was talking to him.

"Nothing will happen to me." Seeing Qin Wentian remaining

motionless, Qing`er reiterated again, her voice brimming with a quiet confidence.

“I’m not worried about him,” Qin Wentian replied.

Qing`er’s beautiful eyelashes fluttered. Qin Wentian couldn’t care less about the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Heaven’s Destruction. He was more worried about the other powers from the Moon Continent, for example, the Star-Seizing Manor joining forces to kill Qing`er.

“My master has given me a life-saving treasure...”

This time around, Qing`er’s voice directly channeled into Qin Wentian’s ears, as an expression of understanding flashed on his face.

Yeah, Qing`er was Fairy Qingmei’s favorite disciple, how could she not have a few life-saving treasures on her? When Fairy Qingmei sent Qing`er to protect him, she would have anticipated a few occasions where Qing`er might be in danger herself.

“Fine, I’ll kill one more before I leave,” Qin Wentian faintly replied, after which his gaze shifted into the direction of Hua Xiaoyun.

Because Hua Xiaoyun commanded his protector to bring him over to kill Qin Wentian earlier, his distance wasn’t that far away now from Qin Wentian’s current position. Currently, Qin

Wentian's fourth-ranked bladed Puppet was stationed in front of them, monitoring their actions.

Qin Wentian's eyes were filled with a fearsome glacial light, and just a single glance caused Hua Xiaoyun's soul to freeze. At this moment. Qin Wentian was helpless to defend himself, yet he was still thinking of killing him? Fan Le and Chu Mang had completed their preparations, and arrows were already nocked in their bows, ready to be fired at a moment's notice.

The countenance of Hua Xiaoyun's protector sunk, grabbing Hua Xiaoyun as he begun to rapidly retreat. At the same time, the fourth-ranked bladed Puppet also rushed out.

Qing'er seemingly understood Qin Wentian's intentions. With a wave of her hands, the will of her Mandate of Space flooded out, creating an invisible spatial wall in front of the space where Hua Xiaoyun and his protector were rushing towards to, causing the protector to slam into it. An instant's delay, but the time it bought was already sufficient for the bladed Puppet to catch up.

Little Rascal's silhouette flickered as it dashed towards Hua Xiaoyun with Qin Wentian and the rest on its back.

The purpose of Qin Wentian's visit to the Moon Continent was to slay Hua Xiaoyun. Now that Hua Xiaoyun was so near to him, how could he not seize this opportunity?

"You're crazy!" Hua Xiaoyun howled as he saw Qin Wentian getting nearer and nearer. Hua Xiaoyun's protector fended off the

attacks of the bladed Puppet, and just as he was about to send forth a palm strike, he froze in mid-motion when he saw Shu Ruanyu being used as Qin Wentian's shield. If he attacked, the first one to die would be Shu Ruanyu.

“SCRAM!” With a roar of wrath, the protector slammed both his palms containing an overwhelming might onto the head of the bladed Puppet. In the next instant, something inside the Puppet cracked, and it began to tremble, as though it were imploding within.

At the same time, Qin Wentian's third eye appeared, radiating a golden light right into the eyes of Hua Xiaoyun.

Hua Xiaoyun's mind rumbled as he started in fear. The one that attacked him before wasn't Qing'er, but was Qin Wentian instead?

“BOOOOM!” His mind felt as though it were about to explode. Desperately clutching his head with his arm, Hua Xiaoyun howled in crazed agony. At the same time, a volley of arrows rained down upon them, and the protector's countenance drastically changed. With a huge roar, he released one of his palms from the Puppet and slammed it skywards, the might contained within exploded outwards, destroying the entire volley of arrows fired at them. It wasn't so easy for him to finally have a chance to destroy that damnable Puppet, but in order to save Hua Xiaoyun's life, he had no choice but to halt his destruction of the Puppet.

“ARGHH!”

That protector suddenly lets out a bloodcurdling scream. Qin Wentian's mind imprint had not completely faded away yet. At the same instant of that protector's attempt at defense, he had commanded the Puppet to pierce its arms forward, impaling the protector and skewering their bodies.

“RUMBLEEEEE~” The fourth-ranked Puppet self-destructed, the immolation engulfing the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign together in a sea of fire. The creator of this fourth-ranked Puppet was too vicious; he actually hid a mechanism for self-destruction that would activate just before the Puppet was destroyed.

“HUA XIAOYUN!”

A roar thundered out, so loud that it could tremble the Heavens. Hua Xiaoyun forced himself to open his eyes through a haze of pain only to see Qin Wentian's finger piercing forwards. Right at that instant, boundless amounts of demonic qi spiralled about, gushing outwards, causing the entire space to darken. As that finger descended, the whole region was engulfed in an instant of darkness. The demonic qi was breaking apart the heavens!

“I journeyed to the Moon Continent for one purpose and one purpose only. I came here to kill you.”

Hua Xiaoyun's mind was in a state of blankness, only the icy voice of Qin Wentian kept reverberating within.

Did he come all the way to the Moon Continent just to kill him?

“Chi!”

The Heaven Breaking Finger directly penetrated through Hua Xiaoyun’s head, instantly reaping his life.

Although he wasn’t that proficient in the Heaven Breaking Finger yet, his level of prowess was more than sufficient to slay Hua Xiaoyun with an attack that could penetrate through space.

Only Hua Xiaoyun’s death would be sufficient atonement for what he did to Qingcheng. Qin Wentian spared nothing and sacrificed everything in Chu just to chase Hua Xiaoyun all the way to the Moon Continent, if for nothing else but to slay him.

The instant the Heaven Breaking Finger landed, Little Rascal had already turned and blasted off at top speed.

“Ugh...” Hua Xiaoyun’s protector finally walked out of that sea of immolation. His body was horribly burned and embedded with countless bladed fragments.

That fourth-ranked bladed Puppet was no more, but he paid his life to kill it. And Hua Xiaoyun, the one he was supposed to protect, had already died. He had to escape now; the protector didn’t even have the slightest inclination to kill Qin Wentian any more. He could only think about how to preserve his life. Since Hua Xiaoyun, a person of the direct lineage of Hua Clan had died under his protection, Hua Xiaoyun’s parents and elder brother would surely take out their fury on him. He had to escape now!

The battle today could be said to have been extremely devastating—all of Qin Wentian's Puppets were destroyed, and he was also grievously injured in the process.

Yang Fan stepped out, chasing after Qin Wentian who wanted to escape, as he icily stated, "Release my companion."

"If you dare to pursue, try me and see if I don't dare to kill her. Let me go now and I, Qin Wentian, guarantee I won't harm a single hair on her head." Qin Wentian's voice drifted over.

"How can I trust you?"

"As his friend, I can vouch for the veracity of his character. He will definitely release Shu Ruanyu. You can take my life if he really kills her," Bailu Jing added. Qin Wentian was extremely moved—to allow Qin Wentian to leave with no impediments, Bailu Jing stepped out and made a promise with his life on the line.

How could Zhan Chen, a chosen who was ranked #11, be unable to defeat Bailu Jing? It was because Qin Wentian seized the initiative and called him out, resulting in Zhan Chen not daring to release his Astral Souls nor use his strongest innate techniques. Without using his full strength, he found it impossible to overpower Bailu Jing and hence had been locked in combat with him up till now, neither side gaining the advantage over the other.

"Fine, Qin Wentian, you better remember this. If anything happens to Shu Ruanyu, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi will definitely die." The coldness of Yang Chen's voice was bone-chillingly cold.

“I, Qin Wentian, am a man of my words. Be that as it may, Yang Fan and Zhan Chen, I will definitely remember all that has happened today.” The silhouette of Little Rascal soared through the skies and vanished in the horizon. Yang Fan halted his steps, staring into the distance.

All things considered, Qin Wentian was fortunate to barely survive. The appearance of Bailu Jing and Bailu Yu was a good indicator of the White Deer Institute’s acceptance of him, but if he hadn’t decided to take a gamble and hold Shu Ruanyu hostage, then Yang Fan alone would be enough to hold him back!

AGM 300 - Gazing At The Heavenly Fate

Ranking

Yang Fan decided not to pursue him, there would be other opportunities to kill Qin Wentian in the future. Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi had an extremely close relationship with Qin Wentian, and now that they were in his hands, Yang Fan believed that Qin Wentian wouldn't dare do anything to Shu Ruanyu.

Qin Wentian wasn't worried as well. He had already accomplished the things he set out to do in the Moon Continent. Hua Xiaoyun was dead, and the White Deer Institute knew of his existence. There was also no need for him to worry about the Pill Emperor Hall and Star-Seizing Manor from making a move against him. After all, to the Pill Emperor Palace, the only person he offended was Zhan Chen and to the Star-Seizing Manor, the only person he had a grudge with, was Yang Fan.

The transcendent powers would never stoop down to interfere in matters relating to their junior generations. Ultimately, the one power that would bring danger to Qin Wentian was the Hua Clan. Although Hua Xiaoyun no longer had any status in his family, his parents and elder brother, Hua Taixu, definitely wouldn't let Qin Wentian get away with his murder.

This Moon Continent, it was no longer a safe place for him to stay in.

Speeding their way through, Little Rascal's speed was even more breath-taking now compared to before. They traveled straight through the closest available eastern path and exited the

boundaries of the Moon Continent.

Amidst the clouds, Qin Wentian's gaze fell onto the countless buildings that made up the Moon Continent. In Grand Xia, there were thousands upon thousands of countries and great cities, and perhaps his deeds in the Moon Continent would only be considered as a miniscule ink stroke brushing across the records of history. Although his exploits were shocking, it couldn't be compared to those major events that revolved around Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

But despite how small and inconsequential he was, Qin Wentian's earlier words were powerful enough to cause a tsunami of commotion. Particularly within the Pill Emperor Hall, there were countless disciples discussing the matter regarding Zhan Chen.

Just as Qin Wentian had predicted, Zhan Chen naturally denied his involvement. He maintained an unyielding stance on the matter and repeatedly informed his master that Qing Yue's death solely lay at Qin Wentian's feet.

Whispers of these discussions eventually reached Mo Qingcheng's ears. Very swiftly, she was soon informed of Qin Wentian's escapades, as well as the price he had paid. In the Pill Emperor Hall's grand hall, situated above 99 flights of stairs, Mo Qingcheng silently walked to her destination. Each step was filled with incomparable heaviness as the bright glint of unshed tears could be seen flickering in her eyes.

Only now did she find out that for her sake, Qin Wentian had

slaughtered his way to the Moon Continent, giving up everything just to slay Hua Xiaoyun.

“I journeyed to the Moon Continent for one purpose and one purpose only, I came here to kill you.” This simple sentence melted Mo Qingcheng’s heart, deeply setting her heart strings aflutter.

For whom did he come all this way, travelling over ten million miles from Chu to Moon Continent, just to slay Hua Xiaoyun?

It was for her, Mo Qingcheng!

She saw her master, Luo He, just ahead. Zhan Chen and his master were similarly present as well.

“Junior Sister has arrived.” Zhan Chen smiled at Mo Qingcheng, yet received an icy look in response, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. The coldness of that gaze could pervade even the bone, causing frigidness to seize Zhan Chen’s heart.

“Does Master know the identity of this fourth-ranked Grandmaster that Senior Zhan Chen keeps referring to?” Mo Qingcheng looked straight at Luo He.

Luo He glanced at her disciple with astonishment in her eyes, “Wait, Qingcheng, are you saying that you’re acquainted with that Grandmaster?”

“Master has also seen him before, back in Chu when I was in a

state of unconsciousness from being grievously injured,” Mo Qingcheng calmly spoke, glancing to Bai Fei who stood at the side of Luo He. “Senior Bai Fei should also know of him.”

Bai Fei’s beautiful lashes fluttered. At this moment, she understood that Mo Qingcheng already knew everything.

“Bai Fei, what’s going on?” Luo He questioned, only to see Bai Fei lowering her head before she replied, “Qin Wentian was the male I’ve mentioned to Master before, Junior Qingcheng’s boyfriend back in Chu.”

A bright light flashed past Luo He’s eyes. The rumors of that amazing talented fourth-ranked Grandmaster that caused a commotion in the Moon Continent, it was none other than Qingcheng’s past companion?

“Zhan Chen says that Qing Yue’s death was caused by him, yet Qin Wentian countered this and said that the death of Qing Yue was orchestrated by Zhan Chen. Regardless of the Pill Emperor Hall’s attitude towards this matter, I, of course, fully believe his words.” Mo Qingcheng’s words instantly caused Zhan Chen’s countenance to turn dark with hostility. He stated, “Junior Sister, are you implying that I harmed Qing Yue?”

“Don’t refer to me as your Junior Sister. There’s no relationship between us,” Mo Qingcheng coldly shot back.

“IMPUDENT!” Luo He berated, but Mo Qingcheng merely turned her serene gaze onto her, “Master, he disregarded everything and

killed Hua Xiaoyun. You should understand why. Even the deterrence of Hua Taixu wasn't sufficient to dissuade him. All that he has done, it was all for my sake."

Luo He's countenance trembled slightly, her eyes involuntarily blinked as she thought back to the vengeance between Hua Xiaoyun and Mo Qingcheng. "For your sake?"

"He said the reason why he came to the Moon Continent, was only to slay Hua Xiaoyun. From Chu to here, all the way through ten million miles, he did it for me." A gentle smile of unmatched radiance blossomed on Mo Qingcheng's face.

"Yet now... my sect, the Pill Emperor Hall, actually wants to kill him."

As she continued, Mo Qingcheng's tone dropped by several degrees. "I know Master is very good to me, I respect Master, but long before I was even acquainted with Master, I had already fallen in love with him. He would traverse ten million miles for Qingcheng to the Moon Continent, disregarding everything to kill Hua Xiaoyun. So if anything really happened to him, your disciple shall do the same thing, no matter the cost. Even if I end up branded with the title of an unfilial disciple, I would avenge him. Disciple really doesn't wish to betray the Pill Emperor Hall, and so I beg Master to forgive me for my disrespect."

After speaking, Mo Qingcheng bowed to Luo He as she added in a low voice, "Your disciple shall take her leave."

Mo Qingcheng turned and departed, while Luo He was so angered that her body was involuntarily trembling. She cursed in a low voice, "Damn!"

How could Luo He not be angered? She had sacrificed several things for Mo Qingcheng, yet without hesitation Mo Qingcheng said she would become a traitor should the Pill Emperor Hall decide to kill Qin Wentian.

Zhan Chen turned ashen, how could his plans succeed now? With Qin Wentian, there would never be a place for him in Mo Qingcheng's heart. And today, because of Qin Wentian, Mo Qingcheng had become his enemy.

"Qin Wentian." An intense hatred boiled in his heart, yet his countenance remained calm, every bit as elegant as the gentleman he appeared to be on the surface. "Master, Senior Marital Aunt, Disciple doesn't wish to explain too much. In any case, my cultivation has met a bottleneck recently, so I wish to go out for a period of time to temper myself, as well as prepare the resources needed to break through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm."

"Right, just focus on this for now. Try to make your breakthrough within a year and don't let yourself be distracted by this matter." Zhan Chen's master patted him on his shoulder, trying to console him. The Heavenly Dipper Realm was a major watershed, there were several people who were unable to cross this threshold in the entirety of their lives. For someone with Zhan Chen's talent, stepping cross the threshold wasn't a problem, it was only a matter of sooner or later.

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Five days later, Qin Wentian was currently residing in a cave dwelling situated in a mountain range, ten thousand miles away from the Moon Continent.

Near this mountain range, there was a small country. With the vastness of Grand Xia, there were countless little countries that dotted the entire region. Some of these countries might have the shadow of transcendent powers behind them, akin to Chu back when they were under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace.

Outside the cave dwelling, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged, both hands clutching a Yuan Meteor Stone. He had released his Astral Souls and the stones served to aid him in absorbing more Astral Energy. The blood within his body surged; the past few days of meditation had quickened his recovery, and now his injuries were almost healed.

“When are you going to release me?” A figure clad in a fiery red skirt walked out of the cave dwelling. Naturally, this woman was none other than Shu Ruanyu. Currently, her countenance had already regained a sliver of color, but she still looked as haggard as before.

“Why are you in such a hurry?” Qin Wentian opened his eyes, glancing at Shu Ruanyu. “Miss Shu, just rest and nurse your injuries.”

“Damn you.” Shu Ruanyu turned green. During these few days, she didn’t even dare close her eyes to rest. That damnable fatty’s gaze would always roam lecherously over her body, and she wanted nothing more than to gouge his eyes out.

Qin Wentian stood up, walking towards Shu Ruanyu. As she saw Qin Wentian advancing towards her, she involuntarily stepped backwards, as an expression of bashful anger appeared on her face. She glared at Qin Wentian, “What are you planning to do?”

Qin Wentian stopped only when he came face to face with Shu Ruanyu. She clenched her teeth, as an expression of fear flashed past her eyes, while fluctuations of Astral Energy emanated forth from her body.

“If you dare touch me or kill me, Bailu Yi and Bailu Jing will accompany me in death,” Shu Ruanyu threatened.

“Let me remind you again, don’t disturb me when I’m concentrating on cultivating.” Qin Wentian added indifferently, his gaze roaming disinterestedly over Shu Ruanyu’s figure. “And also, I have zero interest in you.”

After concluding his speech, Qin Wentian turned and returned to his original location before sitting down cross-legged. His actions caused Shu Ruanyu to clench her fist tightly, as her countenance grew incomparably ugly to behold. This damned bastard.

“Since you’ve already placed that Inscription on me, could you at the very least allow me to recover my cultivation?” Shu Ruanyu

persisted. Qin Wentian had placed a formation on her body that slowed her circulation of Astral Energy tremendously. Even now, her injuries had yet to recover. The Astral Energy in her Yuanfu was still nearly as empty as before.

“You are not a gentleman at all, how could you do this to a weak girl like me?” Seeing that Qin Wentian wasn’t going to bother with a reply, Shu Ruanyu doggedly continued on.

“Fatty,” Qin Wentian abruptly called out. In the next moment, Fan Le descended from the skies. It only took a look from Fan Le before Shu Ruanyu snapped her mouth shut, immediately turning and walking back into the cave dwelling.

“Little Rascal and Big Bro Mang aren’t back yet?” Qin Wentian inquired, looking at Fan Le.

“Big Bro Mang has too much strength, I guess he must have forgotten the time and is having fun clashing with all the demonic beasts in this mountain range.” Fan Le grinned as a hint of laughter appeared in his eyes. He then continued, “If we go on eastwards, after passing by a few more countries, we will arrive at the Azure Continent.”

“Azure Continent.”

Qin Wentian had a look of contemplation on his face. The Azure Emperor Palace was situated within the Azure Continent. It was just that currently, the Azure Emperor Token no longer held the same meaning it did a millennia ago. Not only that, although the

Azure Emperor Palace was still a transcendent palace, the disparity between now and then was too great. Other than the Azure Emperor Palace, the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was located in the Azure Continent as well.

“If you wish to obtain the top three rankings in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, you definitely have to temper yourself throughout the entirety of Grand Xia.” Fan Le’s expression also turned serious as he stated to Qin Wentian, “The White Deer Institute may very well become the first power under your control.”

Qin Wentian nodded in agreement. He would definitely fight for the top three rankings in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Bailu Jing appeared that day because the White Deer Institute wanted him to personally pass on their message to Qin Wentian.

After many days of discussion by the doyen-level elders, they finally formed a consensus. There was no question regarding Qin Wentian’s talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, and if he could achieve one of the top three rankings in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, the White Deer Institute would follow him wholeheartedly, obeying his every command.

And to show their decisiveness, the supreme elder which was Bailu Tong’s father, had already been dismissed from office, replaced by another doyen-level elder.

This news was undoubtedly of extreme importance to Qin Wentian. With the White Deer Institute’s support, his power and prestige would be greater, smoothing down his path to uniting the other ‘hidden’ branches of the Azure Faction!